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THE NEW YORKER

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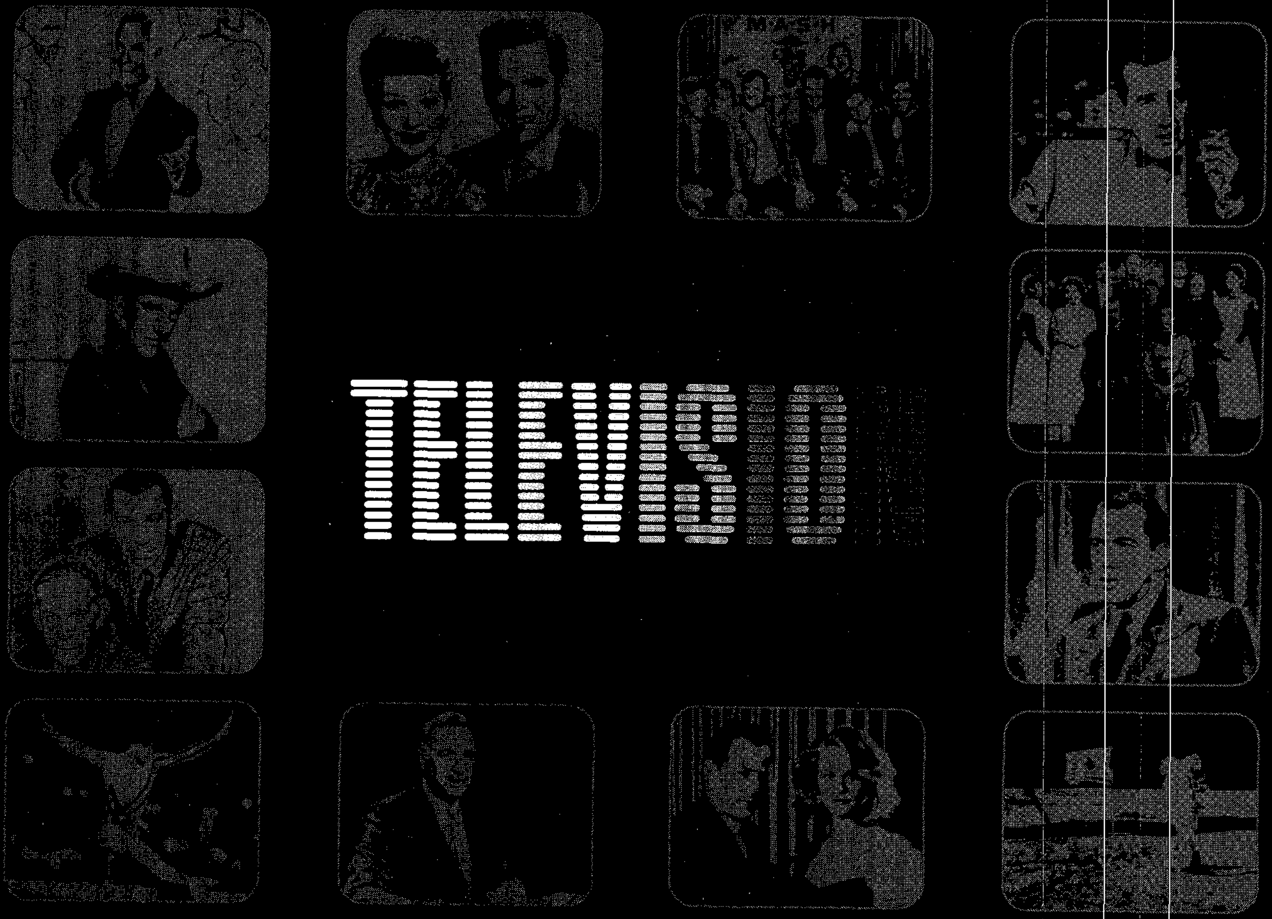

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Another Antigone—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s witty, humorous play about a professor of Greek drama who is accused of anti-Semitism. George Grizzard gives a marvellous, eloquent performance. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Boys Next Door—A play by Tom Griffin. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breaking the Code—Derek Jacobi gives an accomplished performance as the English mathematician Alan Turing, who helped crack the German Enigma code during the war, but Hugh Whitemore's script is more vehicle than play. Michael Gough, Rachel Gurney, and Jenny Agutter are among the good supporting actors. Clifford Williams was the director. (11/30/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Burn This—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are also good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee and a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played. (11/2/87) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—Chekhov's comedy, in a new English translation by Elisaveta Lavrova. Natasha Parry, Rebecca Miller, Željko Ivanek, Erland Josephson, Brian Dennehy, and Linda Hunt head a cast directed by Peter Brook. (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 18-19, at 7; Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 20-22, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 23, at 3. Opens officially on Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8. Thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

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Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1977 musical revue **side by side by sondheim** is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 31. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Flora, the Red Menace—John Kander and Fred Ebb have written additional songs for this revised version of their 1965 musical; the completely new book, based on Lester Atwell's novel "Love Is Just Around the Corner," is by David Thompson. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 23.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh give remarkable performances, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The superb cast, led by Bernadette Peters and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Man and Superman—In this latest revival of Shaw's 1903 anti-romantic comedy, David Birney is miscast as the glib radical-intellectual Jack Tanner, and Frances Conroy is misdirected (by William Woodman) as his unwanted ward, Ann Whitefield. But the production—which does not include Act III and the brilliant dream sequence commonly known as "Don Juan in Hell"—is saved by the deftly winning performances of Michael Cumpsty, Anthony Fusco, and Kim Hunter (as Mrs. Whitefield, Ann's mother). (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—This is as much a celebration of Shakespeare's comedy as a presentation of it, with the inventive A. J. Antoon at the helm. F. Murray Abraham is Bottom, Elizabeth McGovern is Helena, and

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Carl Lumbly and Lorraine Toussaint are Oberon and Titania. All of them are fine, but the real source of magic lies in the beautiful scenery of Andrew Jackness and the rich, gorgeous score by Michael Ward. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. After Sunday, Jan. 24, no performances until Tuesday, Feb. 2, when the show reopens with a new cast.)

Oil City Symphony—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of the beguiling "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—Back with an even tighter version of their wonderful 1985 show, this two-man team of stage-magic farceurs is probably the hippest thing in high culture since Talking Heads went mainstream. Directed by Art Wolff, with cameo appearances by Director of Covert Activities Marc Garland. (12/21/87) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed London musical, with a score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Charles Hart and Richard Stilgoe, and a book by Mr. Stilgoe and Mr. Lloyd Webber. Based on the 1911 French novel of the same name, by Gaston Leroux. With Michael Crawford and Sarah Brightman; directed by Harold Prince. Previews through Monday, Jan. 25. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 26. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 27, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NOTE:** The Thursday, Jan. 21, performance is a benefit, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York will be present; for information about tickets, call 302-7077.

Psycho Beach Party—A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch and starring Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The River—A musical with a score and lyrics by Peter Link. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Symphony of Rats—A play written and directed by Richard Foreman. A production of the Ontological-Hysteric Theatre and the Wooster Group. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

York Theatre Company—A revival of **THE VINEGAR TREE,** Paul Osborne's 1930 play. (York Theatre, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Tuesdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 3 and 8; and Sundays at 3 and 7. Closes Sunday, Jan. 31.)

Long Runs—**BROADWAY BOUND:** In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Directed by Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Morgan Freeman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,544 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FENCES:** August Wilson's powerful play is given a triumphant performance by James Earl Jones, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, and Charles Brown. Directed by Lloyd Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A fifty-year-old British musical starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE NERD:** This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. With Peter MacNicol, in the title role, and Robert Joy. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—The first two of seven performances of the 1968 musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. The cast includes Karen Akers and Elmore James. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, at 8.)

Ice Show—A two-week engagement of the "Ice Capades," with a company headed by Torvill & Dean. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Wednesdays, Jan. 20 and 27, at 7:30; Thursday, Jan. 21, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, Jan. 22, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 23, at 11, 3, and 7:30; and Sunday, Jan. 24, at 1:30 and 5:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 31.)

Ping Chong and the Fiji Company—Presenting **MARAYA—ACTS OF NATURE IN GEOLOGICAL TIME,** a new theatrical work. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 31. For information about tickets, call 966-8682.)

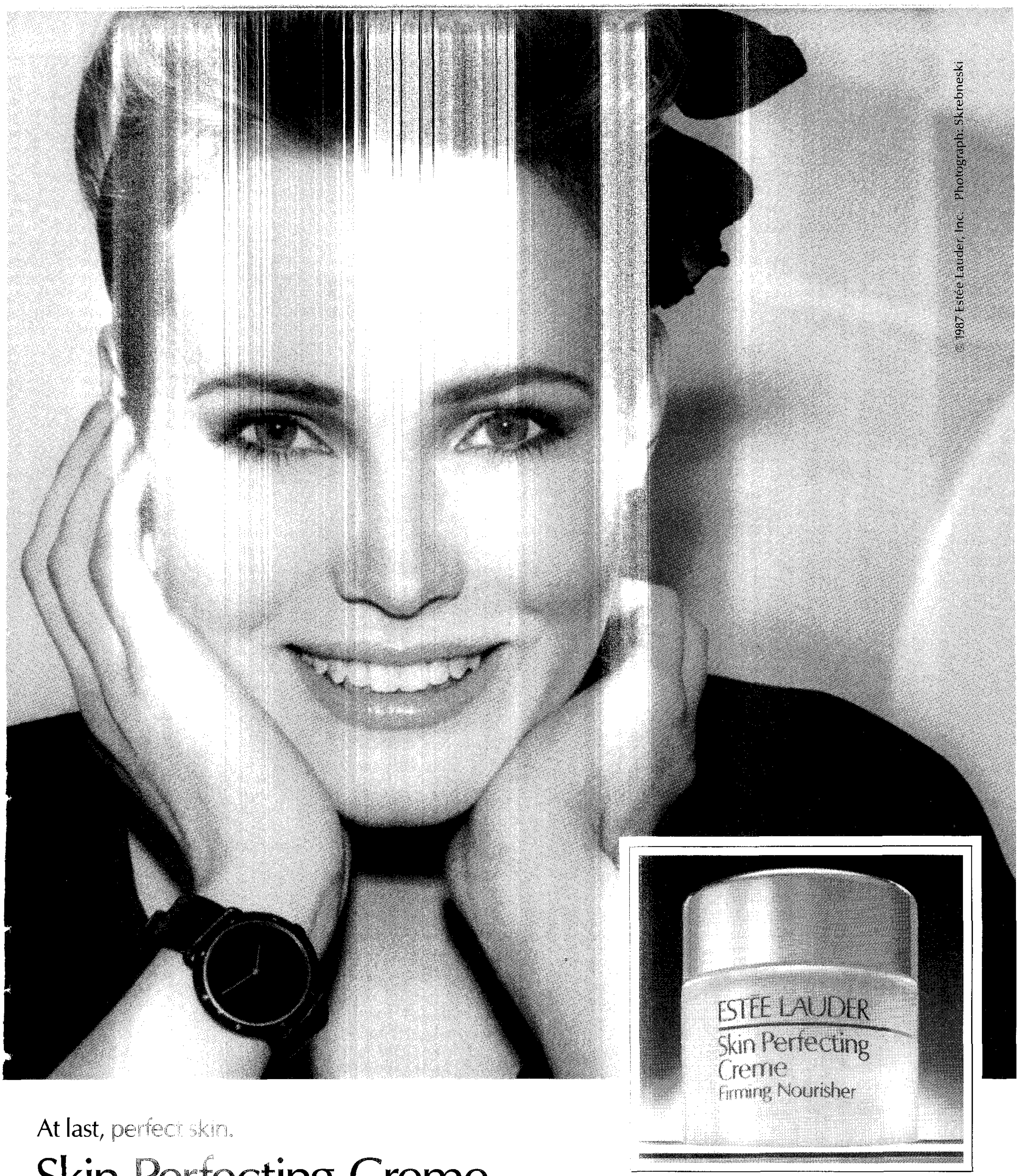
Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Franz Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The No-Frills Revue—A musical revue conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Benefit—Members of the New York City Gay Men's Chorus in performances of "Boy Meets Boy," a 1975 musical with a score and lyrics by Bill Solly and a book by Mr. Solly and Donald Ward. (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 24, at 3 and 7.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tuesday evening, Jan. 19: "Fanfare," "Concerto Barocco," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 20: "Jewels." (A benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 877-7635.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 21: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Pas de Deux," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 22: "Square Dance," "Ecstatic Orange," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 23: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 23: "Fanfare," "The Cage," "Other Dances," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 24: "Square Dance," "Piano Pieces," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 24: "Concerto Barocco," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Ecstatic Orange." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 26: "Les Gentilhommes," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 27: "Les Petits Riens," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Vienna Waltzes." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8,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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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VIRSKY'S UKRAINIAN STATE DANCE COMPANY OF THE U.S.S.R.—A company of a hundred twenty dancers and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesday through Friday, Jan. 19-22, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 24, at 3 and 7:30.)

JAZZDANCE: THE DANNY BURACZESKI DANCE COMPANY—A one-week engagement. With musical accompaniment by Willie Ruff and Amy Duncan's Brass Tacks. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 20-22, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 23, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 24, at 2 and 7:30.)

DANCECOMPASS—A program of contemporary dance. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 674-7200. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 23-24, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute changes; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MARGARET WHITING**, a merry soul, spreads her cheerful voice around the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. **BARRY HARRIS**, whose piano flies under the flag of Bud Powell and Charlie Parker, leads a trio on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23. First set at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. At six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings funny songs by Dave Frishberg and John Wallowitch and delicately pitched love songs she wrote herself, and just about every word, from "puce" to "debenture," is delivered clearly. Helen Schneider sings nothing but Sondheim Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine; Judith Cohen sings Thursdays through Saturdays at eleven.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 19-24, **ROSEMARY CLOONEY** sings with a band of swing men (tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** and trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ** among them) associated with the Concord record label; starting Tuesday, Jan. 26, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his quintet trade sets with pianist **HILTON RUIZ'S** group. Music from nine. Dining.

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BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, folk, jazz, comedy, and combinations thereof in a blue-pillared room that seats four hundred. **HIRAM BULLOCK**, a jazz-rock guitarist who plays in Gil Evans' orchestra, is here on Thursday, Jan. 21, along with keyboardist and former Fab Four sideman **BILLY PRESTON**. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23, belong to **MARSHALL CRENSHAW'S** pretty good rock-and-roll band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the very beautiful concert grand that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. **STEVE KUHN**, a pianist whose meditative style reminds some people of Bill Evans, works with **EDDIE GOMEZ**, Evans' bassist for many years, through Saturday, Jan. 23. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **HAMIET BLUIETT**, the bearded baritone voice of the World Saxophone Quartet, leads his Telepathic Big Band on Mondays; blues singer **JIMMY WITHERSPOON** performs Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 19-24; and on Tuesday, Jan. 26, organist **JACK MC DUFF** moves in with his quintet. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home Tuesdays through Saturdays to **GEORGE SHEARING**, the English-born pianist, who is famous for his cool, pearly touch and his bons mots. Sets at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A red-velvet-and-mirror-walled jazz lair, mostly for mainstream cats. **KEVIN EUBANKS**, a thirty-year-old Philadelphia guitarist who shuttles easily between jazz-rock and bebop, is here on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 19-20; pop-jazz singer **KENNY RANKIN** has the floor Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 21-24. Music after eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant. Pianists practice their art in a little grove of palms a half mile or so from the bar. Bring your binoculars. The schedule: Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 19-20, **MICHAEL WEISS**; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 21-23, **PETER MALINVERNI**; and starting Tuesday, Jan. 26, **ARMEN DONELIAN**. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

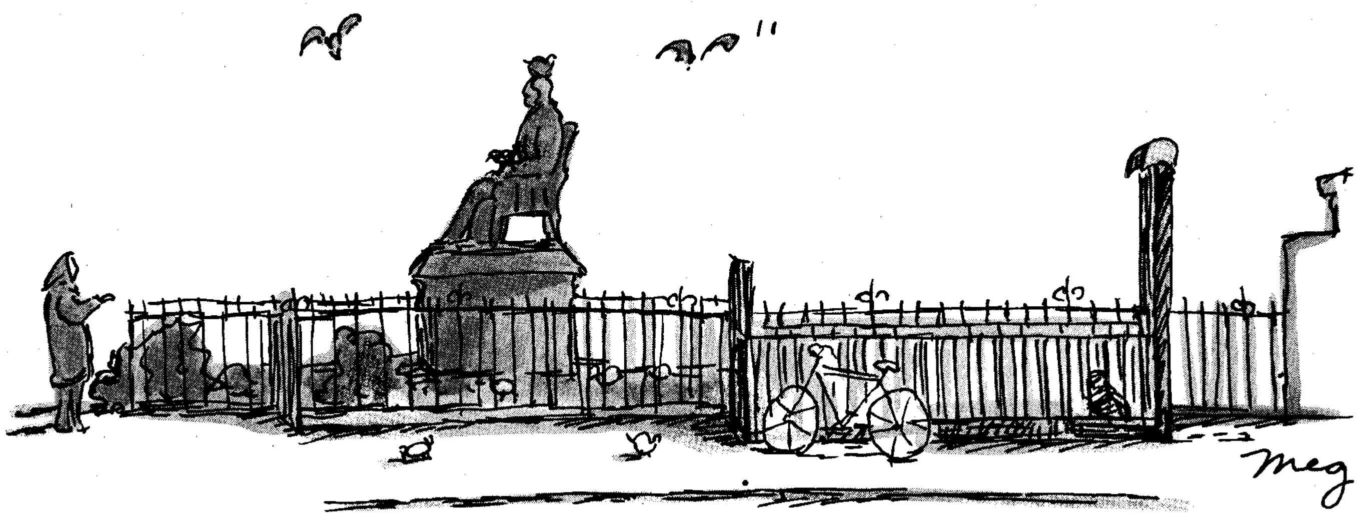
GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark corner bar that has the cobbled-together look—and safe-from-the-ruckus-of-the-world feeling—of a kids' clubhouse. The jukebox features Muggsy Spanier, Chet Baker, and Charlie Parker, whose many admirers include an Arkansas-born hipster named **BOB DOROUGH**. A bop-rooted pianist and a sly, twangy-voiced singer, Dorough usually doesn't let a night slip by without singing his ode to Parker, "Up Jumped a Bird," which he says he wrote when he was in Rome, dodging traffic. He's here Wednesdays through Saturdays with his longtime sidekick, bassist **BILL TAKAS**. Mondays are claimed by singer Stan Edwards' trio, and Tuesdays by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** threesome. First set at ten. Pianist **BROOKS KERR**, a major fund of Ellingtonia, works from five-forty-five to nine-forty-five Mondays through Fridays.

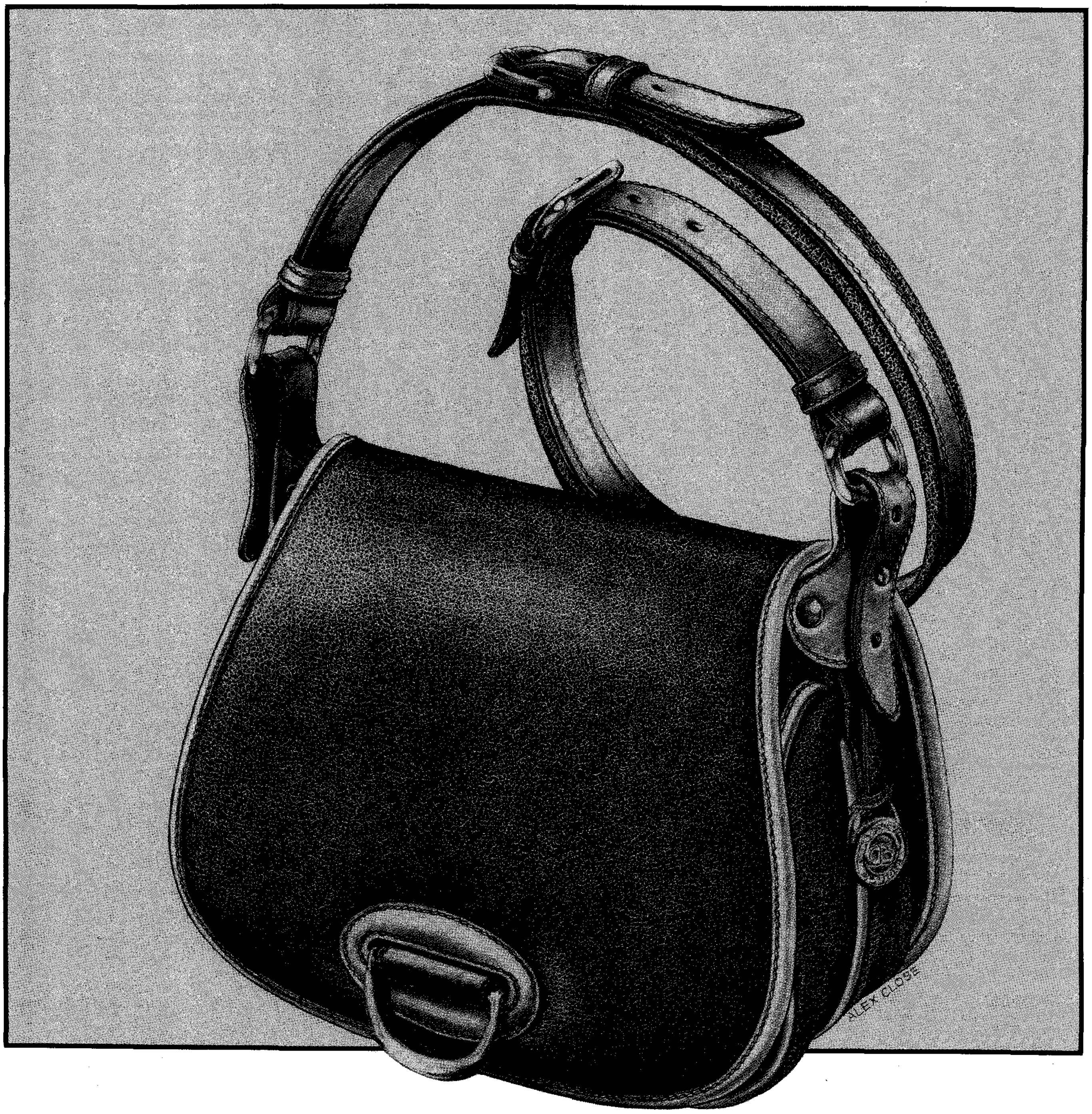
J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). The lineup: Monday, Jan. 18, pianist **NIELS LAN DOKY** and guitarist Ronald Jackson; Tuesday, Jan. 19, vibist Alan Bates' duo; Wednesday, Jan. 20, drummer Mike Clark's trio, with guitarist **JACK WILKINS**; Friday, Jan. 22, singer-pianist **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT**; Saturday, Jan. 23, clarinettist Ken Peplowski's trio; and Monday, Jan. 25, pianist **DICK HYMAN**. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A room fit for a singer, an accompanist or two, and a party of forty-eight. **JIMMY WEBB**, the Oklahoma-born songwriter who hit pop pay dirt in the late sixties with "By the Time I Get to Phoenix" (covered by singers as different as Glen Campbell, Isaac Hayes, and Susannah McCorkle), "Galveston," and "Wichita Lineman," performs some of his tunes on Friday, Jan. 22. **BARBARA LEA** sings on Sunday, Jan. 24, with support from pianist **WES MC AFEE**. Shows at six and eight on Sundays, and at nine and eleven the rest of the week. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **JOHN COLIANNI**, a young Washington, D.C., pianist who spent a couple of years in Lionel Hampton's big band, works with bassist (and one-time Ellington hand) **AARON BELL** Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 19-23. Sundays and Mondays are reserved for **HARRY CONNICK, JR.**, a young New Orleans pianist who turns much of what he touches into a flexible and satisfying kind of stride. First set at nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the case of Jello Biafra. The room is run by two





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amiable young guys from Wisconsin; they serve wholesome food and don't take too much of your money. Tuesday, Jan. 19, King Missile; Wednesday, Jan. 20, alto saxophonist **TIM BERNE**, cellist **HANK ROBERTS**, and drummer **JOEY BARON**; Thursday, Jan. 21, saxophonist **NED ROTHENBERG**, bassist **MARK DRESSER**, and drummer **GERRY HEMINGWAY**; Friday, Jan. 22, Lounge Lizards Roy Nathanson and Curtis Fowlkes; Saturday, Jan. 23, the Semantics and Tiny Lights; and Sunday, Jan. 24, the Illuminati and the Andy Pastorino trio. Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Wednesday, Jan. 20, is in the hands of two well-travelled bluesmen: **PINETOP PERKINS**, a Mississippi-born piano thumper who spent a dozen years in Muddy Waters' band, and **HUBERT SUMLIN**, a guitarist with a spare, unlacquered style, who spent almost two dozen years with Howlin' Wolf. **DR. JOHN**, the Louisiana swamp-rock and blues specialist, holds forth Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A quintet directed by the young guitarist **FRANK VIGNOLA** is re-creating the Old World sounds of the Quintette du Hot Club de France, the all-string ensemble founded by Django Reinhardt and Stéphane Grappelli in 1934. **MICHELE BAUTIER** is the guest singer. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. Robben Ford, a guitarist who spent time in Miles Davis's mod funk outfit, leads a band here on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23. Music from about ten until two.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Saturday, Jan. 23, is Golden Oldies night, and will feature **MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS**, a version of the Drifters, and a version of the Coasters. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

SIBERIA, 804 Washington St., near Horatio St. (463-7845)—A rock place, just a stone's throw from the Hudson. The foresighted arrive late (elevenish on school nights, midnight on weekends) and in a condition to understand what it is that the band White Zombie or the performance group Phred is trying to say to them. On Wednesday, Jan. 20, when the **BEN VAUGHN COMBO** and **LAST ROUNDUP**, an East Village country band, perform, the doors open at the exotic hour of eight. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. It's a good place to trip the light fantastic. Tuesday, Jan. 19, Cuban percussionist **DANIEL PONCE'S** band; Wednesday, Jan. 20, Brazilian trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** and others; Thursday, Jan. 21, pianist **EDDIE PALMIERI'S** Latin-jazz combo; Friday, Jan. 22, **TABOU COMBO**; Saturday, Jan. 23, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; Tuesday, Jan. 26, jazz-rock vibraharpist **ROY AYERS** and saxophonist **STEVE COLEMAN**; and Wednesday, Jan. 27, reggae singer **EEK-A-MOUSE**. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—The site, many moons ago, of Rienzi's, a coffeehouse on the beaten path; nowadays, it's home to folkies, bluegrass fiddlers, and others of a non-electric bent. Joe Miller, a California guitarist who was recently crowned national finger-picking champ at a contest in Winfield, Kansas, gives a solo recital Thursday, Jan. 21. **PETER STAMPFEL**, a fiddler and co-founder of the antic acid-folk group the Holy Modal Rounders, will be in action Saturday, Jan. 23. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled *boîte*, crowded with jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **CEDAR WALTON**, a fine hard-bop pianist who hails from Texas, works with bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS** every night but Monday, when **GIL EVANS'** electrified orchestra rumbles some and shimmers a little. Music from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple, no-frills blues and rock club attached to an Irish pub. **JOHNNY COPELAND**, a Texas blues guitarist and singer whose performances don't lack for heat and fervor, has the floor Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22-23. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Terrace Bar, pianist **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** is on duty every night but Monday, when **HERMAN FOSTER** is in charge. They both get started at ten, and they're both accompanied by bassist **JAY LEONHART**. The piano is in **PATTI BOWN'S** eccentric and entertaining hands from six to ten Fridays through Sundays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." **MICHEL PETRUCCIANI**, a young, French-born pianist who has a very rich, intricate style, leads his trio Tuesday through Sunday, Jan. 19-24. Mingus alumni **DON PULLEN** (a pianist whose solos often seem about to break into avant-garde riots of dissonance) and **GEORGE ADAMS** (a tenor saxophonist who is a regular in Gil Evans' band) bring in their quartet on Tuesday, Jan. 26. Mondays are prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA**. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. **GAIL WYNTERS**, a Kentucky-born singer who got her early training in churches and revival tents, holds forth with a trio led by guitarist Bill Wurtzel Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 20-24; drummer **VERNEL FOURNIER'S** trio performs on Tuesday, Jan. 26; and on Wednesday, Jan. 27, vibraharpist **JAY HOGGARD** brings in his combo. Music from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** trade ideas Monday through Saturday, Jan. 18-23, and on Sunday, Jan. 24, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** collaborate. Music from eight weeknights, and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

GOSPEL TRIBUTE TO MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.—With David Peaston, Joe Lee Wilson, Jim Lovelace, and others. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

BILLY TAYLOR—With his trio, in the last of three concert/lectures. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The fourth in a series of five concerts, this one a salute to Benny Goodman, with Bucky Pizzarelli, Phil Bodner, Peter Appleyard, Urbie Green, Derek Smith, and Milt Hinton. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

MANHATTAN MARIMBA QUARTET—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 25-26, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PETER BOOTH—Works on paper. Through Jan. 30. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

NANCY FRIED—Bronze and terra-cotta self-portraits. Through Jan. 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

NANCY GRAVES—Recent sculptures, complementing her show at the Brooklyn Museum. Through Jan. 28. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.) . . . ¶ Prints. Through Jan. 30. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY (1877-1943) / **WALT KUHN** (1877-1949)—Paintings and drawings from throughout his career. / Landscapes. Through Feb. 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St., is showing late paintings by Hartley.

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Drawings from his last ten years. Through Feb. 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

CAROLE ROBB—A series of paintings entitled "Achilles on Location." In one of the works, Achilles is seen as Eric Clapton. Through Feb. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LAURA SHECHTER—Precisionist still-lifes. Through Jan. 30. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

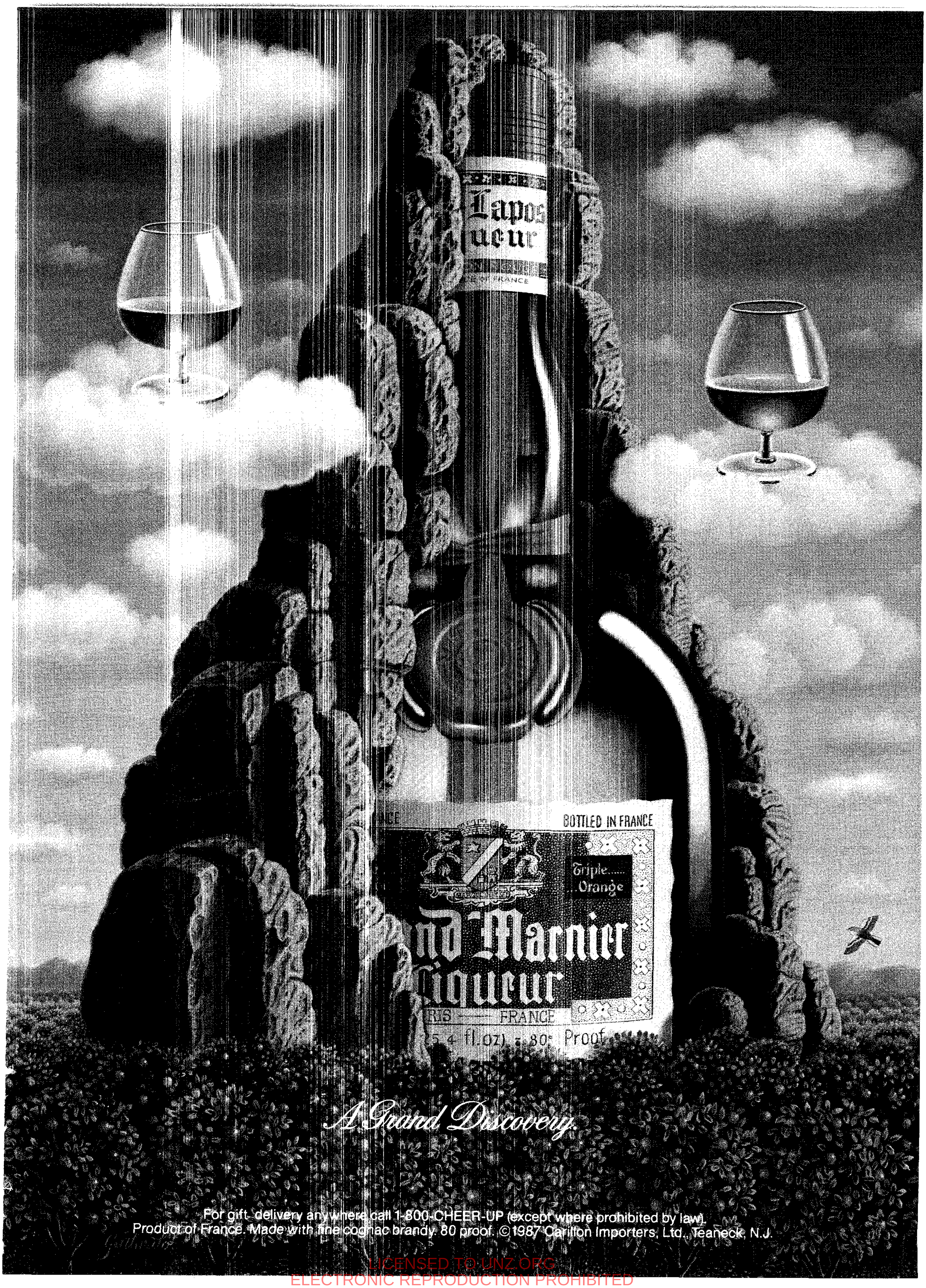
GROUP SHOW—Early modernist paintings by Alfred Maurer, Ben Benn, and Marsden Hartley. Through Feb. 27. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PAT ADAMS—Paintings and works on paper. Through Feb. 20. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Still-life paintings. Through Feb. 6. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JOE BASCOM—Geometric paintings with glossy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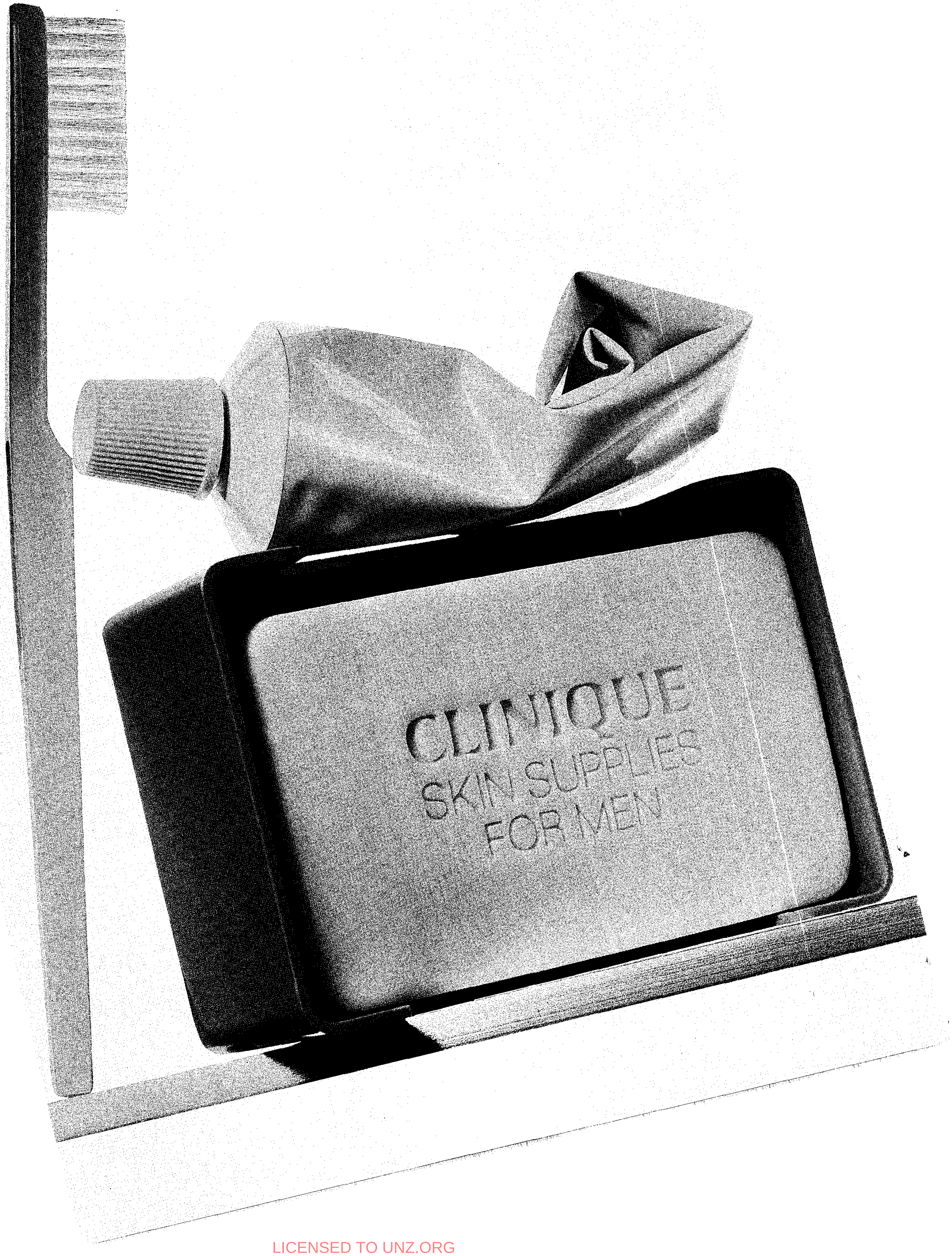
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

finishes. Through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Gallery 84, at 30 W. 57th St.)

Jack Beal—Paintings, including "The Sense of Sight" and "The Sense of Smell," the first two in a series about the five senses. Also, drawings. Through Feb. 6. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Bellany—Allegorical paintings in which the artist's portrait frequently appears. Through Feb. 3. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Louise Bourgeois—Drawings from 1939 to the present. Through Jan. 30. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Paul Cadmus—Recent figure paintings, plus drawings and prints. Through Jan. 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Richard Chiriani—The artist perches on top of Manhattan's bridges to paint these panoramic landscapes. Through Feb. 3. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Crozier—Large-scale paintings of New England landscapes, including one based on Asher B. Durand's "Kindred Spirits." Through Jan. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Raymon Elozua—Mixed-medium works documenting the decline of the steel industry in America. Through Feb. 20. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jan Green—Encaustic paintings with figures (just barely perceptible) borrowed from Renaissance painters. Through Jan. 28. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

Karen Gunderson / Harvey Gordon—An elaborate installation of shaped canvases depicting cumulus clouds. / Still-lifes and interiors painted on Plexiglas. Through Feb. 3. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Liberman / Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—New cutouts painted in vivid colors; three are freestanding. Through Jan. 30. / Paintings and drawings that date from 1949 to 1951. Through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71)—Paintings from throughout the long career of this abstractionist. Through Feb. 6. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

André Masson (1896-1987)—Paintings and works on paper, mostly from the forties, when he was living in the United States. Through Jan. 28. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—Approximately forty paintings and drawings, including a 1918 self-portrait, on loan from the Gemeentemuseum, The Hague. Through Feb. 13. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joseph B. O'Sickey—Still-lifes, interiors, and scenes from the artist's garden. Through Jan. 30. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—A new series of wall reliefs composed of found metal parts. Through Jan. 30. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ephraim Rubenstein—Recent paintings by a realist. Through Jan. 30. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Altoon Sultan / Howard Kanovitz—Plein-air landscapes of Vermont and upstate New York, and still-lifes. / Freestanding window frames with painted landscapes instead of glass, among other works. Through Jan. 30. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Gérard Titus-Carmel—Abstract paintings reflecting an architectural influence. Through Saturday, Jan. 23. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

TODT—Threatening-looking sculptures and wall reliefs made of gleaming steel tubing and a varied arsenal of machine parts. Through Jan. 30. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Cy Twombly—Works on paper dating from 1955 to 1985. Through Jan. 30. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

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Group Shows—At the **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures in an exhibit titled "The Feminine," by Ann McCoy, Judy Rifka, Faith Ringgold, Stephen Tanis, and others. Through Jan. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MARIAN GOODMAN,** 24 W. 57th St.: Conceptual works by, among others, Richard Artschwager, Rebecca Horn, Lawrence Weiner, and Dan Graham. Through Jan. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Abstract works by European and American artists, including Judy Pfaff, Elizabeth Murray, and Marianne Eigenheer. Through Feb. 13. (Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—Abstract works by Richard Stankiewicz, Gabriel Kohn, and Jenny Lee. Through Jan. 30. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Richard Artschwager—Drawings in a complement to the artist's show at the Whitney Museum (which starts Friday, Jan. 22). Through Jan. 30. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Tony Bevan—Portrait paintings and other works; first one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 6. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Stan Brodsky and Karin Batten—Abstract Expressionist paintings by both artists. Through Jan. 30. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

James Lee Byars—A sculptural installation. Through Jan. 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Pier Paolo Calzolari—Early sculptures by a founder of Arte Povera. Through Jan. 30. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Bert Carpenter—Very large paintings of flowers, plus charcoal drawings of a hooded figure. Through Jan. 30. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Chris Costan—Recognizable images appear in these otherwise abstract paintings. Through Jan. 30. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Jaime Davidovich / Julie Wachtel—Paintings covered with adhesive tape and framed with such materials as fake fur, artificial turf, and multicolored packing foam. / A four-panel work (titled "You Disappear Me") juxtaposing a painting of a cartoon image of Long John Silver and three impressions from a silk screen of Cher. Through Jan. 30. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

Jane Dickson—Paintings of demolition derbies in her characteristic dark palette. Through Feb. 3. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

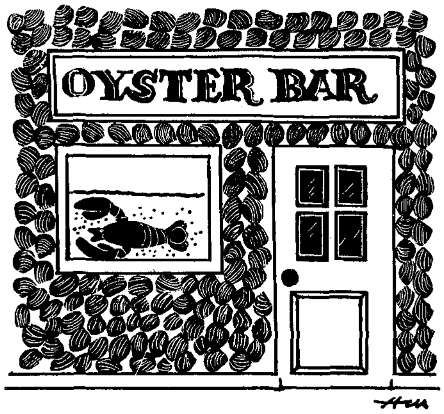
Suzan Etkin—Large sheets of vinyl mounted on wood frames and treated in such a way that they resemble etched glass. Through Jan. 30. (Audiello, in a new location, at 142 Greene St.)

Edward Finnegan—Abstract sculptures, most of them rough stone blocks piled on wood pedestals. Through Feb. 6. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Dale Frank—Abstract mixed-medium paintings; a few have small pillows attached to the canvases. Through Feb. 6. (Shainman, 560 Broadway.)

Sideo Fromboluti—Thickly painted canvases, including a series called "Bacchanal." Through Feb. 6. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Vincent Gallo—Still-lifes painted on corroded metal. Through Feb. 3. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)



Willy Heeks—Abstract paintings on paper. Through Jan. 30. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

Lisa Hoke—Cast-iron objects (a gourd, a conch shell, and melons, for example) hang pendulumlike by thin steel wires. First solo show in New York. Through Feb. 2. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

On Kawara—Five of the artist's "Date Paintings." Through Jan. 30. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Barbara Londin—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Jan. 30. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Winifred Lutz—New sculptures incorporating wood and handmade paper. Through Feb. 6. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

John Monti—Highly stylized painted wood wall reliefs and related works on paper. Through Jan. 30. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Ken Morgan / Yoko Nagano—Black-and-white paintings on wood. / Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 6. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Robert Morris—A two-gallery exhibit of large-scale painted and silk-screened wall sculptures that are evocations of concentration-camp ovens. Through Jan. 30. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway, and Castelli, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ The Castelli Gallery is also showing Mike Bidlo's series of exact reproductions of Picasso paintings of women.

Reuben Nakian (1897-1986)—Bronzes, terra-cottas, and maquettes for large outdoor pieces. Through Feb. 13. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

David Reed—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 13. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Ernest Shaw—Plywood sculptures that the artist shaped with a chain saw and then painted. Through Feb. 20. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Alan Shields—Framed handmade-paper wall reliefs. Through Jan. 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Andrew Spence—Monotypes. Through Feb. 6. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Alan Uglow—An installation of red, yellow, blue, and black aluminum panels; with a soundtrack. Through Feb. 6. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

Kes Zapkus—Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 30. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Arf Art—The founding director of the Dog Museum of America, William Secord, is the curator of this show, devoted to depictions of dogs of all breeds and varieties. Leading the entries are a photograph by William Wegman and a painting by Donald Roller Wilson, with the most championship points going to Leonid Sokov's "Dog with Globe," John Bon Signore's "Runaway," and Michael Evert's "Dog Head." Through Jan. 31. (Trabia-MacAfee, 54 Greene St. Open Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **CUTLER,** 164 Mercer St.: Paintings, sculptures, and photographs by sixteen artists, including Vikky Alexander, Michael Zwack, and Joseph Kosuth. Through Feb. 6. . . . **EXIT ART,** 578 Broadway: Paintings by Komar & Melamid, Martin Wong, Juan Sánchez, Robert Colescott, May Stevens, and others known for expressing social concerns through their art. Through Feb. 13. . . . **GIBSON,** 568 Broadway: Paintings by six Swiss artists; John M. Armleder was the curator. Through Jan. 30. . . . **HANSON,** 415 West Broadway: A show of works in many mediums which had its beginnings in a list compiled by Robert Longo of women artists not included in last year's Documenta 8 exhibit. Julie Wachtel, Barbara Ess, Gretchen Bender, and Rosemarie Trockel are among those represented. Through Feb. 9.

OTHER GALLERIES

Austé—Black-and-white caricatures of women painted on unstretched canvases. Through Jan. 30. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

Tony Bechara—Recent pattern paintings. Through Feb. 13. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St.)

Tom Bills and David Row—Symmetrical sculp-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tures and paintings, respectively. Through Jan. 30. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

Denise Corley—Portraits painted on linen-covered corrugated plastic. Also, drawings. Through Feb. 13. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Al Hansen—The Venus of Willendorf was the inspiration for Hershey-wrapper collages ("Chocolate Venuses") and assemblages made of cigarette butts. Through Jan. 31. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Ken Lum—Signlike paintings with indecipherable messages, plus an installation of a modular sofa facing a large mirror. Through Jan. 31. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Livio Saganić / Kazufumi Homma—Steel-and-brass tablelike structures. / Paintings with all-over patterns of gold-leaf dots. Through Jan. 31. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

"Elvis: The King Is Gone but Not Forgotten"—An installation by Joni Mabe containing her (very large) collection of Elvis memorabilia, including a pair of powder-blue fuzzy slippers with plastic Elvis heads on the toes, and her own work inspired by Elvis. Through Feb. 6. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Opens at noon.)

Group Show—Paintings, sculptures, and photographs that contain references to pop- and high-culture interpretations of romantic love. Artists include Kathe Burkhart, John Franklin, and Josie Robertson. Through Feb. 6. (Neale, 320 Lafayette St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Photographs of India. Through Feb. 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Jimmy de Sana—Large-scale Cibachrome prints of photocollages. Through Feb. 7. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Norman Parkinson—The National Academy of Design has mounted a retrospective of his works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A display of Indian miniature paintings and calligraphy from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth century, when they were bound together into what is now called the Kevorkian Album. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of works on paper by Robert Motherwell, among them a drawing made to illustrate a poem by Harold Rosenberg, from the artist's series called "Elegies to the Spanish Republic." Through Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Barbara Kruger, artist turned curator, was invited to prepare a show from the museum's photography collection and the result is a selection of forty or so portraits of famous artists, including Rodin (by Gertrude Käsebier), Marin (Irving Penn), O'Keeffe (Alfred Stieglitz), and Picasso (Man Ray). Through March 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A fiftieth-anniversary show of works from the permanent collections in New York and Venice fills all the galleries. Postwar Latin-American paintings have a separate installation through Jan. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of Richard Artschwager's paintings and sculptures from the past twenty-five years. Starts Friday, Jan. 22. A complementary show is at Leo Castelli, 420 West Broadway. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of sculptures by Nancy Graves. Through Feb. 29. (Complementary shows are at M. Knoedler & Co., 19 E. 70th St., and Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A survey of prints by Alex Katz. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Artifacts from Carthage, including seventeen pictorial mosaics. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The popularization of decoratively printed fabric in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is the subject of an exhibit of textiles, original designs for them on paper, and such artifacts as a salesman's sample card showing thirty-six different block- and roller-printed fabrics. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—Breakthrough paintings by Paris-influenced Japanese artists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, who were among the first to test modern international styles. Through Feb. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Drake Manuscript consists of two hundred captioned watercolors of life in the West Indies, thought to be the work of someone on the voyages of Sir Francis Drake. The manuscript is on view along with transparencies of the individual pages. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

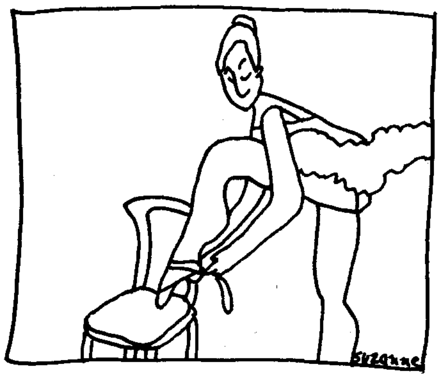
National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Fifty drawings and watercolors by fifty contemporary American realists, including William Bailey, Martha Mayer Erlebacher, April Gornik, and Walter Hatke. From the collection of Rita Rich. Through Feb. 28. . . . **Photography:** Prints by Norman Parkinson. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show documenting the Blizzard of '88, when, as every schoolchild once knew, the weather outside was frightful. Photographs, prints, newspapers, and memorabilia (snowballs preserved in the society's cold storage). (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Perry Souchuk presenting his comedy for five actors, "Secret Anatomy," Friday, Jan. 22, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8 and 10.



P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Eric Bogosian (performance), Monday, Jan. 25, at 9. . . . ¶ Jan Munroe (performance), Fridays at 10, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8. Through Jan. 31.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Monday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Frederica von Stade, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, José van Dam, and John Macurdy; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Macbeth," with Elizabeth Connell, Frederick Burchinal, Vyacheslav M. Polozov, and Samuel Ramey; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Luisa Miller," with Silvia Mosca, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, and Wolfgang Brendel; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Frederica von Stade, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, José van Dam, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 22, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, and Luciano Pavarotti; Carlos Kleiber. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 23, at 1:30: "Macbeth," with Elizabeth Connell, Frederick Burchinal, Vyacheslav M. Polozov, and Samuel Ramey; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Luisa Miller," with Silvia Mosca, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, and Wolfgang Brendel; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 25, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, and Luciano Pavarotti; Carlos Kleiber. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Frederica von Stade, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, José van Dam, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Macbeth," with Olivia Stapp, Frederick Burchinal, Bruno Beccaria, and Nicolai Ghiaurov; Kazimierz Kord. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

"Cinderella / Cendrillon"—An adaptation of Massenet's 1899 opera "Cendrillon." Conceived and directed by Anne Bogart; a production of the Music-Theatre Group. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; through Friday, Feb. 5. For information about tickets, call 924-3108.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—Erich Leinsdorf conducting Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," with Benita Valente, soprano; John Aler, tenor; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; and the New York Choral Artists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 21-23, and Monday, Jan. 25, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 7:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Klaus Tennstedt conducting Mahler's Symphony No. 9. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal—At Carnegie Hall, Charles Dutoit conducting. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8: Britten's "War Requiem," with Sophia Larson, soprano; Thomas Moser, tenor; John Cheek, bass-baritone; the Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal Chorus; and the F.A.C.E. Senior Treble Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 24, at 3: Choral and orchestral works by Kodály and Fauré. The soloists are the same as in the Saturday performance.

Cleveland Orchestra—Christoph von Dohnányi conducting. Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8: The New York première of Marc Neikrug's violin concerto, with Shlomo Mintz as the soloist. Mahler's Symphony No. 5 is also on the program. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8: Music by Brahms, Schumann, and

Witold Lutoslawski, with Daniel Majeske, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall.)

Mannes Orchestra—Yakov Kreizberg conducting Mozart's "Jupiter" and Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" Symphonies. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Concordia: A Chamber Symphony—Marin Alsop conducting Beethoven's Symphony No. 7; Barber's violin concerto, with Ani Kavafian; and two world premières. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

RECITALS

New York Philomusica—Chamber music by Haydn, Shostakovich, and Mozart. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Contemporary chamber music, with Christine Schadeberg, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

S.E.M. Ensemble—Playing a piece by Richard Teitelbaum for electronic instruments, and a piece by Gordon Monahan for concert grand. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 9. For information about tickets, call 674-0766.)

Ilton Wjuniski—Harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

New York University Chamber Music Society—Presenting the first of three concerts, this one devoted to the music of Gabriel Fauré. With Gregory Haimovsky and Ronald Sadoff, piano, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8: The first in a five-concert series of all of Beethoven's string quartets. (92nd Street Y.). . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 25, at 8: With Claude Frank, piano, in a Haydn-Yoshida-Schumann program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum.)

Musicians' Accord—Playing a program of contemporary American chamber music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Chamber Players of the League-ISCM—New or recent compositions. With Robert Dick, flute. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Ken Noda—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Alaria Chamber Ensemble—In a program that ranges from the Renaissance to 1987. With David Krakauer, clarinet. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

American String Quartet—Playing Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi—Cello, playing new music from Japan. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 5.)

Fine Arts Quartet—In a program of music by Shostakovich, Rachmaninoff, Haydn, and Mendelssohn. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The third in a series of four concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—Twentieth-century chamber music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

Joan Morris and William Bolcom—Soprano and piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 2.)

Manhattan Vocal Ensemble—Nelly Vuksic directing a program of music by Haydn, Schubert, and six Latin-American composers. With assisting instrumentalists. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 2:30.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—The third in a series of six concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 3.)

Hanna Lachert—Violin. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 7:30.)

Aeolian Chamber Players—Celebrating their twenty-sixth anniversary with five of the same pieces (by Bartók, Berg, Webern, Villa-Lobos, and Shapey) that they played at their New York début. With Gilbert Kalish, piano, and David Gilbert, flute. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Eugene Bondi—Cello. With assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

"Schubertiade"—At the 92nd Street Y. The opening concerts of a ten-year-long series devoted to the chronological rendering of all of Schubert's works. Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 8: On the program are Joseph Kalichstein and Misha Dichter, piano, performing the "Fantasy in G Major for Piano Duet," Schubert's earliest surviving work; Benita Valente, soprano; and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8: Hermann Prey, baritone; Mr. Kalichstein, Jaime Laredo, violin, and Paula Robison, flute, performing as a trio; the Fine Arts Quartet; and others.

Parley of Instruments—An early-music ensemble, with guest artists Paul O'Dette, lute and mandolin, and Benjamin Hudson, violin, in an all-Vivaldi program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

The Art of the Early Keyboard—The second in a series of four concerts featuring Gwendolyn Toth, fortepiano, and guest artists, this one with music by Mozart and performances by Frederick Urrey, tenor; Daniel Phillips, violin; and Dongsok Shin, fortepiano. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Sung-Ju Lee—Violin. (Juilliard School, 65th St. between Broadway and Amsterdam Ave. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Atlanta Hawks, Monday, Jan. 18, at 1. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Phoenix Suns, Monday, Jan. 18, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Golden State Warriors, Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 7:30.

Hockey—At **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers, Saturday, Jan. 23, at 7:05. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Jan. 21, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Buffalo Sabres, Monday, Jan. 25, at 7:45.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

Trotting—At **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **roosevelt raceway:** Nightly at 7:30; through Tuesday, March 15.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—David Shapiro and Alan Davies reading from their own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 8. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Bobbie Ann Mason, T. Coraghessan Boyle, David Updike, and Cori Jones reading from their own short stories. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. Monday, Jan. 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 475-5707.) . . . ¶ Cynthia Ozick reading from her own prose. (Donnell Library, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Jan. 26, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Carrie Nye, James Naughton, Jonathan Hadary, and Jack Davidson reading from the short stories of Edith Wharton, Raymond Carver, and Woody Allen. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Jan. 27, at 6:30.)

Winter Antiques Show—Seventy-three dealers from around the country will be offering pieces from many countries and periods in a benefit for the East Side House Settlement. Also on display will be a re-creation of an eighteenth-century formal garden, filled with flowers that bloom in the spring. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Jan. 23, through Sunday, Jan. 31. Weekdays, 11 to 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

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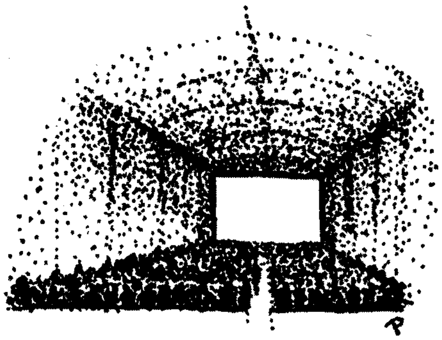

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Stacking" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Wall Street" (†).
Theatre 2: "For Keeps" (directed by John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.
Theatre 3: "Empire of the Sun" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Broadcast News" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 3: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Moonstruck" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Wall Street" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Manon of the Spring" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: "Rent-a-Cop" (Jerry London), with Burt Reynolds and Liza Minnelli.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss. From Jan. 22: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster.
Theatre 2: "Broadcast News" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Jan. 21: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.
From Jan. 22: "Hope and Glory" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Dead" (†).
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.
Theatre 2: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: "September" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ironweed" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Return of the Living Dead Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.
Theatre 2: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 19: The final days in a two-week program of six new films from Europe, South America, and Asia. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre for titles and time schedules. From Jan. 20: "Three Strange Loves" (1949; directed by Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Birger Malmsten and Eva Henning.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Matewan" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tampopo" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss. From Jan. 22: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster.
Theatre 2: "Patti Rocks" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).
Theatre 2: "Barfly" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "My Life as a Dog" (†). From Jan. 22: "Maurice" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "Anna" (†). From Jan. 22: "King Lear" (Jean-Luc Godard).
Theatre 3: "Housekeeping" (†).
Theatre 4: "Hope and Glory" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy; and (evenings only) "Return of the Living Dead Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).
Theatre 3: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th (757-2406)
"Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
Through Jan. 21: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.
From Jan. 22: "Promised Land" (Michael Hoffman), with Kiefer Sutherland and Meg Ryan.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Cry Freedom" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Housekeeping" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Ludwig" (1973; Luchino Visconti), with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. The 268-minute version.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Jan. 21: "Maurice" (†).
From Jan. 22: "The Grand Highway" (Jean-Loup Hubert; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Jean de Florette" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "El Sur" (Victor Erice; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 21: "Dark Eyes" (†). From Jan. 22: "Half of Heaven" (Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón; in Spanish).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "Repentance" (Tengiz Abuladze; in Russian). From Jan. 22: "The Family" (Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Fanny Ardant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Philippe Noiret.
Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (†).
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).
Theatre 3: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Last Emperor" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 6: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: "Return of the Living Dead Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
Through Jan. 21: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.
From Jan. 22: "Braddock: Missing in Action III" (Aaron Norris), with Chuck Norris.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Fatal Attraction" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 21: "Wall Street" (†). From Jan. 22: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 21: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (directed by John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy. From Jan. 22: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (†).
Theatre 3: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 4: "Rent-a-Cop" (Jerry London), with Burt Reynolds and Liza Minnelli.
Theatre 5: Through Jan. 21: "Rent-a-Cop." From Jan. 22: To be announced.
Theatre 6: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (752-2408)
"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.
Theatre 3: "Eddie Murphy Raw."
Theatre 4: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Return of the Living Dead Part II" (Ken Wiederhorn).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (†).
Theatre 2: "Empire of the Sun" (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Moonstruck" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 19: "Comic Magazine" (1987; directed by Yojiro Takita; in Japanese); and "I Go to Tokyo" (1985; Tomio Kuiyama; in Japanese).
Jan. 20-21: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976; Federico Fellini), with Donald Sutherland.
Jan. 22-23: "Carnal Knowledge" (1971; Mike Nichols), with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret; and "The Graduate" (1967; Mike Nichols), with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross.
Jan. 24: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
Jan. 25-26: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, and Ann Reinking.
From Jan. 27: "Heaven" (1987; Diane Keaton); and "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio).

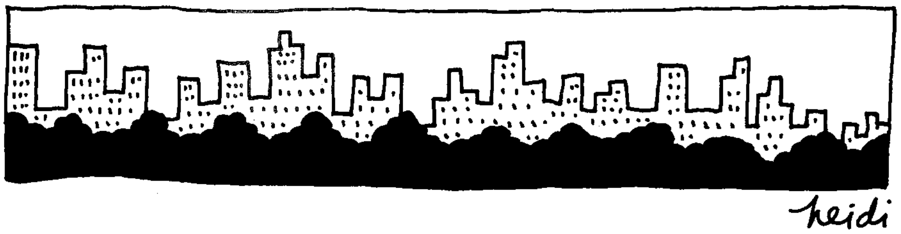
Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Jan. 18: "Bye Bye Birdie" (1963; George Sidney), with Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke, and Ann-Margret; and "My Sister Eileen" (1955; Richard Quine), with Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon, and Betty Garrett.
Jan. 19: "Merce Cunningham Filmdances" (1988; Charles Atlas), three dances created for the camera by Mr. Cunningham; and a program of early dance films.
Jan. 20: "Silk Stockings" (1957; Rouben Mamoulian), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Janis Paige, and Jules Munshin; and "Daddy Long Legs" (1955; Jean Negulesco), with Fred Astaire, Leslie Caron, Thelma Ritter, and Fred Clark.
Jan. 21: "On the Town" (†); and "It's Always Fair Weather" (1955; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Dan Dailey, Cyd Charisse, and Dolores Gray.
Jan. 22-23: "Kiss Me Kate" (1953; George Sidney), with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ann Miller, and Keenan Wynn; and "Give a Girl a Break" (†).
Jan. 24: "Spartacus" (1977; Vadim Derbenev), danced by Vladimir Vasiliev; "Romeo and Juliet" (1954), danced by Galina Ulanova and Yuri Zhdanov; and "The World's Young Ballet" (†).
Jan. 25-26: A program of nearly twenty-five filmed dance sequences featuring the Nicholas Brothers.
Jan. 27: "Cover Girl" (1944; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, and Phil Silvers; and "Down to Earth" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Jan. 18: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "Lenny" (1974; Bob Fosse), with Dustin Hoffman.
Jan. 19: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts.
Jan. 20: "The Legend of Lylah Clare" (1968; Robert Aldrich), with Kim Novak and Peter Finch; and "The Big Knife" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Jack Palance, Ida Lupino, and Rod Steiger.
Jan. 21: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams.
Jan. 22-23: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (1982; Alan Parker); and "True Stories" (1986; David Byrne), with John Goodman, Swoosie Kurtz, and Spalding Gray.
Jan. 24: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei.
Jan. 25: "Park Row" (1952; Samuel Fuller), with Mary Welch and Gene Evans; and "Forty Guns" (1958; Samuel Fuller), with Barbara Stanwyck and Barry Sullivan.
Jan. 26: "Chafed Elbows" (1967; Robert Downey); and "Pound" (1970; Robert Downey), with Harry Rigby.
Jan. 27: "Hollywood Boulevard" (1977; Joe Dante and Allan Arkush), with Candice Rialson; and "Targets" (1968; Peter Bogdanovich), with Boris Karloff.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Jan. 18: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936; Jacques Feyder; in French), with Louis Jouvet and Françoise Rosay; and "Toni" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French).
Jan. 19: "Morocco" (1930; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper; and "Dishonored" (1931; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Victor McLaglen.
Jan. 20: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "The Caine Mutiny" (1954; Edward Dmytryk), with Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, Robert Francis, and May Wynn.
Jan. 21: "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine.
Jan. 22-23: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.
Jan. 24: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Jan. 25: "Ordet" (1955; Carl Dreyer; in Danish); and "The Magician" (1958; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand.
Jan. 26: "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan; and "Straw Dogs" (1972; Sam Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.
Jan. 27: "Double Wedding" (1937; Richard Thorpe), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "I Love You Again" (1940; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
Theatre I: Jan. 18 at 2:30: "Death Watch"



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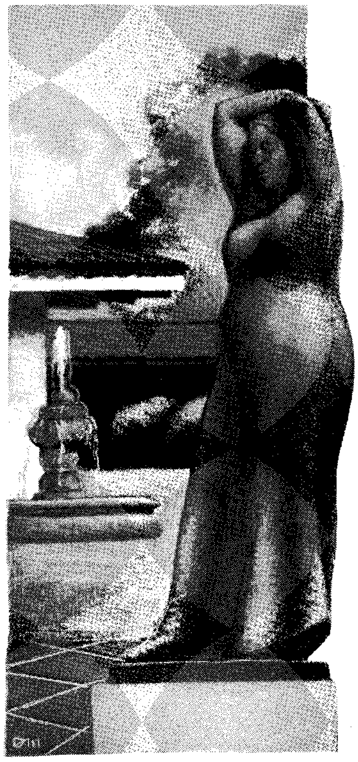


RANCHO BERNARDO INN

IN WEATHER-PERFECT SAN DIEGO
ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S FINE RESORTS

(1979; directed by Bertrand Tavernier), with Romy Schneider, Harvey Keitel, Harry Dean Stanton, and Max von Sydow. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 6: "Spoiled Children" (1977; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Piccoli, Christine Pascal, and Michel Aumont. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 2:30: "Clean Slate" (1982; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret, Isabelle Huppert, and Stéphane Audran. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 6: "A Week's Vacation" (1980; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Nathalie Baye, Gérard Lanvin, and Michel Galabru. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 2:30: "A *Sunday in the Country*" (1984; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 6 and Jan. 22 at 2:30: "The Most Wonderful Night of My Life" (1972; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi, Michel Simon, Charles Vanel, and Claude Dauphin. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 6: "Death of a Provincial" (1966; Krzysztof Zanussi); and "Behind the Wall" (1971; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles), with Maja Komorowska. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 2: "Krzysztof Penderecki" (1968; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English narration and subtitles); and "Night Duty" (1975; Krzysztof Zanussi; in German, with English subtitles), with Elisabeth Bergner. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 5: "Spiral" (1978; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles), with Jan Nowicki. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2: "The Structure of Crystals" (1969; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles), with Barbara Wrzesinska. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 5: "Family Life" (1971; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles), with Daniel Olbrychski. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 2:30: "Spiral." . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 6: "Illumination" (1973; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles), with Stanislaw Latallo. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 2:30: "Camouflage" (1976; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles), with Piotr Garlicki. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 5: "Family Life."

THEATRE 2: Jan. 18 at 3: "Phantom of the Paradise" (1974; Brian De Palma), with Paul Williams, William Finley, and Jessica Harper. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 6:30: "Out of It" *(1969; Paul Williams), with Barry Gordon* and Jon Voight. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 3 and 6:30: "Classroom Warriors" (1987; Christopher Sheppard), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 3: "Das Boot" (1981; Wolfgang Petersen; in German, with English subtitles), with Jürgen Prochnow. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 6:30: "Despair" (1978; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde, Andrea Ferreol, and Volker Spengler. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 2:30: "The Revolutionary" (1970; Paul Williams), with Jon Voight, Jennifer Salt, and Robert Duvall. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 5:30: "Heartbeat" (1979; John Byrum), with Nick Nolte, Sissy Spacek, and John Heard. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2:30: "Out of It." . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 5:30: "The Revolutionary." . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 6:30: "In This Life's Body" (1984; Corinne Cantrill). Miss Cantrill will be present.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A retrospective of the films of Keisuke Kinoshita, all in Japanese, with English subtitles. Jan. 19 at 6:30: "Sun and Rose" (1956), with Katsuo Nakamura; and "Clouds at Twilight" (1956), with Shinji Tanaka. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 6:30: "Distant Clouds" (1955), with Hideko Tamakine; and "The Blossoming Port" (1943), with Eitaro Ozawa. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 6:30: "The Garden of Women" (1954), with Mieko Takamine.

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Feb. 6: A retrospective of the television performances of Jackie Gleason. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 20: "New York World Television Festival," a program of twenty-seven international productions that have won awards during the past year. The schedules of performances are complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Through Jan. 21, showings at 8: "Anita: Dances of Vice" (1988; Rosa von Praunheim; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 8: A program of short films by the Hungarian director Andras Szirtes. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 8: "The Beat Generation" (1959; Charles Haas) and "Girls Town" (1959; Charles Haas), both films with Mamie van Doren. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 8: A program of seven short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 8: "A Story of Floating Weeds" (1934; Yasujiro Ozu; a Japanese silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 8: "The Hawks and Sparrows" (1965; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 8: "All I Desire" (1953; Douglas Sirk), with Barbara Stanwyck; and "Kustom Kar Kommandos" (1965; Kenneth Anger).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Arlene Croce and Terrence Rafferty.)

ANNA—Sally Kirkland plays a Czech actress named Anna Radkova—once her country's leading film star, during the brief period of cultural freedom that ended in 1968, and now, in her forties, just another struggling actress in New York, desperate enough to take a job understudying all seven roles in an Off Broadway show. The conceit of the movie is that Anna has a kind of understudy in her own life, a lovely Czech country girl (played by the model Paulina Porizkova), who moves in with her and effortlessly achieves all the American-style success that has eluded the older woman. The script (by Agnieszka Holland, from a story by Holland and the director, Yurek Bogayevicz) occasionally suggests some sort of meditation on history and identity, though for the most part the film is content to be a vehicle for Kirkland, who laughs, cries, etc., in an accent that Meryl Streep would be proud of.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 21.)

BARFLY—The sixty-seven-year-old L.A. poet Charles Bukowski wrote this semi-autobiographical script about his heavy-drinking skid-row days just after the Second World War, when he was a scrappy young man, in his mid- to late twenties. But Mickey Rourke, who plays the role, imitates the tortoise movements of the battle-scarred survivor Bukowski, the writer-philosopher, the sage. This howler gives the movie a comic boost. Rourke twinkles with amusement at doing Bukowski, and the two principal women (Faye Dunaway as a burned-out drinker, Alice Krige as the wealthy publisher of a literary magazine) twinkle back. The movie, though, is big on life affirmation. The director, Barbet Schroeder, wanting to please the Master, inadvertently exposes Bukowski's messianic windbag sensibility at its most self-satisfied. You wouldn't guess at Bukowski's talent from this movie. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Art Greenwich Twin.)

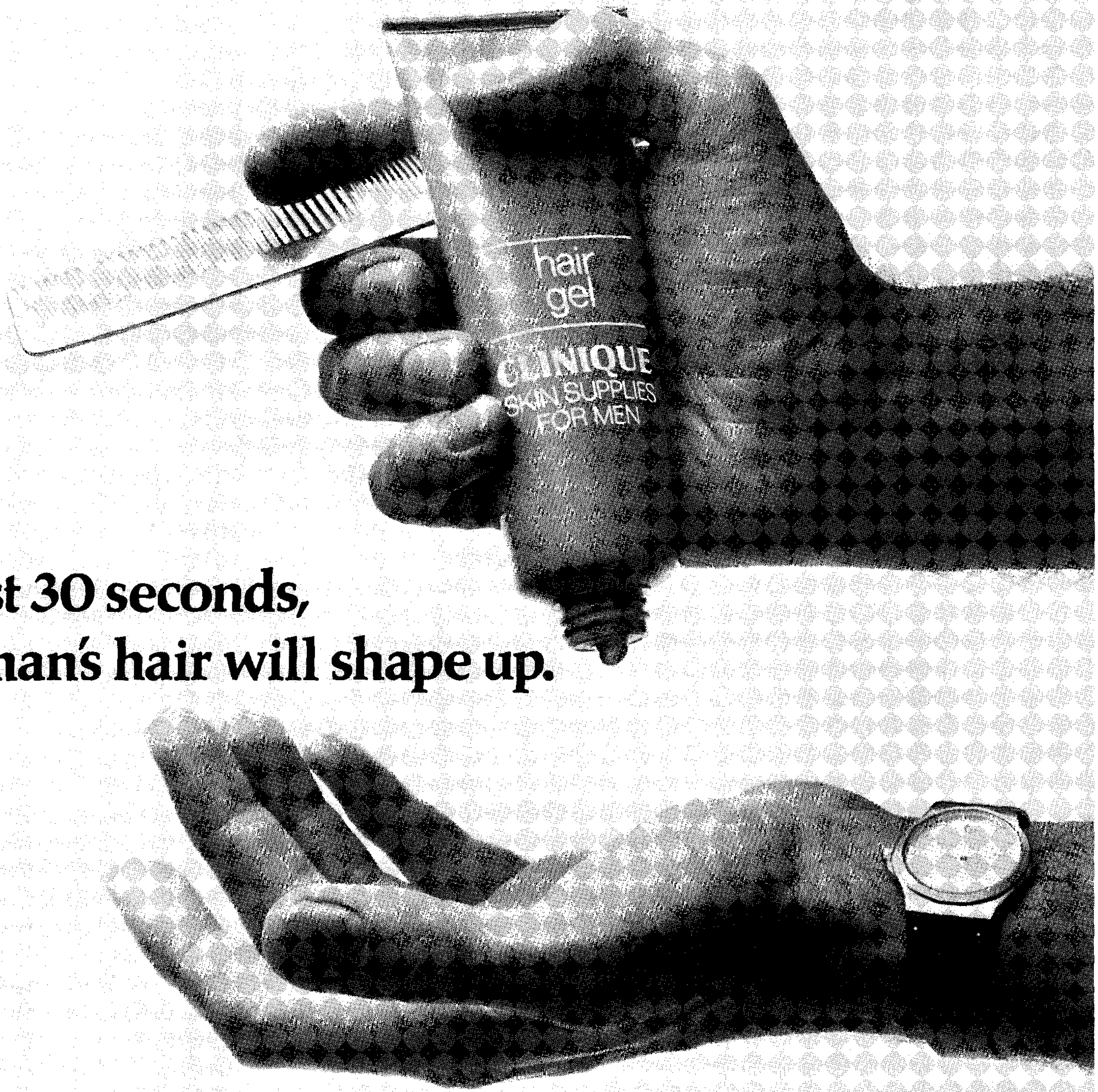
BROADCAST NEWS—The writer-producer-director James L. Brooks puts us inside the world of a network's Washington bureau and sets up an adversarial relationship between the reddish-blond charmer Tom (William Hurt), who represents TV's corruption of the news into entertainment, and dark, broody Aaron (Albert Brooks), a near-genius newsman who, on the surface, at least, represents substance and integrity. The heroine, Jane (Holly Hunter), is a producer, and she and Aaron are supposed to be high-principled professionals, as well as close friends. The satirical, romantic-comedy dilemma is that Jane finds herself falling in love with Tom, who incarnates everything that she despises. It's fun to see a workaday world presented so that it moves and keeps you off balance and looks authentic, and the picture has some witty dialogue. But basically all it's saying is that beautiful, assured people have an edge over the rest of us, no matter how high our I.Q.s are. And it lacks any filmmaking excitement. With all the surface authenticity Jim Brooks gives us, he himself represents the corruption of movies into TV. The actors are vivid; they're like pop-up figures in a child's book, as they often are in sitcoms. (Albert Brooks is the only one who goes beyond that: he gives the picture its bit of soul.) With Joan Cusack, Lois Chiles, Robert Prosky, Peter Hackes, and, as the big cheese, the New York anchorman, Jack Nicholson, who's not listed in the credits. (1/11/88) (Gramercy, Coronet, Embassy 72nd St., and National Twin.)

CRY FREEDOM—Attempting to use the martyrdom of young Stephen Biko (Denzel Washington), the leader of the Black Consciousness Movement, to arouse the audience to the tragic injustice of apartheid, the producer-director Richard Attenborough feels justified in using events out of their historical sequence, compressing them, and distorting freely. The epic collapses before midpoint when Biko is badly beaten while in the custody of the Security Police and dies, in September, 1977, of brain injuries. The story then *shifts to the efforts of Donald Woods* (Kevin Kline), a white newspaper editor, to escape with his wife and five children, taking with him the manuscript of a book he has written about his friend Biko. And we're painfully aware that despite the movie's hopes of raising the white audience's consciousness, we whites are assumed to need a white man to identify with. Screenplay by John Briley, based on Woods' books "Biko" and "Asking for Trouble." Shot mostly in Zimbabwe; 2 hours and 37 minutes. (11/30/87) (New Carnegie.)

DARK EYES—Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov and shot in Italy and the Soviet Union, it amalgamates several short stories by Chekhov and is the kind of movie that is referred to as a "broad tapestry." It features obviousness and mugging—each in almost unprecedented amounts. Marcello Mastroianni is the weak, self-hating Romano, who tells the story of his wasted life: how he became the spoiled pet of his rich wife (Silvana Mangano), took mistresses (Marthe Keller is one of them), and at a spa was touched by the seriousness of Anna (Elena Sofonova)—Chekhov's woman with the little dog—and, on the pretext of opening a factory, followed her to Russia. Mastroianni won the best-actor award at Cannes for his performance in this massive hunk of Italo-Russian kitsch. When he's Romano, it's as if he were putting on a classroom exhibition of how to turn yourself into another person—he shows the class every bit of calculation. It's exemplary; it's horrible. The script is by Alexander Adabachian and Mikhalkov, with the collaboration of Suso Cecchi D'Amico. In Italian. (10/5/87) (Lincoln Plaza; through Jan. 21.)

THE DEAD—Working in a mood of tranquil exuberance, the eighty-year-old John Huston made a great warm, funny movie out of the great story that James Joyce wrote at twenty-five. Huston never before blended his actors so intuitively, so musically. The party that the Morkan sisters and their fortyish niece give in their Dublin town house on January 6, 1904, the Feast of the Epiphany, suggests the Chekhov production of your dreams, or maybe one of Satyajit Ray's triumphs. The cast is glorious: Donal McCann is Gabriel; Anjelica Huston is Gabriel's wife, Gretta; Donal Donnelly is Freddy; Marie Kean is Freddy's mother; Cathleen Delany is Aunt Julia; Helena Carroll is Aunt Kate; Ingrid Craigie is Mary Jane; Dan O'Herlihy is the Protestant Mr. Browne; and Frank Patterson *is the tenor who sings "The Lass of Aughrim."* Screenplay by Tony Huston; cinematography by Fred Murphy; score by Alex North. (12/14/87) (Cinema I.)

DOWN TO EARTH (1947)—Celestial-whimsy musical, with arch acting and a dull score. Rita Hayworth is the goddess Terpsichore, who descends from Heaven in order to make a Broadway show called "Swinging the Muses" less offensive and more authentic. This was an attempt to cash in on the box-office success of "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," and it used the same director (Alexander Hall) and some of the same characters. Larry Parks is the producer of the offending show; he does his own singing here, which jarred the sensibilities of viewers who had seen him in "The Jolson Story," dubbed by Jolson. (His own voice is much less convincingly his.) But it all balances out, since Hayworth's singing is



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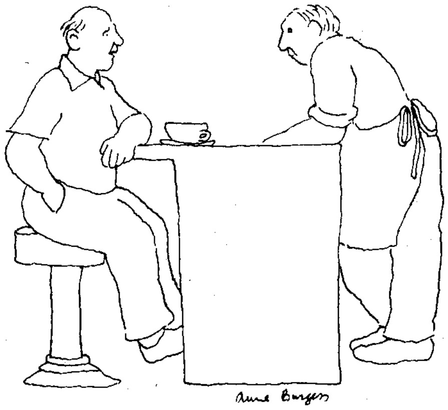
dubbed by Anita Ellis. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 27.)

Empire of the Sun—At the outset, this Steven Spielberg epic is so big and majestic you want to laugh in pleasure, and it stays that way for about forty-five minutes—Spielberg takes over Shanghai, and makes it his city. But then, first in brief patches and then in longer ones, his directing goes terribly wrong. The story, taken from J. G. Ballard's autobiographical novel, is set at the outbreak of the Second World War, and it's about Jim (Christian Bale), an eleven-year-old British schoolboy, who is separated from his parents when the Japanese Army invades the city, on December 8, 1941, and how he changes in order to survive three years of starving in a prison camp. It isn't told straightforwardly, though. Spielberg throws himself into bravura passages, lingers over them trying to give them a poetic obsessiveness, and loses his grasp of the narrative. For the sake of emotion—to have something to say, to give the picture some meaning—he pumps it full of false emotion. (That's what his poetry is.) John Williams' editorializing music swells and swooshes, trying to make you feel that something religious is going on. Christian Bale is a fine performer, directed superlatively; also with John Malkovich, Miranda Richardson, Nigel Havers, and Joe Pantoliano. The adaptation is credited to Tom Stoppard (it was also worked on by Menno Meyjes); the cinematography is by Allen Daviau. Spielberg had permission to shoot in Shanghai for only three weeks; the settings were matched up and constructed in Spain and London. 2 hours and 33 minutes. (12/28/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Beekman, Regency, and National Twin.)

Fatal Attraction—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference: she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. Basically, this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format, and it enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling fear on paranoiac fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (10/19/87) (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and Embassy.)

Give a Girl a Break (1953)—An unusual M-G-M musical in that it is modest, but it is so modest that it has no particular flavor or distinction, despite the efforts of some talented people. Stanley Donen directed, and the cast includes Marge and Gower Champion, Bob Fosse, Debbie Reynolds, Kurt Kasznar, Helen Wood, Larry Keating, and Richard Anderson. The songs (all but one are by Ira Gershwin and Burton Lane) are remarkably uninspired; the choreography (by Donen and Gower Champion) is pleasant but not memorable. Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett wrote the negligible script—a backstage story. It all reeks of niceness. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 22-23.)

Good Morning, Vietnam—It sounded like a first-rate idea: Robin Williams doing his manic free-association comedy as a disk jockey, Adrian Cronauer, on Armed Forces Radio in Saigon in 1965. But the picture makes the character out to be a vulnerable, compassionate, respectful-of-the-Vietnamese wonderful guy, and the director, Barry Levinson, has a numbing sense of rhythm. Williams' riffs are chopped short, and the film keeps cutting to soldiers breaking up over his spiel before it's out of his mouth. Throughout the movie, we're alerted to how terrific and how irreverent he is, even though he isn't so terrific and his irreverence sounds tinny. There is an Adrian Cronauer, and the movie is very loosely based on his exploits, but the way the story line (from the script by Mitch Markowitz) has been directed it's a clumsier version of the plots of fifties musicals. With Forest Whitaker, Bruno Kirby, J. T. Walsh, Uikey Kuay as the elderly student of English, and Richard Edson. (People who want to see Williams running wild within a character ought to take a look at Michael Ritchie's 1983 "The Survivors" or Roger Spottiswoode's 1986 "The Best of Times.") (1/11/88) (Bay Cinema, Cinema II, Art Greenwich Twin, Ziegfeld, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)



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Hope and Glory—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting Jan. 22.)

Housekeeping—Marilynne Robinson's novel about two orphaned sisters and the nature-loving, itinerant aunt who arrives to keep house for them has a wonderful representation of a psychological state: Aunt Sylvie seems to spend her life falling into a non-verbal world—staring at nothingness. But the novel also has a bag-lady mystique—a poetic view of vagrancy. The idea seems to be that if you give up conventional values and material things you can wander the earth and lead a magical life. Bill Forsyth, who adapted and directed the movie version, doesn't make the material his own; he doesn't find his own rhythms. The early scenes are whimsical and promising, but the later ones have a clammy, awkward lyricism. Since Sylvie is always remote and has to wake up out of her basic trance to respond to a situation, Christine Lahti, who plays the part, can't call on her full resourcefulness. (12/14/87) (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Ironweed—The director, Hector Babenco, treats William Kennedy's Albany novel, set in 1938, as a joyless classic; the movie has no momentum—the running time (two hours and twenty-four minutes) is like a death sentence. As Francis Phelan, the alcoholic hobo hero who is torn by guilt over the family he deserted twenty-two years ago and sees the phantoms of men he has done violence to, Jack Nicholson seems to be in a slow-motion dream. He drops his voice down so heroically low he even has to talk slowly. And Meryl Streep, who is Francis's hobo crony Helen, forces her voice down deep, too. The only moments of reprieve from all the sombre artistry come when Streep sings "He's Me Pal" in the all-out, sentimental-Irish manner of a balladeer of a decade or two earlier; it's a spectacular re-creation of the old technique for "selling a song." Tom Waits, Hy Anzell, and Margaret Whitton provide brief changes of mood and emotion. Also with Carroll Baker, Fred Gwynne, Diane Venora, Michael O'Keefe, Laura Esterman, Priscilla Smith, and Black-Eyed Susan. The screenplay is by Kennedy. (1/11/88) (Loews Tower East.)

Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952). The story of Jean de Florette is completed in the film "Manon of the Spring" (see below). The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. In French. (7/13/87) (Cinema 3.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (8th St. Playhouse, 57th St. Playhouse, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne—A spinster in spite of her sensual nature, Judy Hearne, who lives in Dublin, is all pretension. Everybody sees through her, and she knows it, but she can't get rid of her own mealymouthed phoniness: it's ingrained in her. Maggie Smith, who plays the part, lets you read every shade of feeling in Judy's face; she makes you feel the ghastliness of knowing you're a figure of fun. Taken from Brian Moore's 1955 novel (a work of surpassing empathy written when he was only twenty-seven), the movie, directed by Jack Clayton, is a phenomenal piece of work. It's about Judy's misunderstanding the attentions of her landlady's brother (Bob Hoskins) and thinking herself to be in the midst of a romance; it's about her isolation, her secret drinking, and her rage against the Church for her wasted life. Maggie Smith and Wendy

Hiller (who plays Judy's tyrannical aunt) are magnificent together, and Ian McNeice, who plays the landlady's son, gives the film a baroque touch that helps offset the shallow, virtuous ending. The adaptation is by Peter Nelson. (12/28/87) (68th St. Playhouse.)

MANON OF THE SPRING—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette" (see above): changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. With Emmanuelle Béart. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French. —T.R. (Plaza.)

MATEWAN—This true story of a bitter, courageous strike by West Virginia coal miners in 1920 is almost stirring enough to survive the primitive and ponderous movie technique of its writer-director, John Sayles. The film aims for the simplicity and emotional purity of folk music—an effect that, in movies, is not so simply achieved. Sayles may be taking his populist, blue-collar aesthetic a bit too far: hard work and decent feeling, even in the service of a great subject, aren't always enough. "Matewan"—rousing as it sometimes is—would be a more convincing, even a purer, tribute to American labor if its honest sweat and blood were adulterated with more of an artist's cunning. With Chris Cooper, Will Oldham, David Strathairn, Kevin Tighe, Mary McDonnell, and James Earl Jones. Photographed by Haskell Wexler in the Left-lyrical style of his earlier work on "Bound for Glory."—T.R. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

MAURICE—The director James Ivory painstakingly reproduces the limp, drawn-out construction of E. M. Forster's novel, about a young man's struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality. Forster wants to show that homosexuality is natural, and so Maurice is an average Edwardian stockbroker who lives in the suburbs—a proper hale-and-hearty fellow, narrow-minded and snobbish, like others of his (middle) class. The trap for both the novel and the film is Maurice's blandness; the actor who plays him—tall, blond James Wilby—comes across as passive and slow. (You'd think being a gay man was tantamount to being retarded.) Ivory has a fine, trained eye for light and composition, but when it comes to capturing the feel of repression and of bursting desire he isn't there. The movie is suffocatingly discreet, with classical music in the clinches. Hugh Grant plays Maurice's upper-class Cambridge friend Clive Durham, with whom he experiences three years of platonic frustration, and Rupert Graves is Durham's under-gamekeeper, Scudder, with whom Maurice finally experiences physical love. The cast also includes Billie Whitelaw, Judy Parfitt, Peter Eyre, Denholm Elliott, Ben Kingsley, Simon Callow, Helena Michell, and Kitty Aldridge. The screenplay is by Kit Hesketh-Harvey and Ivory, the dark-toned cinematography by Pierre Lhomme. (9/21/87) (Paris; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 22.)

MOONSTRUCK—With Cher and Nicolas Cage, directed by Norman Jewison. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Warner.)

MY LIFE AS A DOG—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 21.)

ON THE TOWN (1949)—This musical about three sailors with twenty-five hours' leave in New York has an undeservedly high reputation. Yes, Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen (as Miss Subways), Florence Bates, Tom Dugan, and Alice Pearce are all in it, and it's the Comden and Green musical with the Bernstein score. But its exuberant love of New York seems forced, and most of the numbers are hearty and uninspired. Kelly and Stanley Donen choreographed and directed. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 21.)

PATTI ROCKS—David Burton Morris's low-budget drama means to tell us something new about the war between men and women, but the movie is heavy-spirited and monotonous. Billy (Chris Mulkey), a working-class husband and father who considers himself quite a stud, is appalled when one of his girlfriends, Patti Rocks (Karen Landry), gets pregnant and won't have an abortion. He drives all night, in the company of his divorced friend Eddie (John Jenkins), to visit her and persuade her to change her mind. The conversation between the two men while they're on the road is the centerpiece of the movie; it's designed to bring out their hideously sexist attitudes, which will later be challenged by Patti's quiet strength. Billy's discourse is particularly colorful; he has a prodigious array of demeaning sexual epithets, most of which have nasty, violent overtones. He really is a pig—but that's *all* he is. Once the guys get to Patti's apartment, it's clear that the movie isn't going anywhere very interesting. Billy's humiliated, Eddie's sensitized, and Patti's a rock of sanity and decency. It's terribly schematic, and the acting and the direction aren't lively enough to distract us. The screenplay is credited to Morris and the three actors; the characters of Billy and Eddie first appeared in Morris's 1976 feature "Loose Ends," which was written by Victoria Wozniak.—T.R. (Waverly.)

SAMMY AND ROSIE GET LAID—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Cinema Studio.)

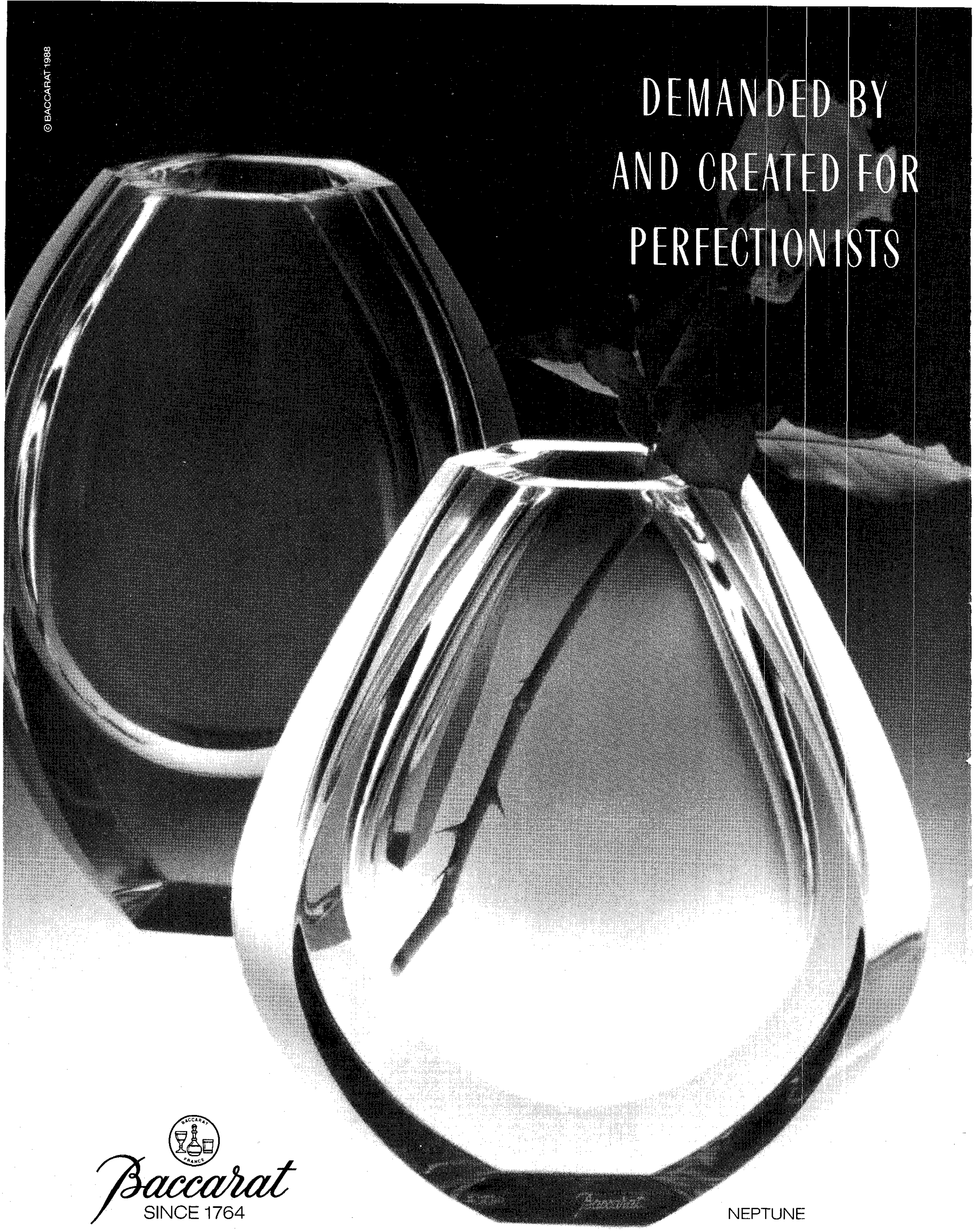
SEPTEMBER—Directed by Woody Allen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews New York Twin.)

STACKING—What's stacked in Martin Rosen's film is hay, on a Montana ranch. The stackers are a fourteen-year-old girl (Megan Follows) and a hard-drinking hired hand (Frederic Forrest). The girl's father (Ray Baker), the owner of the ranch, is a self-pitying loser laid up in the hospital, and her mother (Christine Lahti) is restless and unhappy, eager to get out. The screenplay, by Victoria Jenkins, thus lays three different bad genres on top of one another: the save-the-ranch movie, the coming-of-age movie, and the alcoholic-redeeming-himself movie. This is the independent-film equivalent of Hollywood "high concept," with elements guaranteed to appeal to established funding sources—including, in this case, PBS's "American Playhouse" and Robert Redford's Sundance Institute. "Stacking" seems utterly convinced of its own virtue and purity, but its earnestness is glib and conventional, so the movie feels phony. It's proof that independent filmmakers can pile it at least as high as their studio counterparts can. Also with Jason Gedrick and, briefly, Peter Coyote.—T.R. (Public Theatre.)

TAMPOPO—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruption of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

WALL STREET—Oliver Stone makes films in the overwrought pulp style of directors like Samuel Fuller and Robert Aldrich. Everything has the hysterically urgent tone of a war movie, and the actors scream their lines as if they were struggling to be heard above the din of artillery fire. And the moral issues couldn't be simpler: life-and-death and good-and-evil are about as refined as they get. Applying his combat-zone sensibility to the financial community, Stone produces some good, weird comedy in the movie's manic first hour, as the young stockbroker hero (Charlie Sheen) claws his way to success by providing inside information to a ruthless corporate raider (Michael Douglas). As the picture goes on, though, the disparity between Stone's complex subject and his melodramatic style becomes less and less entertaining. Repeating the worst idea in "Platoon," he turns the movie into a contest for the young hero's soul, a battle between his decent union-man father (Martin Sheen) and the greedy, reptilian Douglas. The dialogue gets overexplicit, the tone becomes desperately moralistic, and we begin to wonder if Charlie Sheen's soul is really worth all this fuss. (At one point, he steps out onto his balcony and muses aloud, "Who am I?," and the audience has to think a minute: Tom Cruise? Judd Nelson?) Also with Daryl Hannah (cruelly directed), Hal Holbrook, and Terence Stamp.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gotham Cinema, 86th Street East Twin, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Jan. 21.)

THE WORLD'S YOUNG BALLET (1975)—A film of the 1969 international ballet competition held in Moscow, with Baryshnikov glimpsed in his prize-winning solo "Vestris." Helgi Tomasson, Peter Schaufuss, the Japanese star Hideo Fukagawa, and Ludmila Semenyaka (in a Soviet-style "jazz" ballet) are among the other competitors, and some additional color footage shows the young prodigy Nadezhda Pavlova making her début, in "Giselle," in 1974.—A.C. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 24.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

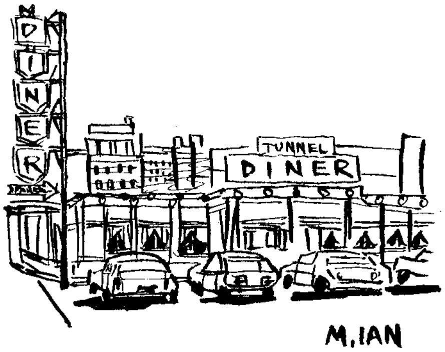
Notes and Comment

THE shelf life of a book at the Gotham Book Mart, the most celebrated bookshop in New York, appears to be however long it takes for the person who is next destined to read the book to arrive at the shop and discover that it's there. That books have destinies as objects, and people appointments with them, is a fundamental principle of life at the Gotham. Recently, a French friend of ours, a novelist and editor, found there No. 233 of only three hundred and thirty copies of an "Hommage à Proust" published in 1923 by Gallimard and containing personal reminiscence and critical appreciation by, among others, Jean Cocteau, Paul Valéry, José Ortega y Gasset, André Gide, Gaston Gallimard, Robert Proust (the novelist's brother), André Malraux, and Robert Dreyfus. The publishing house itself no longer has a copy. Our friend paid just twenty dollars for No. 233, and felt like a thief, but the happy outcome may be the reissue of an important and rare book. What other American bookshop would have bought it, kept it for sixty years, and then sold it for so little to someone who instantly understood the significance of his find? On our latest visit, we inquired about the work of a contemporary Irish poet and, after getting just the book we had hoped to find, were guided to an anthology of Irish poetry with a generous selection of poems by someone whom the clerk, with all due respect, admired a bit more.

The person at the source of all this inspired service to readers and writers is Frances Steloff, the Gotham's founder, who this past New Year's Eve celebrated her hundredth birthday, in the place where she was born—Saratoga Springs. Exactly one hundred people signed the guest book at the Surrey Inn, where they had gathered to toast Miss Steloff. They were relatives, friends of the Steloff family, local doctors and lawyers, historians and educators, the director of the Yaddo writers' colony, a breeder of horses, the mayor of Saratoga, who presented Miss Steloff with a key to the city (which she seemed pleased as punch to get), and the president of Skidmore College, where a Frances Steloff Lecture is delivered annually. We didn't meet anyone there who had ever been to another hundredth-birthday party (although two people had missed Eubie Blake's by a hair). It was snowing, and the atmosphere indoors was cozy and festive. The guests came up one by one to embrace Miss Steloff—a small figure with dazzling blue eyes and beautiful white hair—and she peered into each face, determined to place just who it was who stood before her. One friend who hadn't seen her for a while found himself admonished. "You've been playing hooky!" she cried.

"That's not true," he countered. "I was in the shop the other day and ordered three books. Phil took care of me."

"He takes care of everyone," she agreed happily. They were referring to Philip Lyman, who has managed the Gotham for the past twenty-seven years.



Here in the city, four days later, the birthday was celebrated again. Some four hundred people gathered in the gallery above the bookshop, which is on West Forty-seventh Street, in the middle of a block otherwise devoted to the diamond and jewelry trade, and is visible from a distance because of its famous sign: "Wise Men Fish Here. Gotham Book Mart." President Reagan sent Miss Steloff a telegram to commemorate "the contribution you have made to our culture." Mayor Koch was on hand, "not as the mayor but as an author," and praised Miss Steloff for "making sure the government didn't censor books." He recalled that she was once charged with obscenity for selling André Gide's autobiography, "If It Die," and she won the case. "There are few people who stand up like that when the chips are down," he said. The Lord Mayor of Dublin sent a telegram in tribute to Miss Steloff's faithful devotion to Irish literature. (The James Joyce Society was founded in the shop, in 1947, and meets there still.) The rabbi of Miss Steloff's New York congregation turned to where she was sitting, wearing a silk dress of azalea pink, and expressed the hope that everyone in the room might reassemble in twenty years for her hundred-and-twentieth.

"Moses has arranged for that," she said.

Andreas Brown, a young book appraiser who bought the Gotham from Miss Steloff in 1967, has had printed, as the first of several keepsakes planned to honor her hundredth birthday, a photograph of Frances and her little brother, Israel, in 1898, both barefoot: Frances is in a worn wool dress trimmed with velvet, and has a bouquet balanced in the crook of her arm. According to W. G. Rogers' charming biography of Miss Steloff, "Wise Men Fish Here," she was enterprising and resolute from the start. She was taken out of school after the third grade, and sold flowers on the streets and hotel piazzas of Saratoga, using the money she made to buy shoes for the family and dresses for her sisters in school. They dubbed her Mrs. Vanderbilt. "When we played store, Fanny was the storekeeper," her elder sister Sarah recalled. "When we played school, she was the teacher. When we played house, she was the mother. But, more than that, she'd play at reading. Even if she didn't have anything at all to read, she'd imagine it. Before ever going to school, even, she'd pretend. Later, she'd climb out of the bedroom window to the porch roof, where she was all alone, and make-believe read there."

This romance with reading—and with a picture of herself reading and of a life of reading—resulted in her making her way to New York and establishing herself as a bona-fide independent bookseller. (On her first day in what she felt was exciting and "dangerous New York," she saw an eel swimming out of a hydrant.) Her early catalogues of books, sold from her apartment, in Morningside Heights, featured "Interesting Books Selected by Myself, *and* Reasonably Priced." In 1920, after training in bookstores and in the book sections of various department stores in New York and Washington, she found a shop of her own. She told her biographer that when she first saw it she experienced "an irresistible go-ahead feeling." That first shop was just three blocks away from the present one, and her description of it is remarkably evocative of the Gotham now: "It was the front dining room in an English basement house. You had to go three steps down and duck your head."

As her shop grew, the key to her success, everyone felt at the time, was her devotion to the little magazines, whose editors and contributors in the twenties and thirties included T. S. Eliot, Marianne Moore, Ezra Pound, Ernest Hemingway, E. E. Cummings, Hart Crane, William Faulkner, Wallace Stevens, Samuel Beckett, Gertrude Stein, André Gide, John Reed, and Aldous Huxley—in sum, "the Moderns." The Gotham became famous in literary circles as the place where you could buy *transition*, the magazine that in the late twenties and early thirties was running installments of Joyce's "Work in Progress," which was ultimately titled "Finnegans Wake." Some five thousand copies of each issue were printed, and Miss Steloff regularly ordered five hundred. While Cyril Connolly's magazine *Horizon* existed, the Gotham ordered a thousand copies of each number. From the first, theatre people congregated at her shop (Rudolph Valentino and Natasha Rambova made it a trysting place), and through Miss Steloff the Sitwells met the Stravinskys, and Leon Edel met Edmund Wilson.

In the gallery and shop this month one can see pictures of all the literary lights in the long heyday of the Gotham, among them Stephen Spender, W. H. Auden, Anaïs Nin, Thornton Wilder, Man Ray, Tennessee Williams, Randall Jarrell, Delmore Schwartz, Elizabeth Bishop, George and Ira Gershwin (who frequently serenaded Miss Steloff with their new songs), H. L. Mencken, Theodore Dreiser, Aldous Huxley, Eudora Welty, Jean Cocteau, and Salvador Dali. Also on display is a letter from Henry Miller in grateful response to a plea he'd asked Miss Steloff to post on her bulletin board: "Got the thermos bottles I needed, a light axe, too." There's a cancelled check made out to D. H. Lawrence in the amount of $37.50 for copies of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" she had ordered directly from him—the only way to get them in the United States then. There are invitations to the seemingly infinite numbers of parties and readings held at the Gotham over the years, and a photograph of Miss Steloff arriving at the publication party for "Finnegans Wake" dressed as the widow. And there are several postcards and notes from Marianne Moore, evidently culled from dozens, and chiefly paying tribute to Miss Steloff's unstinting generosity and attentiveness. "Charity—*compounded!*" one begins. And another says, "Busier than *any*one, you get what I need like lightning!"

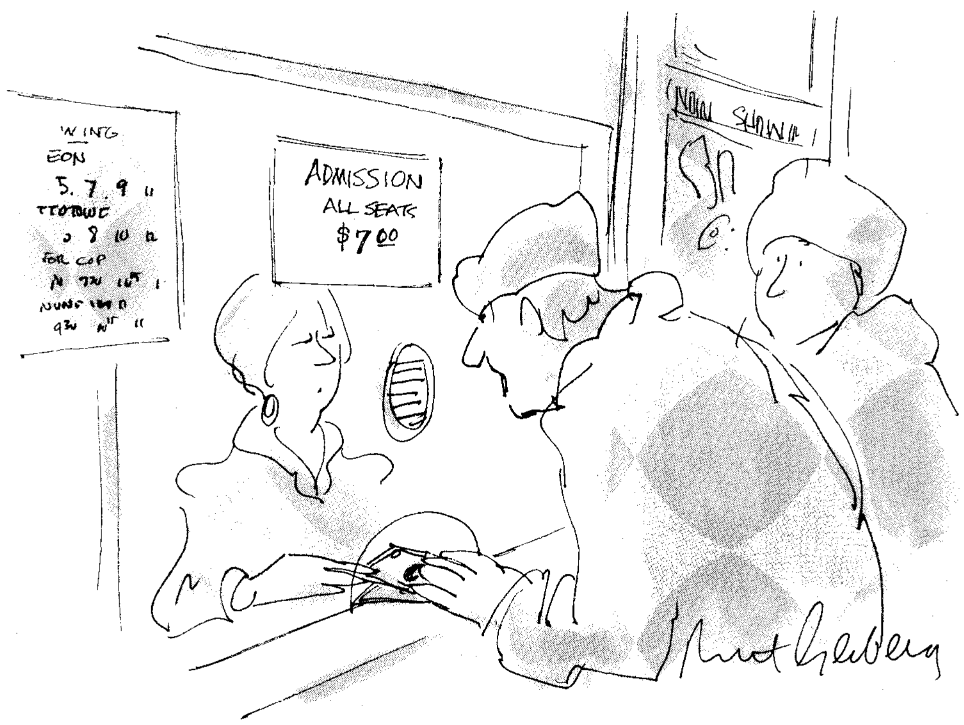
This is Miss Steloff's eightieth year of bookselling, and for most of these years she has worked twelve hours a day, six days a week. ("Everything I do is with all my might," she once said.) Like all really good places to work in, the Gotham has its own special atmosphere, and those who work there seem drawn to it in a spirit of mission and regard being there as a privilege. For those who fish there, the Gotham has a quality of cheerful refuge. It is a hive of activity that is grounded in a reverence for good books, and it has come to be one of the places that identify New York—that seem to belong especially to us. The people who have kept the Gotham going have managed to give the city something important and irreplaceable, and we are immensely lucky to have it.

* *

Fractography

ABOUT eight hours after the big water-main break last week—not Friday's break, on the West Side, but Monday's, on Madison Avenue, which flooded a ritzier class of basement—George Andersen, of the New York City Bureau of Water Supply, was the only man on the scene who was smiling. Really smiling, anyway. A lot of other people were trying to smile, but theirs were mostly smiles of philosophical resignation rather than pleasure. William Hroch, a young fireman from Engine Company 37 who was pumping out flooded basements, was smiling only because the strange irony of his activity had dawned on him. "They call this the Venturi effect," he explained. "You pump water *in* through a three-inch hose, and then it gets forced *out* through a two-inch hose. It's odd—the only way to fix a flood is to do some more flooding yourself. I mean, that's weird."

George Andersen, though, was smiling because when a water main breaks it is his job to find out why and



"I want you to know that emotion overrode reason."

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he just had. Until early in this decade, when a water main (or any other important piece of city plumbing) broke, the workmen on the scene simply put down on paper what they had seen. This was called a "repair report." After a water-main break caused a blackout in 1983, however, the city was sued left and right by businessmen who thought that New York ought to keep a closer eye on all the pipes and conduits that jostle each other beneath the street. It seemed like a good idea for the city to have somebody who simply by looking at a broken pipe could explain to you how and why and just when it broke, and that is George Andersen's curious expertise. He is a quality-assurance engineer for the bureau, but he has also become its only forensic metallurgist, or, as he likes to say, "the Quincy of the water mains."

George Andersen, who looks and sounds a bit like a streetwise Jimmy Stewart, said that within minutes of arriving on the scene he had more or less figured out what had happened, but that he couldn't tell anyone exactly what it was. "That's against the rules," he explained. "I've got to submit a failure analysis to the city, and it's going to keep me busy for several weeks." He gave an affectionate kick to a large section of water main, about three feet across and six feet long, with a jagged edge where it had been broken off. "Look at that thing!" he said. "That's a hundred, a hundred and twenty-five years old. Probably got laid down in 1873, and hasn't been disturbed since. I just look at this thing and I can begin to guess what happened. But I have to be careful, so when I get it back to the lab I'll do a process of elimination. There are roughly ten modes of failure for every city water main—ten ways that they can break, or undergo what we call dysfunction. We have to determine the mode of fracture in order to determine the source of failure. It's called fractography. No, it really is. It's the science of fractures. We'll see the crack pattern, and then we can know the stress concentration—what hit the main. I'd *like* to tell you, but I can't. Let's just say it was a hard object. A lot of my work is scientific—we test and analyze, and all that—but some of it is more sort of just knowing the way all this stuff works. I've been back to the pipe yards, and I'll ask some of the old-timers, you know, what's the story, how that thing's been cared for, what's gone *on*. Big-city forensic metallurgy is just one of those things that either you have a feel for or you don't."

Not far away, a couple of men wearing Con Ed hard hats were muttering to each other as they eyed George and his length of broken water main. George Andersen's relationship with people working for non-city-owned utilities is inevitably somewhat adversarial, since he hopes to prove that it was their equipment, rather than some flaw in the city's equipment, that was responsible for the trouble. When he can do this, he often saves the city a lot of money. (He is quick to point out, though, that he gets paid the same whether he says it was the city's fault or not.) The two men from Con Ed were eying George's length of pipe the way Inspectors Gregson and Lestrade might have eyed an important clue—an Afghan dhurrie or Ceylonese inscription—that had somehow found its way into the hands of Sherlock Holmes.

"Yeah, I'd like to see them try." George said to an assistant. "Already today, a couple of guys have tried to steal my pipe—we had to shoo them away. Let 'em get their own pipe."

A couple of disconsolate cops came over and peered at the corroded interior of George's pipe. "What's that, man—a sewer?" one of them asked.

George looked almost offended. "Hey, no," he said. "That's a *water* main. That's what you drink from. What you see there"—he pointed to a black funguslike substance inside it, which was what had caught the cop's attention—"that's what we call erosion product. Healthiest thing in the world." He began to bend down, whispering to someone nearby, "Just watch this. Last time I put that sucker in my mouth, three cops passed out!" He stopped and looked around at the scene—the gaping hole, some portable light towers that the police department was setting up (they expected a long night). "It will be four or five years before everything goes to trial," he said. "Geez, I'd like to tell you now, but I can't."

Whirlwind

EXCERPTS from a holiday journal kept by a repentant young man we know:

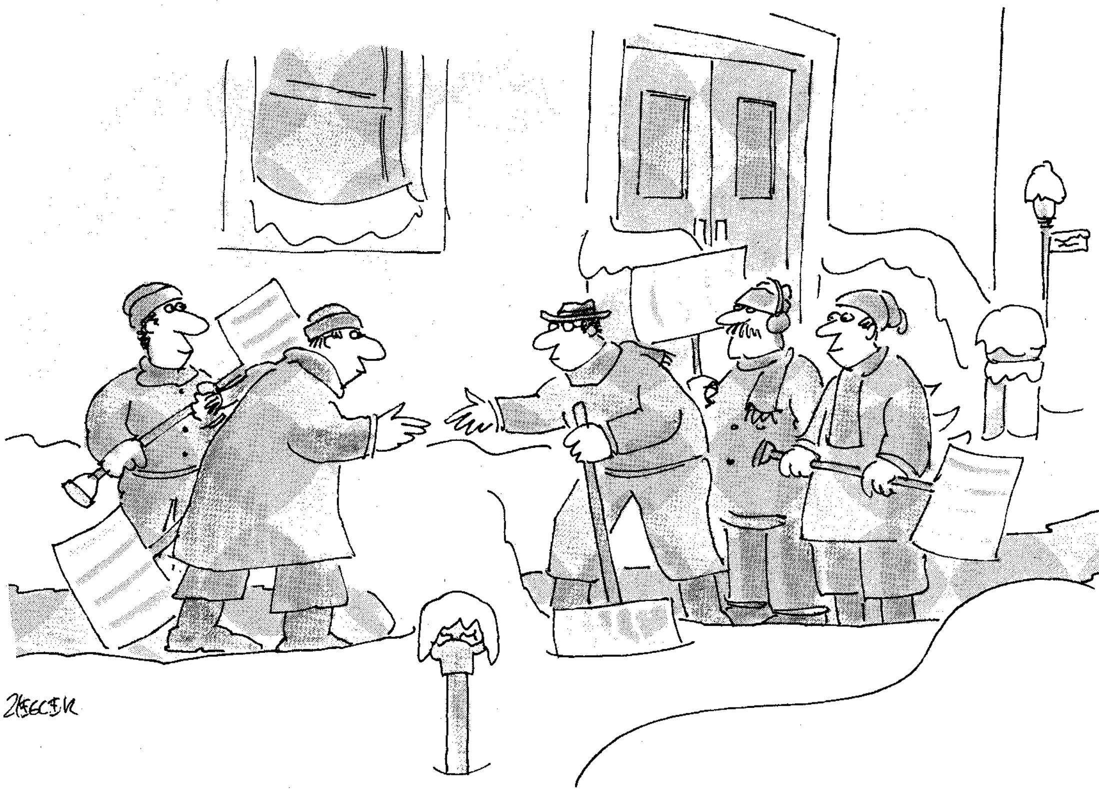
DECEMBER 15TH: Old friend gives party. Season's first for me. Theme is totally prehistoric. Mollusk jewelry on hostess. Woolly-mammoth centerpiece. Over there, shrimp dip molded to form Pleistocene fish, with black caviar skeleton. Enamelled flock of miniature pterodactyls in reindeer formation adorn fish, with brontosaurus playing Santa. Ferns everywhere. Served potent concoction, color of Windex, in tusk-shaped glass. Have many tusks. Find self in vigorous argument with hostess about dinosaur extinction. Uphold the giant-meteor-killed-them theory. Don't recall her position. Only remember hearing "Well, you know, they lived before the birth of Christ and all that. I thought it would be nice if we paid a kind of seasonal homage." Strange way to begin season. Could mean bad luck. Will see.

December 18th: Girlfriend gives party. My job bartender. Petite woman requests white-wine spritzer. Spritzer? Always thought spritzer was garden-hose apparatus. Have to sit down. Need air. Petite woman says, "O.K., Wild Turkey, then, and I don't want ginger ale, tonic, or club soda anywhere near it. Do I make myself clear?" Indeed she did. Petite woman goes wild with the Turkey. "Here," I keep saying. "Please have another." Girlfriend catches on, tells me to get away from bar. I refuse. Say, "This is my home." In background, petite woman is transforming into more sociable creature. Delicately places lampshade on head. Dances like some kind of circus bear. Feel good about the work I've done. Girlfriend reprimands me in front of everyone. Party comes to abrupt halt. Have a few covert shots of vodka to assuage guilty feeling. Place petite woman's lampshade on own head. Girlfriend takes it off. Sends me to bed.

December 23rd: Office party. Have had five days off to, in words of girlfriend, "think about what you've done." Promise to be good. Awestruck by three Italian hero sandwiches, each the size of a fence post, which together form eighteen feet of cappicola, provolone, Genoa. Mental note: Stay away! Sandwiches of this stature frighten me. Work my way through crowd to bowl of eggnog. Think: This is good, like ice cream—go ahead, enjoy. Obvious Kriss Kringle progeny grates nutmeg onto eggnog. Very friendly. Very joyous. Build close relationship with grater of nutmeg. Later, discover his treachery. Keeps encouraging me to drink more. Hardly have I finished one cup when he supplies me with another. Feel a general unwieldiness. Approach enormous sandwich. Eat two or three feet while commenting on Gorbachev visit. Manage somehow to insult a few people. Inwardly blame eggnog. Decide to confront Kriss Kringle type. Want to say, "Now, see here." But girlfriend side of me says drop it. Walk onto Fifth Avenue and wonder at festive, blurred beauty. Notice fiery globe hovering over avenue in distance. Think: My God, spaceship! Get closer. No, only giant snowflake ornament. Attempt meaningful conversation with several storefront mannequins. All talk fails to go beyond desultory. Wake next morning with field of cotton in mouth. No more, I say. No more.

December 24th: Family gathering at Grandmother's. Conspicuous lack of alcohol. Grandmother has a just-you-try-to-ask-for-a-drink look on her face. Serves nuts. Apple juice. Implores family to sing usual carols. Seats herself behind toy organ: eyes closed, head tilted back, mouth slightly open, fingers lightly tapping the tiny keys. Leads family through "Silent Night," "O Come All Ye Faithful," "O Little Town of Bethlehem." Think: No booze, melancholy tunes—this could get depressing. Incite family to chant "Jingle Bell Rock." Grandmother issues profound no. Evening ends, as maybe it should, with the men in suspenders, the women in—I don't know, gingham?—swaying back and forth: eyes closed, heads tilted back, mouths slightly open, Grandmother still lightly tapping the tiny keys. Hallmark personified.

December 31st: Forget about it. It's New Year's Eve. It's a ride-the-whirlwind-of-parties situation. First party serves food—you know, dinner party. Girlfriend—don't know why—has turned bellicose. Kicks me under table. Attacks me in foyer. Pokes at body (mine). Says, "I've got my eye on you." Think: Be careful, you can have a good time and still fool her. But champagne, the madman, pulls at my face, kicks at my sides, forces me to say a few things I right away regret. Lose many friends. Girlfriend, almost. Now, leaving, as in song—jet plane, don't know when I'll be back again. Just kidding. Girlfriend



The First Trans-SoHo Snow Brigade Links Up at Spring Street near West Broadway.

made reservations at spa. Steam room. Shuffleboard. Brown rice. Fitness experts with clean teeth, clear eyes. Will be reading aloud from the Scriptures. Long hikes in desert with a little water, a handful of nuts. Will tell all later. Sleep now.

Joseph Farris

Rollermania

WE went to the roller derby at Madison Square Garden the other night, and beforehand we talked briefly with Corky Burger, who is a rock promoter and the president of Rollermania, Inc., a Buffalo company that has joined forces with the West Coast-based International Roller Skating League to bring about a modest roller-derby revival. Corky, who is in his thirties, is a dapper dresser (glen-plaid suit, red tie, black tassel loafers), with a ruddy, innocent face and a dark-blond mustache. He told us that he and his colleagues were holding matches in a few cities on the East and West Coasts while they waited for the proper moment to expand the circuit. “We feel we don’t have quite the right look yet, though I’m pleased with the new uniforms for the Express,” he said. “And we have a better-looking track. We put a little show business in it. We’ve added fog and spotlights and a sound system. And more of a planned, choreographed pre-show.”

Some unplanned, unchoreographed fog drifted our way. We were standing at the skaters’ entrance to the floor of the Garden. Maintenance men scurried about. Out on the track, skaters from both teams rolled by, swung easily around the turns, changed directions to greet friends, and then swirled away. Their skates made a pleasant thrumming sound on the Masonite surface. Corky said, “I’m constantly amazed at what good athletes they are.”

We took our seat. The music started, the lights dimmed. When the Midwest Pioneers, the visitors, were introduced, the crowd booed. The Eastern Express, the home team, was cheered. “Yay, Joanie, *Joanie!*” Joanie is Joan Weston, or the Golden Girl—a tall woman with blond curls who has been a roller-derby star since the fifties. According to Corky, she has seen the good days of the sixties and the bad days of the sport’s decline in the seventies, and, to bring in extra money, has invested in a disco and raised cocker spaniels.

The women went out first—five on a side—and sped counterclockwise around the track. They shoved each other, got into fights, took spectacular falls, flipped over the padded rail. They shook their fists and rolled their eyes. A white-coated trainer stationed inside the track attended to casualties. When Delores Holmes, of the Express, lay motionless on the wood, her poor body seemingly broken and without hope, the trainer went quickly to her side. He patted her shoulder and looked into her eyes. Joanie and her teammates huddled around her. Suddenly, Delores revived. She was on her skates again, a speed demon with bright-red fingernails. Two good-natured referees tried to maintain order. A skater lost her chewing gum, and it landed near our feet. The half ended with the Pioneers ahead, 27–25.

During the second half, we got to talking to Steve, a fellow from Brooklyn, who said he had been walking uptown on Seventh Avenue when someone offered him a free ticket to the derby. Steve was skeptical about what was happening out on the track. He punched us in the arm. “See? What did I tell you?” he said. “One team gets ahead by five or six points, and then the other team catches up.” Jerry Cattell, of the Pioneers, and James Paul, of the Express, began to pummel each other. The crowd cheered. “They must go to acting school, or something,” Steve said. “At intermission, I went back to the locker room and they were all inside together, talking. That’s how they know what they’re going to do up there. They’re *friends*.”

Now, with less than a minute to go and the home team down by three points, the crowd was cheering Frankie Macedo, also known as the Mosquito. A small man with gray hair, he tore around the track trying to overtake the Pioneers. The Pioneers skated furiously and looked over their shoulders. *Uh-oh.* Here comes Frankie. Here he is. There he goes. He passes two Pioneers, three, four—it’s just enough. The Eastern Express squeaks by, 52–51.

A LOT IN COMMON

On January 10, 1941, at Piedmont Hospital in Atlanta, my mother wrote in the space for my first name on my birth certificate: “Annabelle.” She was from Philly, but went down South with my father when the Army assigned him to Fort McPherson, and she must have gotten carried away. When she snapped out of it, she renamed me for her older sister, Vera. My baby book, bound in pink cloth, “Our Baby's First Seven Years,” was a present from Aunt Vera, and still has her congratulations card pasted in it:

May life bring *EVERY* joy to bless
That tiny “dream of *HAPPINESS!*”

The book has a page for Baby's First Gifts, and my mother filled it in with her neat secretarial-school penmanship: “Bathinette—Granma. Toys—Granpa. Bunting—Aunt Vera. White wool shawl—Aunt Laura. Gold cross and chain—Ondine and Charlie O'Donnell. Baby hot water bottle—Mary Virginia Stealey. Gold heart necklace—Atlanta Q.M. Depot gang. Silver orange juice cup—Daddy. Sweater, cap, and booties—Mr. and Mrs. King (grocer). Piggie bank—Aunt Thelma.” On the page for Favorite Toys, my mother wrote, “Horace the Horse” (a red stuffed horse with a white string mane). “At eleven months, Ronnie ‘loved’ it and sat on it.” (I was nicknamed Ronnie so Aunt Vera wouldn't have to be Big Vera.)

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When “Our Baby's First Seven Years” was full—when seven years' worth of physical development, food preferences, vocabulary growth, trips, and names of playmates had been duly organized, recorded, and put away—my life was on the brink of shapelessness, bereft of a unifying principle, vulnerable to any dangerous pattern that might come along and attach itself to my future in seven-year cycles of bad luck or a seventy-seven-year evil spell. But on that very day, my seventh birthday, January 10, 1948, someone I would meet thirty-five years later, a friend of mine named Donald, was born. This turn of fortune took place in a postwar New Jersey suburb, or maybe it was Brooklyn. His parents must have named him after the Hollywood song-and-dance man Donald O'Connor, who had been doing a series of low-budget Universal musicals as the juvenile lead opposite such starlets as Ann Blyth and was destined to make the Francis the Talking Mule movies.

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Back in Philly, I celebrated many January 10ths with my best friend, Marie, whose parents owned a greeting-card shop. (After school, I'd help her put price tags on the cards with tiny oval clips, making fun of the verses—“May life bring *EVERY* joy to bless”—and then we'd go sit on a park bench and draw pictures of women wearing spike heels and those seamed stockings with squared-off reinforcements up the backs of the ankles.) One birthday she gave me a record album of fairy tales read by some actor; and whenever we listened to “Sleeping Beauty,” as the Prince approached the briar hedge that had grown higher and higher till it covered the castle where lay the Princess in her hundred-year sleep, Marie would stop the record and intone, “He came to the edge of an impen—, an impen—, an impen—, an impenetrable forest.”

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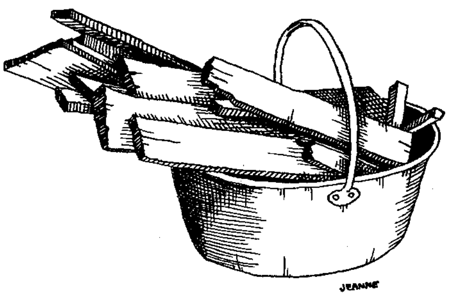
On January 10, 1949, after Donald's first birthday party, a gathering of relatives at home, wherever that was, he fell asleep on the sofa; and as his mother carried him to his crib, tucked him in, and kissed his toys good night, he half woke to the rustling of her full-skirted cocktail dress of changeable taffeta, a popular fabric of the period, shimmering black green black green black green black in a sensuous poetry of flux which made a lifelong impression on him. I don't know how I know this, but in that moment he internalized a blissful, bamboozling mockery of his own intellectual rigor. When he turned five—January 10, 1953—his kindergarten teacher had him sent to a nearby college or university for I.Q. testing, a fad of the era. Little Donnie was seated in front of a board with different geometric-shaped holes in it, given a selection of geometric blocks, and told to fit each block in the correct hole. “You must be joking,” he said, as with a sweep of one small hand he sent the blocks flying.



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Bobby Fischer used to say things like “Crash!” and “Ka-boom!” when he captured pieces. At fourteen, he won the U.S. Chess Championship—on January 7, 1958, just three days before my seventeenth birthday. He was a mysterious intimate—a peer I knew of but didn't know. A better me, out there untouchable. Hazel-eyed Bobby, however, was not the one whose passage would intersect with mine. He had been born on March 9th (or, according to one source, 12th), on a life path to Brooklyn, Cleveland, “I've Got a Secret,” Mar del Plata, Stockholm, Cuba by telex, Zagreb, Spassky, silence. Not even close.

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On January 10, 1963, Donald's fifteenth birthday, his parents gave him a Raleigh English bike. He made his preferred sandwiches (peanut butter and marshmallow fluff), lashed his collection of 45s to the bike rack, and left home, cycling due west through Pennsylvania. Near the Maumee River in northwest Ohio, on the outskirts of Defiance, with 714 miles on the odometer, he finally realized that being a ward of the state wasn't all it was cracked up to be, and retraced his route. (I'm sure this is right about the 714, because it was also Joe Friday's badge number.)

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That year, I was just out of the University of Pennsylvania and living in New York for the first time. My younger brother, Steve, was studying bad-younger-brother behavior, hanging around the city and getting in trouble. On my birthday we went to the Five Spot and heard Roland Kirk play weird instruments he'd invented and named—stritch and manzello. I don't want to name the deep trouble my brother got into around that time; it scared me, and one night I refused to let him stay in my apartment even though it was raining. I still think about this, although he forgave me and later a psychiatrist told me science couldn't say what I should have done.

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Donald spent his twentieth birthday—January 10, 1968—buying a mattress for his first New York pad. He was carrying it back from Dixie Foam, balanced on his head, when he heard rolling thunder. The hard rain that had been predicted for five years began to fall, saturating the foam and turning it into a giant, burdensome, oppressive household sponge. He became a feminist.

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I don't remember much about my birthdays through the nineteen-seventies, but probably they had something to do with sex.

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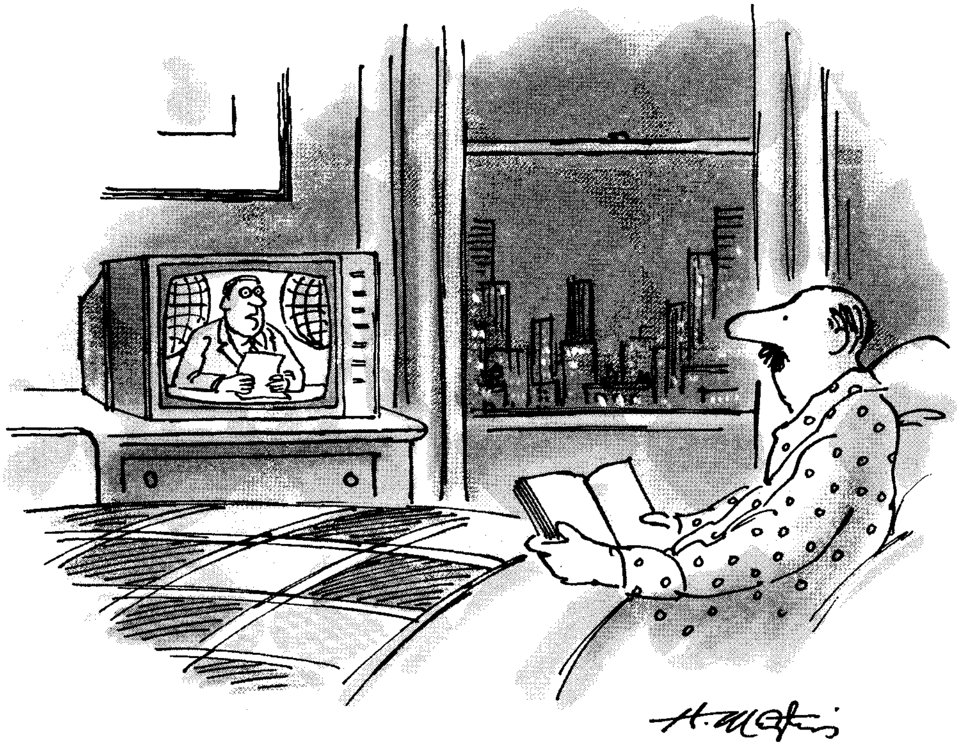
By Donald's twenty-sixth birthday —January 10, 1974—he had wandered out to L.A. Some girlfriend called him that afternoon and asked him to meet her in fitting room No. 7 in the lingerie department at Bullock's, in Westwood. When he pulled the curtain, he found her in there wearing nothing but a lacy black garter belt, mesh stockings, spike heels, and an apron, bending over a chafing dish and a lighted can of Sterno, making his favorite dessert, crêpes with Clementine-orange sections and Cointreau *flambés:* mother, sister, hostess, lover. . . . Bullock's pressed charges. Neither Donald nor the girlfriend served any time, but the store's inhospitality so aroused his anti-bureaucratic temperament that he stopped feeling guilty about frittering away his life at the track.

At Santa Anita, where he went most mornings, the trainers and stablehands welcomed his presence around the stalls, for he had a way with the horses. His magic was to call them by names he made up instead of the monikers laid on them by the owners. One day, after Donald had made his usual pre-race visit to the paddock, a magnificent chestnut stallion who had not lived up to his potential (neither would I if I were on the books as Can't Get Arrested), having heard for the first time what he must have felt all along was his true name, went out smoking, sprinted clear along the inside, was in full flight at midstretch, and crossed the wire with something left—winner by six lengths in the Nature vs. Nurture Futurity. This, of course, was the famed champion, henceforth known unofficially as Impenetrable.

Once a few stories like that got around, Donald's services were widely sought for consultations and christenings. Among his successes over the next decade were High I.Q., the semi-retired fourteen-year-old he nicknamed High Heels to inspire her stunning comeback in the 1975 Bobby Fischer Memorial Sweepstakes; 1976's Dixie Derby sensation, Marie, a big bay mare who had suffered from an aging crisis until Donald tactfully called her Philly; Changeable Taffeta (the first thoroughbred yearling he was hired to name), who in 1977 swept the Cross and Chain Handicap and the Silver Orange Juice Cup; Booties, who won in a waltz after crashing the 1979 Dragnet Invitational; Stritch and Manzello, the siblings who took win and place for a combined purse of $850,000 in the 1981 Sterno Hospitality Classic; and the 40–1 long shot who captured the 1982 Piggie Bank Stakes, the amazing Just a Coincidence.



"*Next, a message of importance from Chicken Little.*"

On Donald's thirty-fifth birthday—January 10, 1983—his secretary made a list, for thank-you notes, of the presents he got (and I believe these touched his heart more than the huge fees he commanded): white cashmere saddle blanket—Calumet Farm; gold I.D. bracelet—Mom and Dad; silk-covered hot-water bottle in black and green stripes, racing colors of Grimm Stables—Grimm brothers; silver horse-insignia roach clip—Chet (groom, Pimlico); greeting card with verse ("May life bring *EVERY* joy to bless / *Ese pequeñito sueño de FELICIDAD!*")—Angel Cordero.

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JANUARY 10, 1988, was my forty-seventh birthday, Donald's fortieth. Some years ago he had wandered back East, to New York, and made his home here, and we'd met through my boyfriend, Jimmy, a photographer who had taken his picture. When we first found out we had the same birthday, we didn't make a big deal out of it, but as we became friends it seemed more and more significant. This year, we discussed offering ourselves for a new kind of study by those people in Minnesota who studied twins. Our hypothesis was that the many similarities in our lives formed a pattern; that discovering the pattern made us feel happy; and that our case might provide valuable data for investigating the phenomenon of friends reared apart. But we were afraid of being rebuffed as astrology cranks, or as frauds who had subjectively distorted the truth out of pure longing to have a lot in common. So, with a sweep of his hand and mine, we sent the scientific method flying, and threw a party.

—VERONICA GENG

THE CONCERT PARTY

ONCE, long ago, for just a few minutes I tried to pretend I was Harry Lapwing. Not that I admired him or hoped to become a minor Lapwing; in fact, my distaste was so overloaded that it seemed to add weight to other troubles I was piling up then, at twenty-five. I thought that if I could not keep my feelings cordial I might at least try to flatten them out, and I remembered advice my Aunt Elspeth had given me: "Put yourself in the other fellow's place, Steve. It saves wear."

I was in the South of France, walking along a quay battered by autumn waves, as low in mind as I was ever likely to be. My marriage had dropped from a height. There weren't two pieces left I could fit together. Lapwing wasn't to blame, yet I kept wanting to hold him responsible for something. Why? I still don't know. I said to myself, O.K., imagine your name is Harry Lapwing. Harry Lapwing. You are a prairie Socialist, a William Morris scholar. All your life this will make you appear boring and dull. When you went to England in the late forties and said you were Canadian, and Socialist, and working on aspects of William Morris, people got a stiff, trapped look, as if you were about to read them a poem. You had the same conversation twenty-seven times, once for each year of your life:

"Which part of Canada are you from?"

"I was born in Manitoba."

"We have cousins in Victoria."

"I've never been out there."

"I believe it's quite pretty."

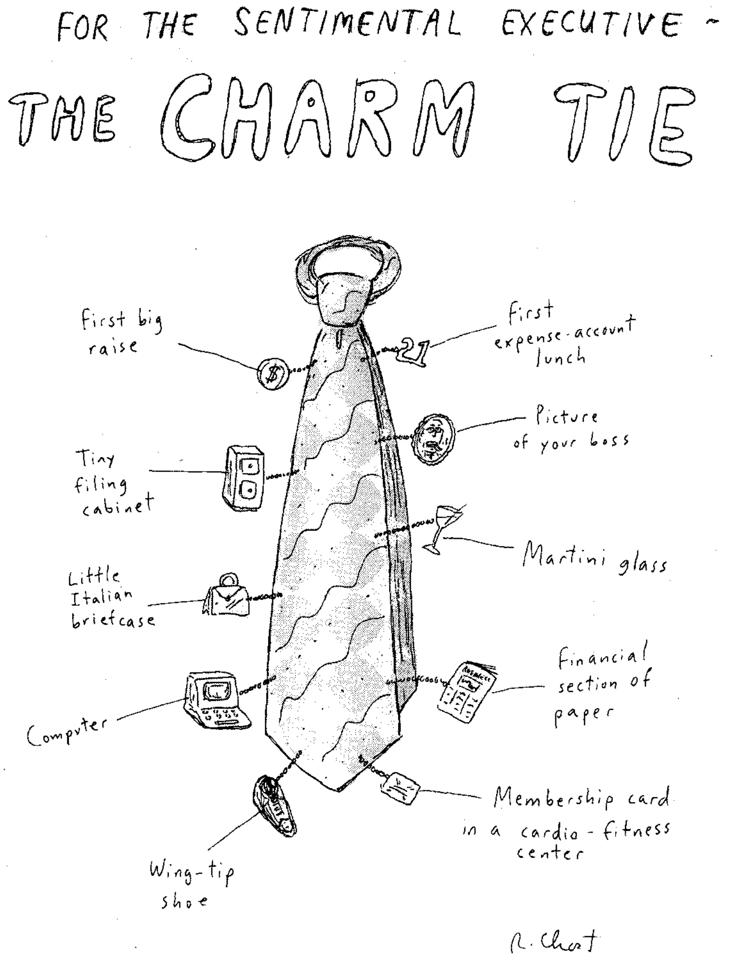
"I wouldn't know. Anyway, I haven't much eye."

One day, in France, at a shabby Mediterranean resort called Rivebelle (you had gone there because it was cheap) someone said, "I'd say you've got quite an eye—very much so," looking straight at Edie, your wife.

The speaker was a tall, slouched man with straight black hair, pale skin, and a limp. (It turned out that some kid at the beach had gouged him behind the knee with the point of a sunshade.) You met in the airless, shadowed salon of a Victorian villa, where an English novelist had invited everyone he could think of—friends and neighbors and strangers picked up in cafés—to hear a protégé of his playing Scriabin and Schubert through the hottest hours of the day.

You took one look at the ashy stranger and labelled him "the mooch." He had already said he was a playwright. No one had asked, but in those days, the late Truman era, travellers from North America felt bound to explain why they weren't back home and on the job. It seemed all right for a playwright to drift through Europe. You pictured him sitting in airports, taking down dialogue.

He had said, "What part of Canada are you from?"



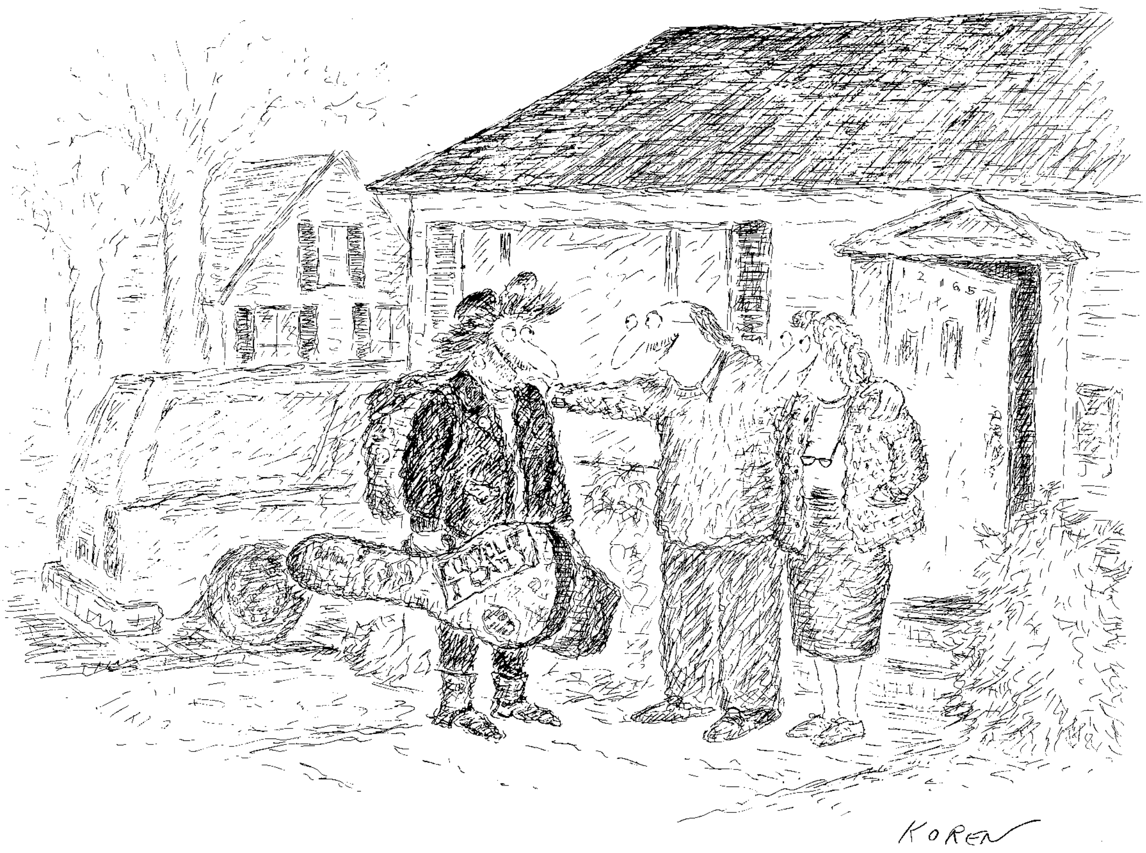
You weren't expecting this, because he sounded as if he came from some part of Canada, too. He should have known before asking that your answer could be brief and direct or cautious and reserved; you might say, "That's hard to explain," or even "I'm not sure what you mean." You were so startled, in fact, that you missed four lines of the usual exchange and replied, "I wouldn't know. Anyway, I don't have much eye."

He said, "I'd say you've got quite an eye . . ." and then turned to Edie: "How about you?"

"Oh, I'm not from any part of anything," Edie said. "My people came from Poland."

Now, you have already told her not to say this without *also* mentioning that her father was big in cement. At that time Poland just meant Polack. Chopin was dead. History hadn't got round to John Paul II. She looked over your head at the big guy, the mooch. Fergus Bray was his name; the accent you had spotted but couldn't place was Cape Breton Island. So that he wasn't asking the usual empty question (empty because for most people virtually any answer was bound to be unrevealing) but making a social remark—the only social remark he will ever address to you.

You are not tall. Your head is large—not abnormally but remarkably. Once, at the beach, someone placed a child's life belt with an inflated toy sea horse on your head, and it sat there, like Cleopatra's diadem. Your wife laughed, with her mouth wide open, uncovering a few of the iron fillings they plugged kids' teeth with during the Depression. You said, "Ah, that's enough, Edie," but your voice lacked authority. The first time you ever heard a recording of your own voice, you couldn't figure out who that squeaker might be. Some showoff in London said you had a voice like H. G. Wells'—all but the accent. You have no objection to



"It sure is great to have you back for a while at the mother ship."

sounding like Wells. Your voice is the product of two or three generations of advanced university education, not made for bawling orders.

Today, nearly forty years later, no one would dare crown you with a sea-horse life belt or criticize your voice. You are Dr. Lapwing, recently retired as president of a prairie university called Osier, after having been for a long time the head of its English department. You still travel and publish. You have been presented to the Queen, and have lunched with a prime minister. He urged you to accept a cigar, and frowned with displeasure when you started to smoke.

To the Queen you said, ". . . and I also write books."

"Oh?" said Her Majesty. "And do you earn a great deal of money from writing books?"

You started to give your opinion of the academic publishing crisis, but there were a number of other persons waiting, and the Queen was obliged to turn away. You found this exchange dazzling. For ten minutes you became a monarchist, until you discovered that Her Majesty often asks the same question: "Do you earn a great deal of money with your poems, vaulting poles, copper mines,. music scores?" The reason for the question must be that the answer cannot drag much beyond "Yes" or "No." "Do you like writing books?" might bring on a full paragraph, and there isn't time. You are proud that you tried to furnish a complete and truthful answer. You are once more anti-monarchist, and will not be taken in a second time.

The subject of your studies is still William Morris. Your metaphor is "frontiers." You have published a number of volumes that elegantly combine your two preoccupations: "William Morris: Frontiers of Indifference." "Continuity of a Frontier: The Young William Morris." "Widening Frontiers: The Role of the Divine in William Morris." "Secondary Transformations in William Morris: A Double Frontier."

When you and Edie shook hands with the mooch for the first time, you were on a grant, pursuing your first Morris mirage. To be allowed to pursue anything for a year was a singular honor; grants were hard to come by. While you wrote and reflected, your books and papers spread over the kitchen table in the two-room dwelling you had rented in the oldest part of Rivebelle, your wife sat across from you, reading a novel. There was nowhere else for her to sit; the bedroom gave on a narrow medieval alley. You could not very well ask Edie to spend her life in the dark, or send her into the streets to be stared at by yokels. She didn't object to the staring, but it disturbed you. You couldn't concentrate, knowing that she was out there, alone, with men trying to guess what she looked like with her clothes off.

What was she reading? Not the thick, gray, cementlike Prix Goncourt novel you had chosen, had even cut the pages of, for her. You looked, and saw a French translation of "Forever Amber." She had been taught to read French by nuns—another problem; she was too Polish Catholic for your enlightened friends, and too flighty about religion to count as a mystic. To intellectual Protestants, she seemed to be one more lapsed Catholic without guilt or conviction.

"You shouldn't be reading that. It's trash."

"It's not trash. It's a classic. The woman in the bookstore said so. It's published in a classics series."

"Maybe in France. Nowhere else in the civilized world."

"Well, it's their own business, isn't it? It's French."

"Edie, it's American. There was even a movie."

"When?"

"I don't know. Last year. Five years

ago. It's the kind of movie I wouldn't be caught dead at."

"Neither would I," said Edie staunchly.

"Only the French would call that a classic."

"Then what are we doing here?"

"Have you forgotten London? The bedbugs?"

"At least there was a scale in the room."

Oh, yes; she used to scramble out of bed in London saying, "If you have the right kind of experience, it makes you lose weight." The great innocence of her, crouched on the scale, hands on her knees, trying to read the British system. The best you could think of to say was "You'll catch cold."

"What's a stone?" she would ask, frowning.

"I've already told you. It's either seven or eleven or fourteen pounds."

"Whatever it is, I haven't lost anything."

For no reason you knew, she suddenly stopped washing your nylon shirts in the kitchen sink and letting them drip in melancholy folds on *France-Soir*. You will never again see a French newspaper without imagining it blistered, as sallow in color as the shirts. The words "nylon shirt" will remind you of a French municipal-bonds scandal, a page-one story of the time. She ceased to shop, light the fire in the coal-and-wood stove (the only kind of stove in your French kitchen), cook anything decent, wash the plates, carry out the ashes and garbage. She came to bed late, when she thought you had gone to sleep, put out her cigarette at your request, and hung on to her book, her thumb between the pages, while you tried to make love to her.

One night, speaking of Fergus Bray, you said, "Could you sleep with a creep like him?"

"Who, the mooch? I might, if he'd let me smoke."

With this man she made a monkey of you, crossed one of your favorite figures of speech ("frontiers") and vanished into Franco's Spain. You, of course, will not set foot in Franco territory—not even to reclaim your lazy, commonplace, ignorant, Polack, lower-middle-class, gorgeous rose garden of a wife. Not for the moment.

I am twenty-seven, you say to yourself. She is nearly twenty-nine. When I am only thirty-eight, she will be pushing forty, and fat and apathetic. Those blond Slavs turn into pumpkins.

Well, she is gone. Look at it this way: you can work in peace, cross a few frontiers of your own, visit the places your political development requires—Latvia, Estonia, Poland. You join a French touring group, with a guide moonlighting from a celebrated language institute in Paris. (He doesn't know Polish, it turns out; Edie might have been useful.) You make your Eastern rounds, eyes keen for the cultural flowering some of your friends have described to you. You see quite a bit of the beet harvest in Silesia, and return by way of London. At Canada House, you sign a fraudulent statement declaring the loss of your passport, and receive a new one. The idea is to get rid of every trace of your Socialist visas. Nothing has changed in the past few weeks. Your wife is still in Madrid. You know, now, that she has an address on Calle de Hortaleza, and that Fergus Bray has a wife named Monica in Glace Bay, Nova Scotia.

Your new passport announces, as

TWO POEMS

EVERYTHING STARTS WITH A LETTER

Everything starts with a letter,
even in dreams and in the movies. . . . Take
"J." Juliana, on a summer afternoon,
in a white silk blouse and a pale-blue flowered skirt.
Her shoes? Blue? But high and narrow heels,
because she asks Sam to carry the plate of Triscuits
into the garden—she can't manage
the brick path in her heels.
"Oh, could you? I can't manage the path in these heels."

"J" is the letter my name begins with,
"O" is the letter for the moon,
and my rage shines in my throat like the moon!
Her phoniness, O my double, your and
my phoniness . . .
Now what shall we do?
For this is how women begin to shoot:
we begin with our own feet, men empty their hearts, oh,
the false self will do much worse than that,
to get away. . . .

THE COUNSELLOR RETIRES, AND THEN HE DIES

Getting each other's jokes,
each other's absences; my first wise
practice at intimacy; and now the hero
shrugs on his London raincoat and walks away,
down the shiny street: it's a death, Doc.

No more of
you in your pale-green office, your bright-green pants,
your lounging, affectionate smile, you
cradling your dog when he had a cold,
the way you would cradle me, if I were a dog,
or a baby, the way God cradles us,
only we can't feel it. . . .

Shea,
guard me and keep me,
as I keep you;
let me go, and I
let you go: a white balloon Magic Markered "Shea"
floating up the white sky.

—Jean Valentine

• •

the old one did, that a Canadian citizen is a British subject. You object, once again, to the high-handed assumption that a citizen doesn't care what he is called. You would like to cross the words out with indelible ink, but the willful defacement of a piece of government property, following close on to a false statement made under oath, won't do your career any good should it come to light. Besides, you may need the Brits. Canada still refuses to recognize the Franco regime. There is no embassy, no consulate in Madrid, just a man in an office trying to sell Canadian wheat. What if Fergus Bray belts you on the nose, breaks your glasses? You can always ring the British doorbell and ask for justice and revenge.

You pocket the clean passport and embark on a train journey requiring three changes. In Madrid you find Edie bedraggled, worn out, ready to be rescued. She is barelegged, with canvas sandals tied on her feet. The mooch has pawned her wedding ring and sold her shoes in the flea market. You discover that she has been supporting the bastard—she who never found your generous grant enough for two, who used to go shopping with the francs you had carefully counted into her hand and return with nothing but a few tomatoes. Her beauty has coarsened, which gives you faith in abstract justice. You remind yourself that you are not grovelling before this woman; you are taking her back, greasy hair, chapped skin, skinny legs, and all. Even the superb breasts seem lower and flatter, as well as you can tell under the cheap cotton dress she has on.

The mooch is out, prowling the city. "He does that a lot," she says.

You choose a clean, reasonable restaurant and buy her a meal. With the first course (garlic soup) her beauty returns. While you talk, quietly, without a trace of rebuke, she goes on eating. She is listening, probably, but this steady gluttonous attention to food seems the equivalent of keeping her thumb between the pages of "Forever Amber." Color floods her cheeks and forehead. She finishes a portion of stewed chicken, licks her fingers, sweeps back her tangled hair. She seems much as before—cheerful, patient, glowing, just a little distracted.

Already, men at other tables are starting to glance at her—not just the Latins, who will stare at anyone, but decent tourists, the good kind, Swedes, Swiss, whose own wives are clean, smart, have better table manners. These men are gazing at Edie the way the mooch did that first time, when she looked back at him over your head. You think of Susanna and the Elders. You can't tell her to cover up: the dress is a gunnysack, nothing shows. You tell yourself that something must be showing.

All this on a bowl of soup, a helping of chicken, two glasses of wine. "I'm sure I look terrible," she says. If she could, she would curl up on her chair and go to sleep. You cannot allow her to sleep, even in imagination. There is too much to discuss. She resists discussion. The two of you were apart, now you are back together. That seems to be all she wants to hear. She sighs, as if you were keeping her from something she craves (sleep?), and says, "It's all right, Harry. Whatever it is you've done, I forgive you. I'll never throw anything up to you. I've never held a grudge in my life."

"Didn't I just usher in an era of good feeling?"

• •

IN plain terms, this is not a recollection but the memory of one, riddled with mistakes of false time and with hindsight. When Lapwing lost and found his wife, the Queen was a princess, John Paul II was barely out of a seminary, and Lapwing was edging crabwise toward his William

Morris œuvre—for some reason, by way of a study of St. Paul. Stories about the passport fraud and how Fergus Bray is supposed to have sold Edie's shoes had not begun to circulate. Lapwing's try at engaging Her Majesty in conversation—a favorite academic anecdote, perhaps of doubtful authenticity—was made some thirty years later.

Osier, when Lapwing started teaching, was a one-building college, designed by a nostalgic Old Country architect to reproduce a Glasgow train shed. In the library hung a map of Ulster and a photograph of Princess May of Teck on her wedding day; on the shelves was a history of England, in fifteen volumes, but none of Canada —or, indeed, of any part of North America. There were bound copies of *Maclean's*, loose copies of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and a row of prewar British novels in brown, plum, and deep-blue bindings, reinforced with tape—the legacy of an alumnus who had gone away to die in Bermuda. From the front windows, Lapwing could see mud and a provincial highway; from the back, a basketball court and the staff parking lot. Visiting Soviet agricultural experts were always shown round the lot, so that they could count the spoils of democracy. Lapwing was the second Canadian-educated teacher ever to be hired; the first, Miss Mary MacLeod, a brilliant Old Testament scholar, taught Nutrition and Health. She and Lapwing shared Kraft-cheese sandwiches and subversive minority conversation. After skinning alive the rest of the staff, Miss MacLeod would remember Universal Vision and say it was probably better to have a lot of Brits than a lot of Americans. Americans would never last a winter up here. They were too rich and spoiled.

In the nineteen-sixties, a worldwide tide of euphoric prosperity and love of country reached Osier, dislodging the British. When the tide receded, it was discovered that their places had been taken by teachers from Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana, who could stand the winters. By the seventies, Osier had buried Nutrition and Health (Miss MacLeod was recycled into Language Structure), invented a graduate-studies program, had the grounds landscaped—with vast undulating lawns that, owing to drought and the nature of the soil, soon took on the shade and texture of Virginia tobacco—ceased to offer tenure to the foreign-born, and was able to call itself a university.

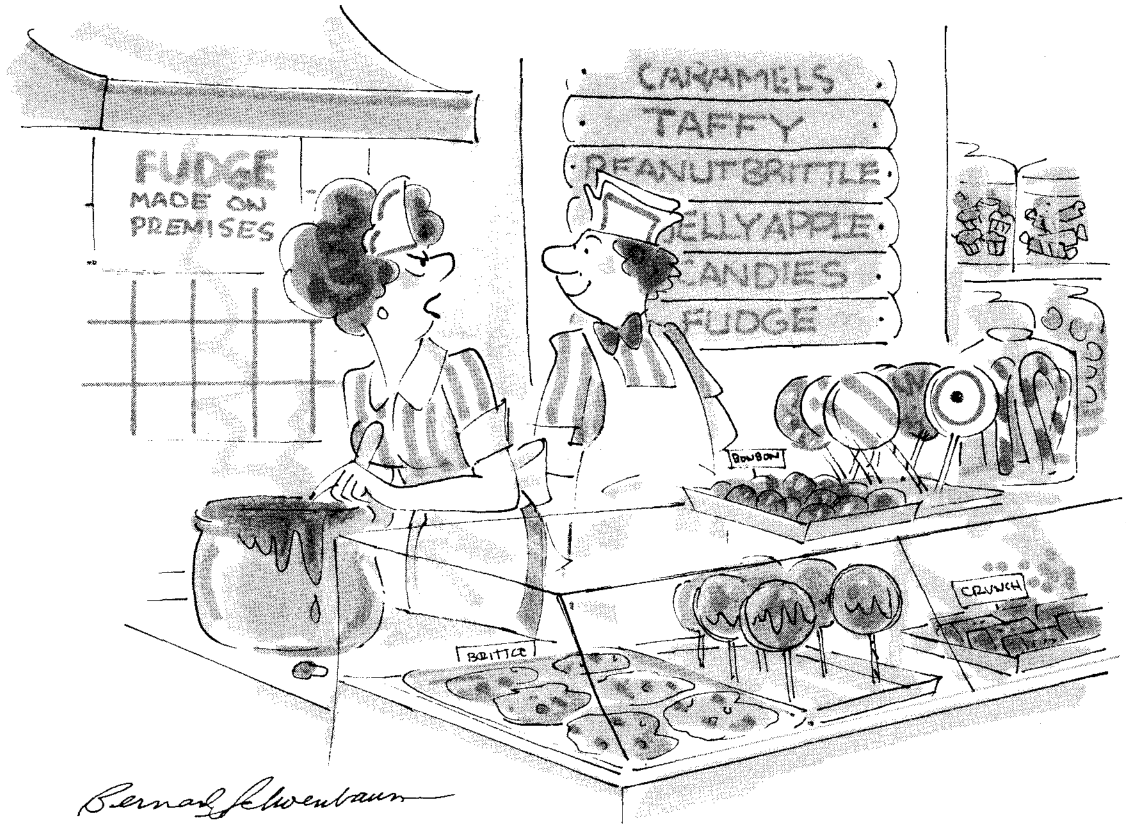
Around this time I was invited to Osier twice, to deliver a guest lecture on Talleyrand and to receive an honorary degree. On the second occasion, Lapwing, wearing the maroon gown Osier had adopted in a further essay at smartening up, prodded my arm with his knuckle and whispered, "We both made it, eh, Burnet?"

To Lapwing I was simply an Easterner, Anglo-Quebec—a permanent indictment. Like many English-Canadians brought up to consider French an inferior dialect, visited on hotel maids and unprincipled politicians, he had taken up the cause of Quebec after nationalism became a vanguard idea and moved over from right to left. His loyalties, once he defined them, travelled easily: I remember a year when he and his wife would not eat lettuce grown in Ontario because agricultural workers in California were on strike. With the same constancy, he now dismissed as a racist any Easterner from as far down the seaboard as Maryland whose birth and surroundings caused him to speak English.

Our wives were friends; that was what threw us into each other's company for a year, in France. Some of the external, convivial life of men fades when they get married, except in places like Saudi Arabia. I can think of no friendship I could have maintained where another woman, the friend's wife or girlfriend, was uncongenial to Lily. Lapwing and I were both graduate students, stretching out grants and scholarships, for the first time in our lives responsible for someone else. That was what we had in common, and it was not enough. Left to ourselves, we could not have discussed a book or a movie or a civil war. He thought I was supercilious and rich; thought it when I was in my early twenties, and hard up for money, and unsure about most things. What I thought about him I probably never brought into focus, until the day I felt overburdened by dislike. I had been raised by my widowed aunt, cautioned to find in myself opinions that could be repeated without embarrassing anyone; that were not displeasing to God; on the whole, that saved wear.

In France, once we

started to know people, we were often invited all four together, as a social unit. We went to dinner in rooms where there were eight layers of wallpaper, and for tea and drinks around cracked ornamental pools (Rivebelle had been badly shelled only a few years before), and Lapwing told strangers the story of his life; rather, what he thought about his life. He had been born into a tough-minded, hardworking, well-educated family. Saying so, he brought all other conversation to a standstill. It was like being stalled in an open, snowy plain, with nothing left to remind you of culture and its advantages but legends of the Lapwings—how they had studied and struggled, with what ease they had passed exams in medicine and law, how Dr. Porter Lapwing had discovered a cheap and ready antidote for wasp venom. (He blew cigar smoke on the sting.)



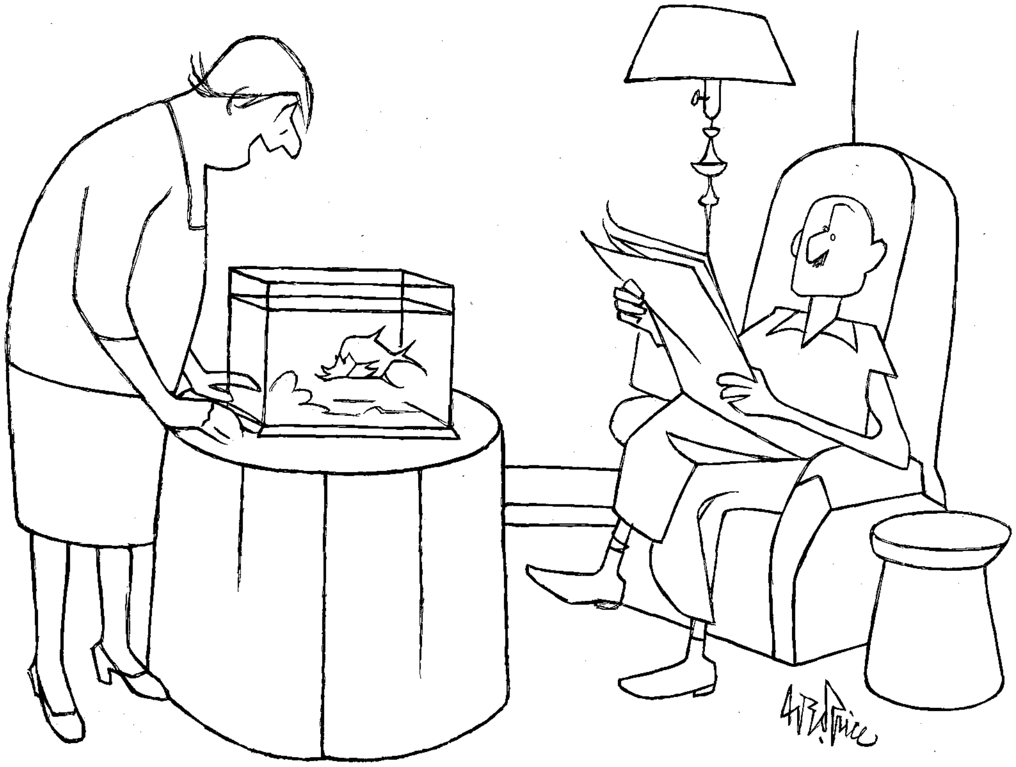
"Don't sweet-talk me, Buster."

We met a novelist, Watt Chadwick, who invited us, all four, to a concert. None of us had known a writer before, and we observed him at first uneasily—wondering if he was going to store up detractory stuff about us—then with interest, trying to surmise if he wrote in longhand or on a typewriter, worked in the morning or the afternoon, and where he got his ideas. At the back of our wondering was the notion that writing novels was not a job for a man—a prejudice from which we had to exclude Dickens and others, and which we presently overcame. The conflict was more gruelling for Lapwing, whose aim was to teach literature at a university. Mr. Chadwick's family had built a villa in Rivebelle in the eighteen-eighties which he still occupied much of the year. He was regarded highly in the local British colony, where his books were lent and passed around until the bindings collapsed. Newcomers are always disposed to enter into local snobberies: the invitation delighted and flattered us.

"He finds us good-looking and interesting," Lily said to me, seriously, when we talked it over. Lapwing must have risen as an exception in her mind, because she added, "And Harry has lots to say."

Rivebelle was a sleepy place that woke up once a year for a festival of chamber music. The concerts were held in a square overlooking the harbor, a whole side of it open to a view of the sea. The entire coastal strip as far as the other side of Nice had been annexed to Italy, until about a year prior to the shelling I've mentioned, and the military commander of the region had shown more aptitude for improving the town than for fortifying its beaches. No one remembers his name or knows what became of him: his memorial is the Rivebelle square. He had the medieval houses on its south boundary torn down (their inhabitants were quartered God knows where) and set his engineering corps to build a curving staircase of stone, mosaic, and stucco, with a pattern of "V"s for "Viva" and "M"s for "Mussolini," to link the square and the harbor. In the meantime children went down to the shore and paddled in shallow water, careful not to catch their feet in a few strands of barbed wire. The commander did not believe an attack could come from that direction. Perhaps he thought it would never come at all.

On concert nights Lily and I often leaned on the low wall that replaced the vanished houses and watched, as they drifted up and down the steps and trod on the "V"s, visitors in evening dress. They did not look rich, as we understood the word, but indefinably beyond that. Their French, English, German, and Italian were not quite the same as the languages we heard on the beaches, spoken by tourists who smacked their children and buried the remains of pizzas in the sand. To me they looked a bit like extras in prewar films about Paris or Vienna, but Lily studied their clothes and manner. There was a difference between pulling out a mauled pack of cigarettes and opening a heavy cigarette case: the movement of hand and wrist was not the same. She noticed all that. She once said, leaning on the wall, that



"So! You've devoured your mate! Well, good for you, Olga, honey!"

there was something unfinished about us, the Burnets and Lapwings. We had packed for our year abroad as if the world were a lakeside summer cottage. I still couldn't see myself removing my squashed Camels to a heavy case and snapping it open, like a gigolo.

"You've never seen a gigolo," said Lily. And, almost regretfully, "Neither have I."

She dressed with particular attention to detail for Mr. Chadwick's evening, in clothes I had never noticed before. Edie gave her a silk blouse that had got too tight. Lily wore it the way Italian girls did, with the collar raised and the sleeves pushed up and the buttons undone as far as she dared. I wondered about the crinoline skirt and the heart-shaped locket on a gold chain.

"They're from Mrs. Biesel," Lily said. "She went to a lot of trouble. She even shortened the skirt." The Biesels were an American couple who had rented a house that Queen Alexandra was supposed to have stayed in, seeking relief from her chronic rheumatism and the presence of Edward VII. Mr. Biesel, a former naval officer who had lost an arm in the North Africa landings, was known locally as the Admiral, though I don't think it was his rank. Mr. Chadwick always said, "Admiral Bessel." He often had trouble with names, probably because he had to make up so many.

The Biesels attracted gossip and rumors, simply by being American: if twenty British residents made up a colony, two Americans were a mysterious invasion. Some people believed the Admiral reported to Washington on Rivebelle affairs: there were a couple of diplomats' widows and an ex-military man who had run a tin-pot regiment for a sheikh or an emir. Others knew for certain that Americans who coöperated with the Central Intelligence Agency were let off paying income tax. Mr. Chadwick often dined and played bridge at Villa Delizia, but he had said to Lily and me, "I'm careful what I say. With Admiral Bessel, you never can tell."

He had invited a fifth guest to the concert—David Ogdoad, his part-time gardener, aged about nineteen, a student of music and an early drifter. His working agreement with Mr. Chadwick allowed him to use the piano, providing Mr. Chadwick was not at the same moment trying to write a novel upstairs. The piano was an ancient Pleyel that had belonged to Mr. Chadwick's mother; it was kept in a room called the winter salon, which jutted like a promontory from the rest of the house, with shuttered windows along two sides and a pair of French doors that were always locked. No one knew, and perhaps Mr. Chadwick had forgotten, if he kept the shutters closed because his mother had liked to play the piano in the dark or if he did not want sunlight further to fade and mar the old sofas and rugs. Here, from time to time, when Mr. Chadwick was out to lunch or dinner, or, for the time being, did not know what to do next with "Guy" and "Roderick" and "Marie-Louise," David would sit among a small woodland of deprived rubber plants and labor at getting the notes right. He was surprisingly painstaking for someone said to have a restless nature but badly in need of a teacher and a better instrument: the Pleyel had not been tuned since before the war.

Now, of course Mr. Chadwick could have managed all this differently. He could have made David an allowance instead of paying token wages; introduced David to his friends as an equal; found him a teacher, had the piano restored, or bought a new one; built a music studio in the garden. Why not? Male couples abounded on this part of the coast. There were distinguished precedents, who let themselves be photographed and interviewed. Mr. Maugham lived not far away. But Mr. Chadwick was smaller literary stuff, and he didn't want the gossip. The concert outing was a social trial balloon. Any of Mr. Chadwick's friends, seeing the six of us, were supposed to say, "Watt has invited a party of young people," and not the fatal, the final, "Watt has started going out with his gardener."

MR. CHADWICK had not been able to book six seats together, which was all to the good: it meant there was no chance of my having to sit next to Lapwing. He was opposed on principle to the performance of music and liked to say so while it was going on, and his habit of punching one in the arm to underscore his opinions always made me feel angry and helpless. I sat with Lily in the second row, with the Lapwings and Mr. Chadwick and his gardener just behind. The front row was kept for honored guests. Mr. Chadwick pointed them out to Edie: the local mayor, and Jean Cocteau, and some elderly Bavarian princesses.

People applauded as Cocteau was shown to his seat. He was all in white, with bright quick eyes. The Bavarians were stout and dignified, in blue or pink satin, with white fur stoles.

"How do you get to be a Bavarian princess?" I heard Edie say.

"You could be born one," said Mr. Chadwick. He kept his voice low, like a radio announcer describing an opera. "Or you could marry a Bavarian prince."

"What about the fantastic-looking Italians?" said Edie. "At the end of the row. The earrings! Those diamonds are diamonds."

Mr. Chadwick was willing to give the wearer of the earrings a niche in Italian nobility.

"Big money from Milan," said Lapwing, as if he knew all about both. "Cheese exporters." His tone became suspicious, accusing almost: "Do you actually know Cocteau?"

"I have met M. Cocteau," said Mr. Chadwick. "I make a distinction between meeting and knowing, particularly with someone so celebrated."

"That applause for him just now—was it ironic?"

I could imagine Lapwing holding his glasses on his blob of a nose, pressing his knuckle between his eyes. I felt responsible, the way you always do when a compatriot is making a fool of himself.

Of course not, Mr. Chadwick replied. Cocteau was adored in Rivebelle, where he had decorated an abandoned chapel, now used for weddings. It made everyone happy to know he was here, the guest of the town, and that the violinist Christian Ferras would soon emerge from the church, and that the weather could be trusted—no mistral, no tramontane to carry the notes away, no threat of rain.

I think he said some of this for David, so that David would be appreciative even if he could not be content, showing David he had reason upon reason for staying with Mr. Chadwick; for at any moment David might say he had had enough and was going home. Not home to Mr. Chadwick's villa, where he was said to occupy a wretched room—a nineteenth-century servant's room—but home to England. And here was the start of Mr. Chadwick's dilemma—his riddle that went round and round and came back to the same point: What if David stopped playing gardener and was moved into the best spare bedroom—the room with Monet-like water lilies on three walls? What would be his claim on the room? What could he be called? Mr. Chadwick's adopted nephew? His gifted young friend? And how to explain the shift from watering the agapanthus to spending the morning at the piano and the afternoon on the beach?

"Do you know who the three most attractive men in the world are?" said Edie all of a sudden. "I'll tell you. Cary Grant, Ali Khan, and Prince Philip."

None of the three looked even remotely like Lapwing. I glanced at Lily, expecting a flash of complicity.

Instead she said softly, "Pablo Picasso, Isaac Stern, Juan Fangio."

"What about them?"

"The most attractive."

"Who's Fangio? You mean the racing driver? Have you ever seen him?"

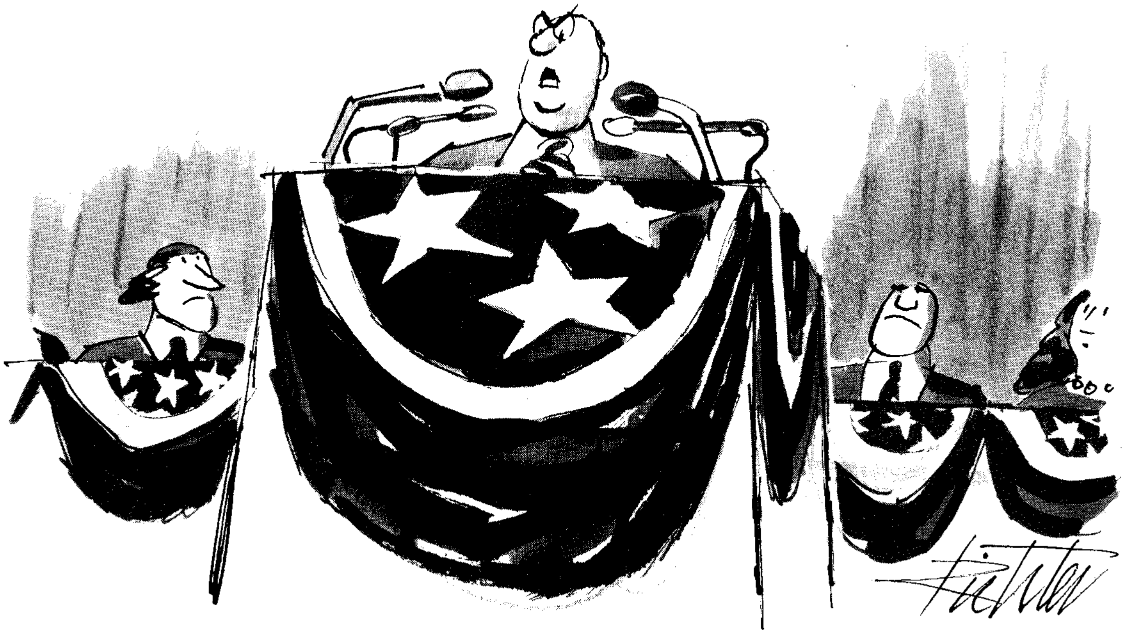
"Just his pictures."

"I can't see what they've got in common."

"Great, dark eyes," said Lily.

I suppressed the mention that I did not have great, dark eyes, and decided that what she really must have meant was nerve and genius. I knew by now that nerve comes and goes, with no relation to circumstance; as for genius, I had never been near it. Probably genius grew stately and fat or gaunt and haunted, lost its hair, married the wrong person, died in its sleep. David Ogdoad, of whom I was still barely aware except as a problem belonging to Mr. Chadwick, had been described—by Mr. Chadwick, of course—as a potential genius. (I never heard his name again after that year.) He had small, gray eyes, and with his mouth shut looked like a whippet—something about the way he stretched his neck.

A string orchestra filed onstage, to grateful applause (the musicians were half an hour late), and an eerie hush settled over the square. For the next



"Before I begin, I should warn you that in my quest for truth and my relentless war against corruption I will now and then split an infinitive and end an occasional sentence with a preposition."

hour or so, both Lapwings held still.

At intermission Mr. Chadwick tried to persuade us to remain in our seats; he seemed afraid of losing us—or perhaps just of losing David—in the shuffling crowd. Some people were making for a bar across the square, others struggled in the opposite direction, toward the church. I imagined Christian Ferras and the other musicians at bay in the vestry, their hands cramped from signing programs. David was already in the aisle, next to Lily.

"The intermission lasts a whole hour," said Lapwing, lifting his glasses and bringing the program close to his face. "Why don't we just say we'll meet at the bar?"

"And I'll look after Mr. Chadwick," said Edie, taking him by the arm. But it was not Edie he wanted.

Lily turned to David, smiling. She loved being carried along by this crowd of players from old black-and-white movies, hearing the different languages mingling and overlapping.

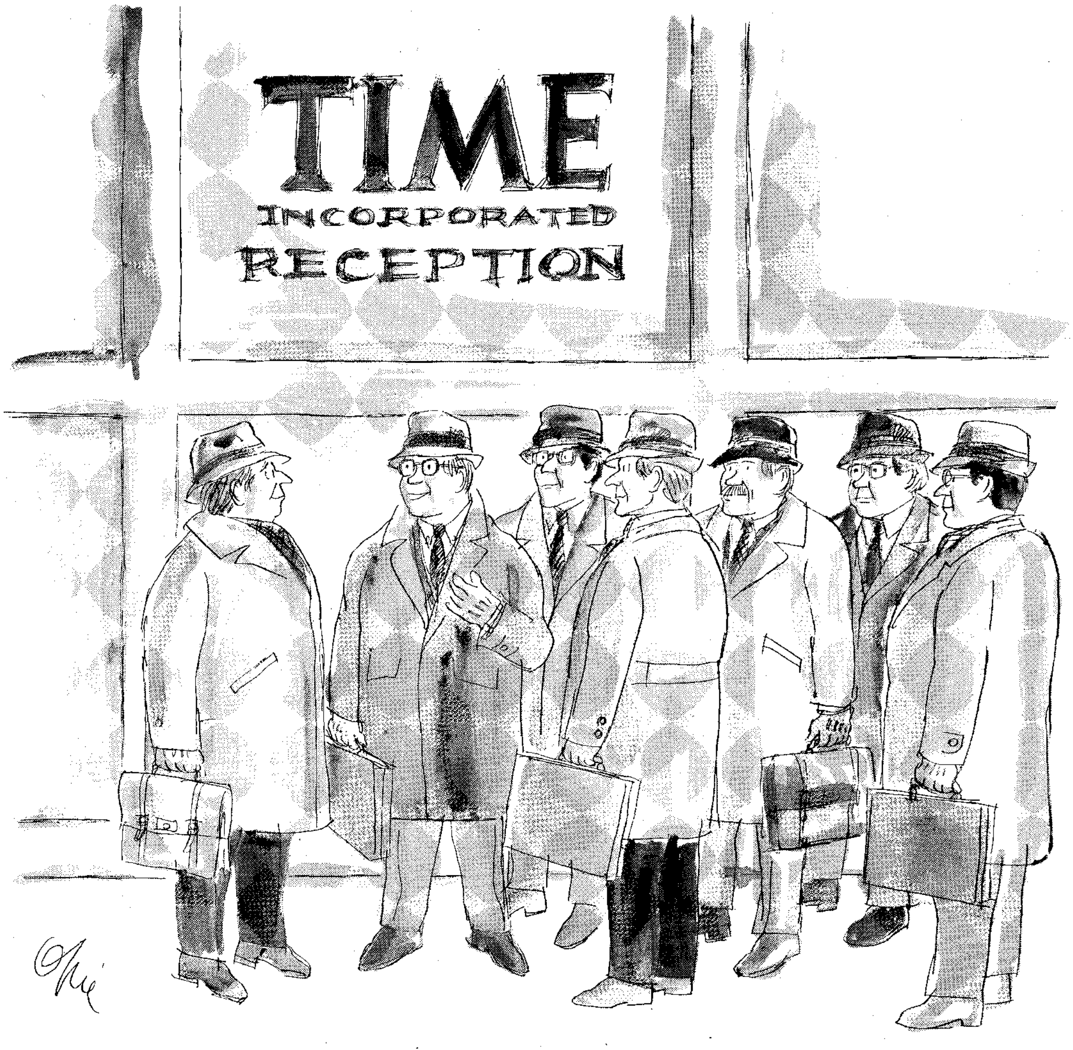
"Glorious, isn't he?" said David, about Ferras.

Lily answered something I could not hear but took to be more enthusiastic small talk, and slipped a hand under her collar, fingering the gold chain. As we edged past the cheaper seats, she said, "This is where Steve and I usually sit. It's so far back that you don't see the musicians. We're very grateful to Mr. Chadwick for tonight." No one could say she had undermined David's sense of thankfulness; he had been given a spring and summer in the South, and it hadn't cost him a centime. I thought we should not discuss Mr. Chadwick with David at all, but my reasons were confused and obscure. I believed David liked Lily because she took him seriously as a musician and not as someone's gardener. I thought the constant company of an older, nervous man must be stifling, even though I could not imagine him with a young one: he wanted to be looked after and to be rebellious, all at once. The natural companion for David was someone like Lily—attractive, and charming, and married to another man. I knew he was restless and had talked to her about London. That was all I thought I knew.

At the grocery store that served as theatre bar, wine and French gin and whiskey and soft drinks were being dispensed, at triple price. The wine was sour and undrinkable. David asked for tonic; Lily and I usually had Cokes. The French she had learned in her Catholic boarding school allowed her to negotiate this, timidly. She liked ordering, enjoyed taking over sometimes, but Mr. Chadwick had corrected her Canadian accent and made her shy. David, merely impressed, asked if she had been educated in Switzerland.

The possibility of becoming a different person must have occurred to her. She picked up the bottle of tonic, as if she had never heard of Coca-Cola, still less ordered it, and demanded a glass. No more straws; no more drinking from bottles. She then handed David a tepid Coke, and he was too struck by love to do anything but swallow it down.

Lapwing in only a few minutes had managed to summon and consume large quantities of wine. His private reasoning had Mr. Chadwick paying for everything: after all, he had brought Lapwing up here to be belabored by Mozart. Edie, who had somehow lost Mr. Chadwick, was drink-



"Genial, outgoing Gil Wheat, I guess you know everybody: quiet, mild-mannered John Lilienthal; mordant, sardonic Geoff Relf; compact, dynamic Jim Stockton; serious, high-minded Art Herzog; brilliant, mercurial John Motheral; and me, of course—long-winded, boring Stan Norton."

ing wine, too. I noticed that Lily wanted me to foot the bill: the small wave of her hand was an imperial gesture. Distancing herself from me, the graduate of a Swiss finishing school forgot we had no money, or nearly none. I fished a wad of francs out of my pocket and dropped them on the counter. Lapwing punched me twice on the shoulder, perhaps his way of showing thanks.

"I don't know about you," he said, "but I'm one of those people for whom music is wave after wave of disjointed noise." He made "those people" sound like a superior selection.

Mr. Chadwick, last to arrive, looked crumpled and mortified, as if he had been put through some indignity. All I could do was offer him a drink. He looked silently and rather desperately at the grocery shelves, the cans of green peas, the cartons leaking sugar, the French gin with the false label.

"It's very kind of you," he said.

Lily and Edie linked arms and started back toward the church. They wanted to see the musicians at close quarters. Mr. Chadwick had recaptured David, which left me saddled with Lapwing.

"I don't have primitive anti-Catholic feelings," said Lapwing. "Edie was a Catholic, of course, being a Pole. A middle-class Pole. I encouraged her to keep it up. A woman should have a moral basis, especially if she doesn't have an intellectual one. Is Lily still Catholic?"

"It's her business." We had been over this ground before.

"And you?"

"I'm not anything."

"You must have started out as something. We all do."

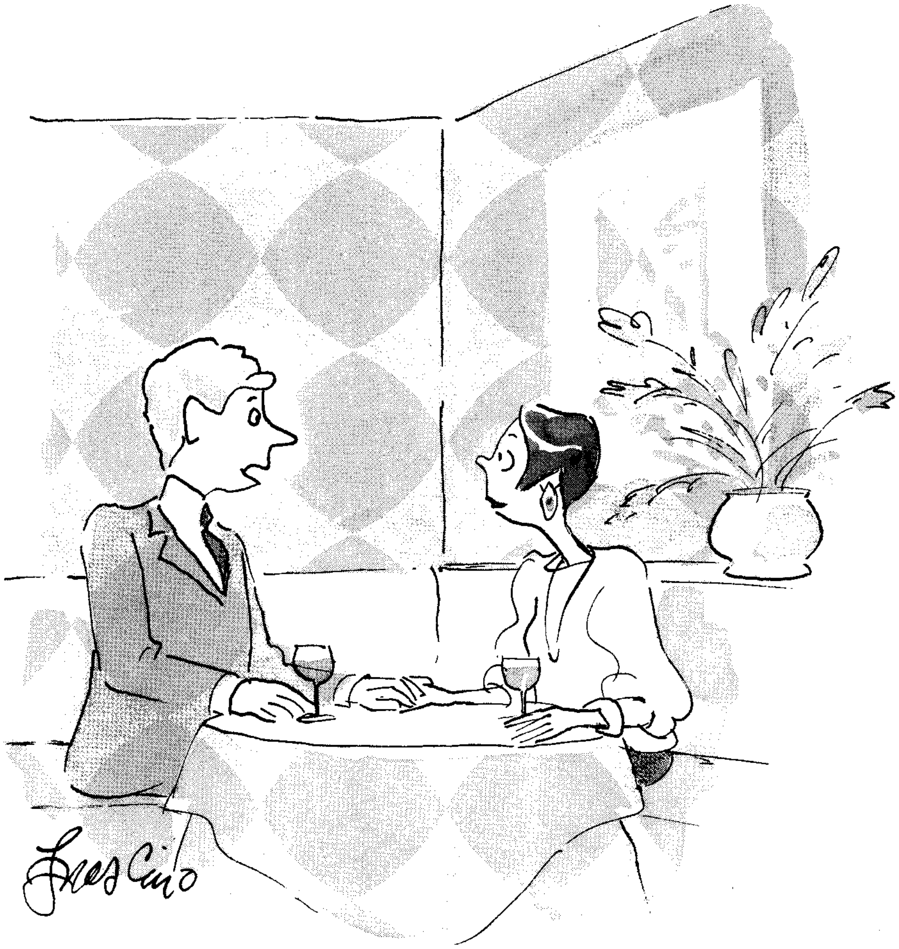
"My parents are Anglican missionaries," I said. "I'm nothing in particular."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Lapwing said.

"Why?"

I hoped he would say he didn't know, which would have raised him a notch. Instead he drank the wine left in Edie's glass and hurried after the two women.

In the bright church, where every light had been turned on and banks of votive candles blazed, our wives wandered from saint to saint. Edie had tied a bolero jacket around her head. The two were behaving like little girls, laughing and giggling, displaying ex-Catholic behavior of a particular kind, making it known that they took nothing in this place seriously but that they were perfectly at home. Lapwing responded with Protestant prudence and gravity, making the remark that Lily should cover her hair. I looked around and saw no red glow, no Presence. For the sake of the concert the church had been turned into a public hall; in any case, what Lily chose to do was her business. Either God existed and was not offended by women and their hair or He did not; it came to the same thing.



"Denise, will you be my co-anchor?"

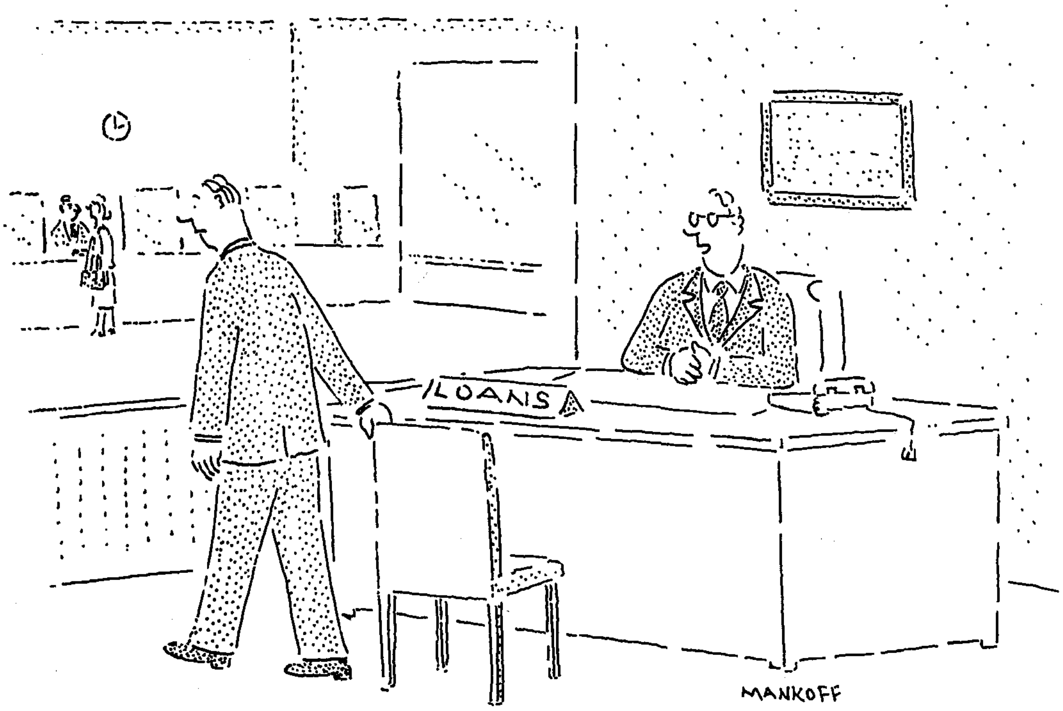
• •

Mr. Chadwick was telling David about design and decoration. He pointed to the ceiling and to the floor. I heard him say some interesting things about the original pagan site, the Roman shrine, the early Christian chapel, and the present rickety Baroque—a piece of nonsense, he said. Lapwing and I, stranded under a nineteenth-century portrayal of St. Paul, given the face of a hanging judge, kept up an exchange that to an outsider might have resembled conversation. I was so hard up for something to say that I translated the inscription under the picture: "St. Paul, Apostle to the Gentiles, put to death as a martyr in Rome, A.D. 67."

"I've been working on him," Lapwing said. "I've written a lot of stuff." He tipped his head to look at the portrait, frowning. "Saul is the name, of course. The whole thing is a fake. The whole story."

"What do you mean? He never existed?"

"Oh, he existed, all right. Saul existed. But that seizure on the road to Damascus can be explained in medical terms of our time." Lapwing paused, and then said rather formally, "I've got doctors in the family. I've read the books. There's a condition called eclampsia. Toxemia of pregnancy, in other words. Say Lily was pregnant—say she was carrying the bacteria of



"Well, thanks anyway for sharing your financial plight with us."

diphtheria, or typhoid, or even tetanus. . . ."

"Why couldn't it be Edie?"

"O.K., then, Edie. I'm not superstitious. I don't imagine the gods are up there listening, waiting for me to make a slip. Say it's Edie. Well, she could have these seizures, she could hallucinate. I'm not saying it's a common condition. I'm not saying it often happens in the civilized world. I'm saying it could have happened in very early A.D."

"Only if Paul was a pregnant woman."

"Men show female symptoms. It's been known to happen—the male equivalent of hysterical pregnancy. Oh, not deliberately. I'm not saying it's common behavior. I don't want you to misquote me, if you decide to research my topic. I'm only saying that Saul, Paul, was on his way to Damascus, probably to be treated by a renowned physician, and he had this convulsion. He heard a voice. You know the voice I mean." Lapwing dropped his tone, as though nothing to do with Christianity should ever be mentioned in a church. "He hallucinated. It was a mystical hallucination. In other words, he did a Joan of Arc."

It was impossible to say if Lapwing was trying to be funny. I thought it safer to follow along: "If it's true, it could account for his hostility to women. He had to share a condition he wasn't born to."

"I've gone into that. If you ever research my premise, remember I've gone into everything. I think I may drop it, actually. It won't get me far. There's no demand."

"I don't see the complete field," I said. That sounded all right—inoffensive.

"Well, literature. But I may have strayed. I may be over the line." He dropped his gaze from the portrait to me, but still had to look up. "I don't really want to say more."

I think he was afraid I might encroach on his idea, try to pick his brain. I assured him that I was committed to French history and politics, but even that may have seemed too close, and he turned away to look for Edie, to find out for certain what she was doing, and ask her to stop.

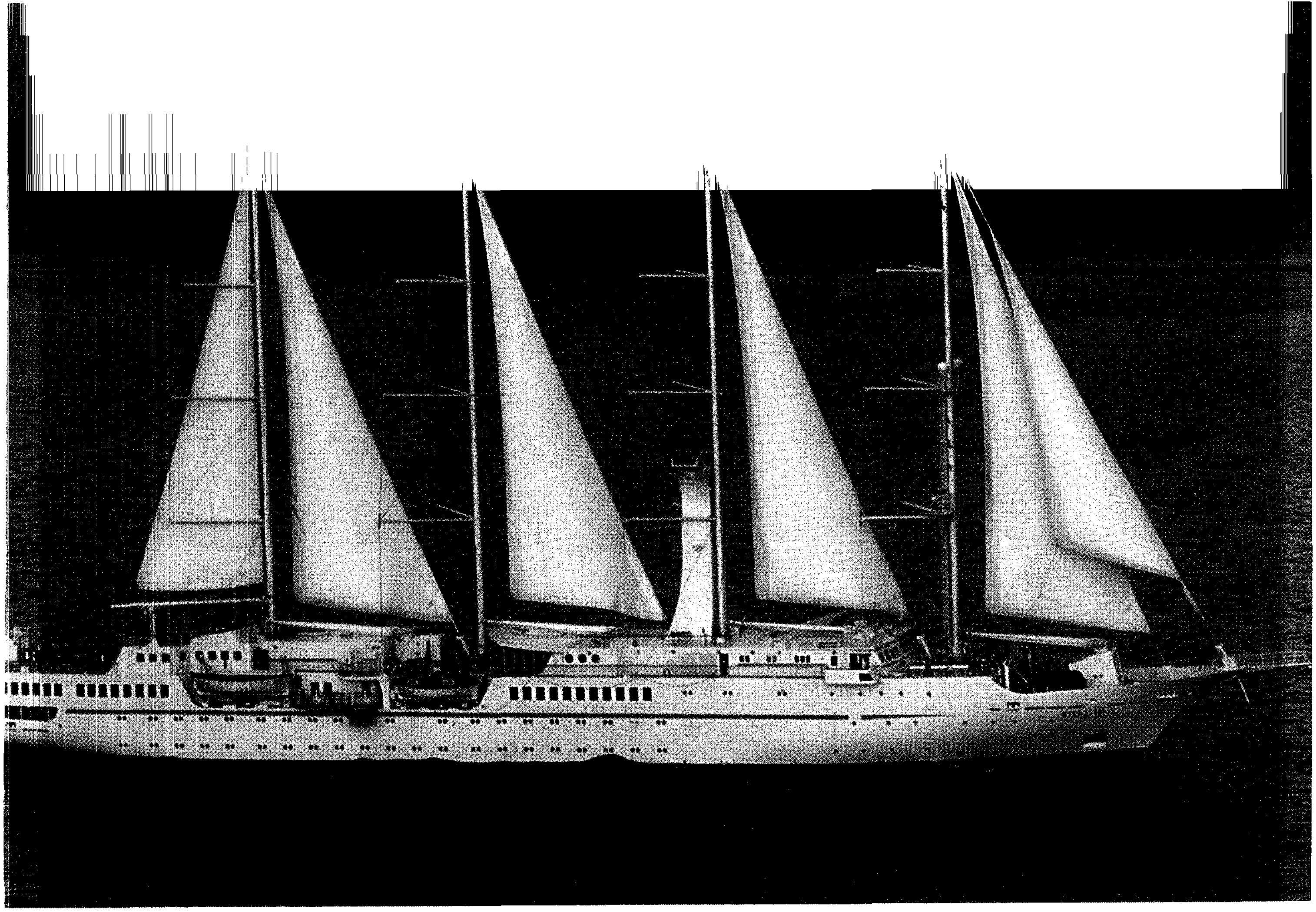
MR. CHADWICK had found the evening so successful that he decided on a bolder social move: David must give a piano recital in the villa, with a distinguished audience in attendance. A reception would follow—white-wine cup, petits fours—after which some of us would be taken to a restaurant, as Mr. Chadwick's guests, for a dinner in David's honor. The event was meant to be a long jump in his progress from gardener to favored house guest.

He was let off gardening duty and spent much of his time now at the Biesels', where they offered him a cool room with a piano in it and left him in peace. Meanwhile the winter salon was torn apart and cleaned, dustcovers were removed from the sofas, the windows and shutters opened and washed and sealed tight again. The expert brought in from Nice to restore the Pleyel had a hard time putting it to rights, and asked for an extra fee. Mr. Chadwick would not give it, and for a time it looked as if there would be no recital at all. Mrs. Biesel quietly intervened and paid the difference. Mr. Chadwick never knew. One result of the conflict and its solution, apart from the piano's having been fixed, was that Mr. Chadwick began to tell stories about how he had, in the past, showed great firmness with workmen and tradesmen. They were boring stories, but, as Lily said, it was better than hearing the stories about his mother.

It seemed to me that the recital could end in nothing but disgrace and ridicule. I wondered why David went along with the idea.

"Amateurs have a lot of self-confidence," said Mrs. Biesel, when I asked what she thought. "A professional would be scared." I had come round to her house to call for Lily: she was spending a lot of time there, too, encouraging David.

Mrs. Biesel had a soft Southern voice and was not always easy to understand. (I was amazed when I discovered that to Mr. Chadwick all North Americans sounded alike.) I recall Mrs. Biesel with her head to one side, poised to listen, and her curved way of sitting, as if she were too tall and too thin for most chairs. I could say she was like a Modigliani, but it's too easy, and I am not sure I had heard of Modigliani then. The Biesels were rich, by which I mean that they



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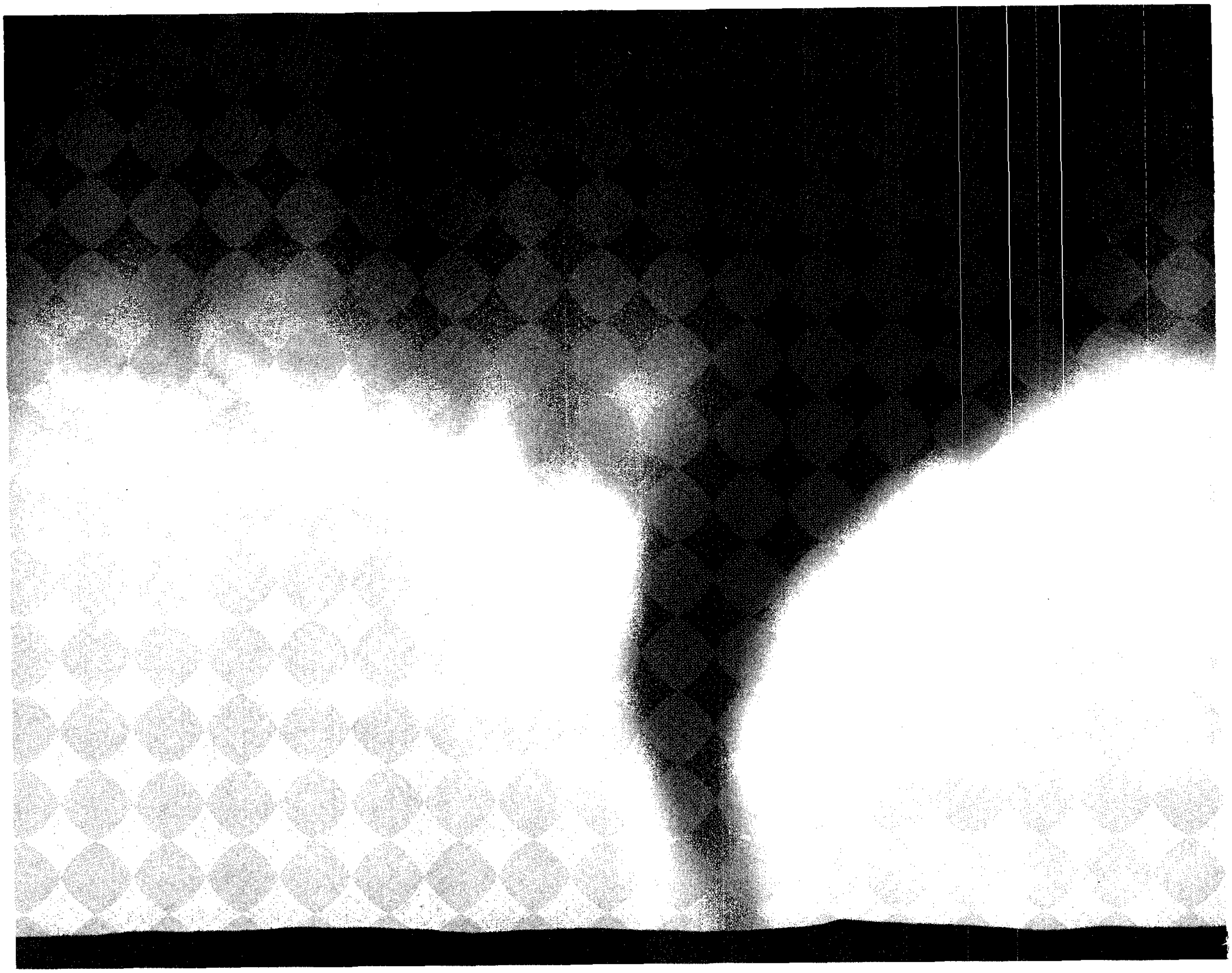

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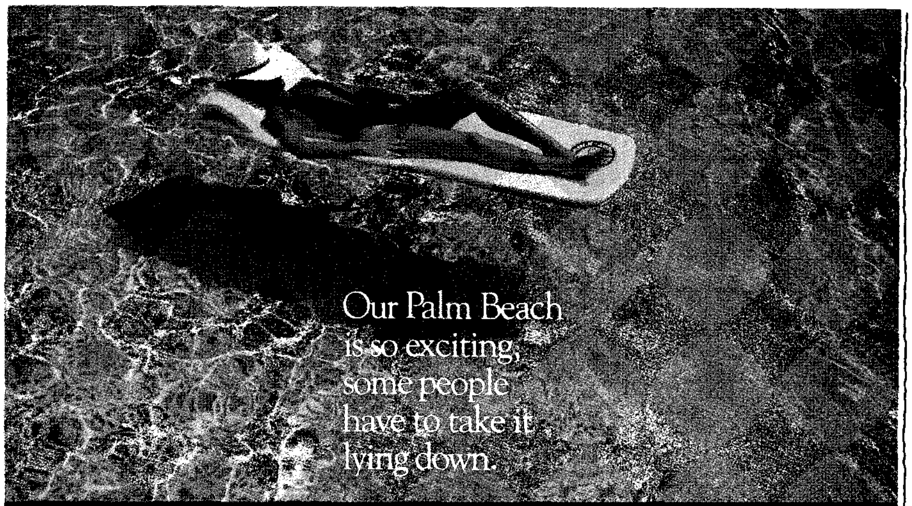

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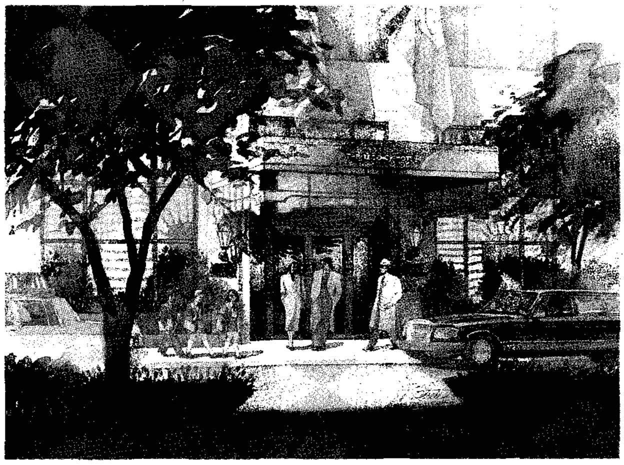

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had always lived with money, and when they spent any they always gave themselves a moral excuse. The day Lily decided she wanted to go to London without me, the Biesels paid her way. They saw morality on that occasion as a matter of happiness, Lily's in particular. Any suggestion that they might have conspired to harm and deceive was below their view of human nature. Conversation on the subject soon became like a long talk in a dream, with no words remembered, just an impression of things intended.

Mr. Chadwick pored over stacks of yellowed sheet music his mother had kept in a rosewood Canterbury. He wanted David to play short pieces with frequent changes in mood. "None of your all-Schubert," he said. "It just puts people to sleep."

Mrs. Biesel supplied printed programs on thick ivory paper. We were supposed to keep them as souvenirs, but the printer had left off the date. She apologized to Mr. Chadwick, as though it were her own fault. (It is curious how David was overlooked; the recital seemed to have become a social arrangement between Mrs. Biesel and Mr. Chadwick.) Mr. Chadwick ran his eye down the page and said, "But he's not doing the Debussy. He's doing the Ravel."

"It's a long, hard program," said Mrs. Biesel, in just above a whisper. "It might have been easier if he had simply worked up some Bach."

At three o'clock on one of the hottest afternoons since the start of recorded temperatures, David sat down to the restored Pleyel. On the end wall behind him was a large Helleu drawing of Mr. Chadwick's mother playing the piano, with her head thrown back and a bunch of violets tied to her wrist. The winter carpets, rolled up and stacked next to the fireplace, smelled of old dust and moth repellent. Still Mr. Chadwick would not let the room be aired. To open the windows meant letting in heat. "You must all sit very still," he announced, as David got ready to start. "It's moving about, stirring up the atmosphere, that makes one feel warm."

Who was there? Mr. Chadwick's friends and neighbors, and a number of people I suspect he brought in on short acquaintance. I remember his doctor, a dour Alsatian who had the complete confidence of the British colony; he had acquired a few reassuring expressions in English, such as "It's just a little chill on the liver" and "Port's the thing." People liked that.

When I think of the Canadians in the winter salon—the Lapwings, and Lily and me, and Fergus Bray, and an acquaintance of Lapwing's called Michael Hagen-Beck—it occurs to me that abroad, outside embassy premises or official functions, I never saw that many in one room again. Hagen-Beck was an elderly-looking undergraduate of nineteen or twenty, dressed in scant European-style shorts, a khaki shirt, knee socks, and gym shoes. Near the end of the recital, he walked out of the house and did not come back.

Lily mooned at David, as she had at Christian Ferras. I supposed it must be her way of contemplating musicians. There was nothing wrong with it; I had just never thought of her as a mooner of any kind. Once she sprang from her chair and pushed open a shutter: the room was so dim that David had to strain to read the music. Mr. Chadwick left the shutter ajar, but latched the window once more, murmuring again his objection to stirring up the atmosphere.

During the Chopin Edie went to sleep, wearing one of those triangular smiles that convey infinite secret satisfaction. Her husband wiped his forehead with a cotton scarf he took out of her handbag and returned carefully, without waking her up. I had the feeling they got along better when one of them was unconscious. He adjusted his glasses and frowned at a gilt Buddha sitting in front of the cold fireplace, as if he were trying to assess its place in Mr. Chadwick's spiritual universe. During the pause between the Chopin and the Albéniz, he unlocked the French doors, left them wide, and went out to the baking terrace, half covered by the branches of a jacaranda; into the hot shade of the tree he dragged a wrought-iron chair and a chintz-covered pillow (the chair looked as if it had not been moved since the reign of Edward VII), making a great scraping sound over the flagstones. The scraping blended with the first bars of the Albéniz; those of us in the salon who were still awake pretended not to hear.

I envied Lapwing, settled comfortably in iron and chintz, in the path of a breeze, however tepid, with trumpet-shaped blue flowers falling on his neck and shoulders. He seemed to be sizing up over the chalkier blue of a plumbago hedge the private beach and white umbrellas of the Pratincole, Rivebelle's only smart hotel—surviving evidence that this part of the coast had been fashionable before the war. In

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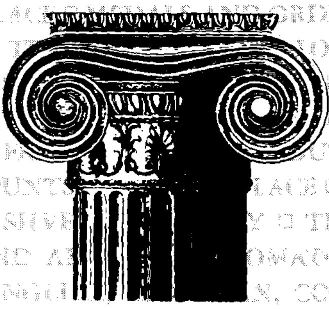

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an open court couples were dancing to a windup gramophone, as they did every day at this hour. We could hear one of those tinny French voices, all vivacity, but with an important ingredient missing—true vitality, I think—singing an old American show tune with sentimental French lyrics: *pour toi, pour moi, pour toujours*. It reminded me of home, all but the words, and finally I recognized a song my aunt had on a record, with "She Didn't Say 'Yes' " on the other side. Perhaps she used to dance to it, before she decided to save her energy for bringing me up. I remembered just some of the words: "new luck, new love." I wondered if there was any sense to them—if luck and love ever changed course after moving on. Mr. Chadwick was old enough to know, but it wasn't a thing I could ask.

Lapwing sat between two currents of music. Perhaps he didn't hear: the Pratincole had his whole attention. Our wives longed to dance, just once, in that open court, under the great white awning, among the lemon trees in tubs, and to drink champagne mixed with something at the white-and-chromium bar, but we could not afford so much as a Pratincole drink of water. I don't know how, but Lapwing had gained the impression that Mr. Chadwick was taking us for dinner there. He sat at his ease under the jacaranda, choosing his table. (A later review of events had Lapwing urging Hagen-Beck to join us for dinner, even though his share of the day was supposed to end with the petits fours: a story that Lapwing continued to evoke years after in order to deny it.)

The rest of us sat indoors, silent and sweating. We seemed to be suffocating under layers of dark-green gauze, what with the closed shutters, and the vines pressing on them, and the verd-antique incrustation in the ancient bronze ornaments and candelabra. The air that came in from the terrace, now that Lapwing had opened the French doors, was like the emanation from a furnace, and the sealed windows cut off any hope of a cross-breeze. Mrs. Biesel fanned herself with a program, when she was not using it to beat time. Fergus Bray slid from his sofa to the marble floor and lay stretched, propped on an elbow. I noticed he had concealed under the sofa a full tumbler of whiskey, which he quietly sipped. Once, sinking into a deep sleep and pulling myself up just in time, I caught sight of Lapwing leaning into the room, with his eyes and glasses glittering, looking—in memory—like the jealous husband he was about to become.

If a flash of prophecy could occur to two men who have no use for each other, he and I would have shared the revelation that our wives were soon to travel—his to Madrid with one of that day's guests, mine to London on the same train as our host's gardener and friend. (It was Mrs. Biesel's opinion that Lily had just wanted company on the train.) Mentioning two capital cities makes their adventure sound remote, tinged with fiction, like so many shabby events that occur in foreign parts. If I could say that Lily had skipped to Detroit and Edie to Moose Jaw, leaving Lapwing and me stranded in a motel, we would come out of it like a couple of gulls. But "Madrid," and "London," and "the Mediterranean," and a musician, a playwright, a novelist, a recital in a winter salon lend us an alien glow. We seem to belong to a generation before our own time. Lapwing and I come on as actors in a film. The opening shot of a lively morning street and a jaunty pastiche of circus tunes

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set the tone, and all the rest is expected to unfold to the same pulse, with the same nostalgia. In fact, there was nothing to unfold except men's humiliation, which is bleached and toneless.

The compliments and applause David received at the end of the recital were not only an expression of release and relief. We admired his stamina and courage. The varied program, and David's dogged and reliable style, made me think of an anthology of fragments from world literature translated so as to make it seem that everyone writes in the same way. Between fleeting naps, we had listened and had found no jarring mistakes, and Mr. Chadwick was close to tears of the humblest kind of happiness.

David looked drawn and distant, and very young—an exhausted sixteen. I felt sorry for him, because so much that was impossible was expected from him; although his habitual manner, at once sulky and superior, and his floppy English haircut got on my nerves. He resembled the English poets of about ten years before, already ensconced as archetypes of a class and a kind. Lily liked him; but, then, she had been nice to Hagen-Beck, even smiling at him kindly as he walked out. I decided that to try to guess what attracted women, or to devise some rule from temporary evidence, was a waste of time. On the whole, Hagen-Beck—oaf and clodhopper—was somehow easier to place. I could imagine him against a setting where he looked like everybody else, whereas David seemed to me everywhere and forever out of joint.

LATE in the evening Mr. Chadwick's dinner guests, chosen by David, climbed the Mussolini staircase to the square, now cleared of stage and chairs, and half filled with a wash of restaurant tables. A few children wheeled round on bikes. Old people and lovers sat on the church steps and along the low wall. Over the dark of the sky, just above the church, was the faintest lingering trace of pink.

The party was not proceeding as it should: Mr. Chadwick had particularly asked to be given a round table, and the one reserved for us was definitely oblong. "A round table is better for conversation," he kept saying, "and there is less trouble about the seating."

"It doesn't matter, Mr. Chadwick," said Edie, in the appeasing tone she often used with her husband. "This one is fine." She stroked the pink-and-white tablecloth, as if to show that it was harmless.

"They promised the round table. I shall never come here again."

At the table Mr. Chadwick wanted, a well-dressed Italian in his fifties was entertaining his daughter and her four small children. The eldest child might have been seven; the youngest had a large table napkin tied around his neck, and was eating morsels of Parma ham and melon with his fingers. But presently I saw that the striking good looks of the children were drawn from both adults equally, and that the young mother was the wife of that much older man. The charm and intelligence of the children had somehow overshot that of the parents, as if they had arrived at a degree of bloom that was not likely to vary for a long time, leaving the adults at some intermediate stage. I kept this observation to myself. English-speaking people do not as a rule remark on the physical grace of children, although points are allowed for coöperative behavior. There is, or used to be, a belief that beauty is something that has to be paid for and

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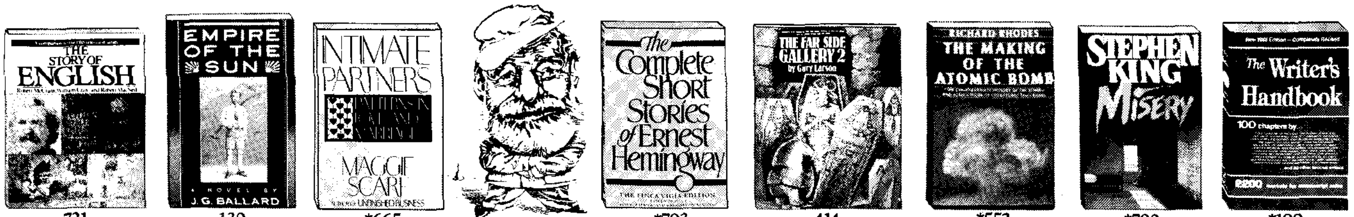

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that a lovely child may live to regret.

A whole generation between two parents was new to me. Mr. Chadwick, I supposed, could still marry a young wife. It seemed unlikely; and yet he was shot through with parental anguish. His desire to educate David, to raise his station, to show him off, had a paternal tone. At the recital he had been like a father hoping for the finest sort of accomplishment but not quite expecting it.

We continued to stand while he counted chairs and place settings. "Ten," he said. "I told them we'd be nine."

"Hagen-Beck may turn up," said Lapwing. "I think he went to the wrong place."

"He was not invited," said Mr. Chadwick. "At least, not by me."

"He wasn't anywhere around to be invited," said Mrs. Biesel. "He left before the Ravel."

"I told him where we were going," said Edie. "I'm sorry. I thought David had asked him."

"What are you sorry about?" said Lapwing. "He didn't hear what you said, that's all."

"Mr. Chadwick," said Lily. "Where do you want us to sit?"

The Italian had taken his youngest child on his lap. He wore a look of alert and careful indulgence, from which all anxiety had been drained. Anxiety had once been there; you could see the imprint. Mr. Chadwick could not glance at David without filling up with mistrust. Perhaps, for an older man, it was easier to live with a young wife and several infants than to try to hold on to one restless boy.

"Sit wherever you like," said Mr. Chadwick. "Perhaps David would like to sit here," indicating the chair on his left. (Lapwing had already occupied the one on the right.) Protocol would have given him Mrs. Biesel and Edie. Lily and the Biesels moved to the far end of the table. Edie started to sit down next to David, but he put his hand on the chair, as if he were keeping it for someone else. She settled one place over, without fuss; she was endlessly good-tempered, taking rudeness to be a mishap, toughened by her husband's slights and snubs.

"It's going to be all English again," she said, looking around, smiling. I remember her round, cheerful face and slightly slanted blue eyes. "Doesn't anyone know any French people? Here I am in France, forgetting all my French."

"There was that French doctor this

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afternoon," said Mrs. Biesel. "You could have said something to him."

"No, she couldn't," said Lapwing. "She was sound asleep."

"You would be obliged to go a long way from here to hear proper French," said Mr. Chadwick. "Perhaps as far as Lyons. Every second person in Rivebelle is from Sicily."

Lapwing leaned into the conversation, as if drawn by the weight of his own head. "Edie doesn't have to hear proper French," he said. "She can read it. She's been reading a French classic all summer—'Forever Amber.' "

I glanced at Lily. It was the only time that evening I was able to catch her eye. Yes, I know, he's humiliating her, she signalled back.

"There are the Spann-Monticules," said Mr. Chadwick to Edie. "They have French blood, and they can chatter away in French, when they want to. They never come down here except at Easter. The villa is shut the rest of the year. Sometimes they let the mayor use it for garden parties. Hugo Spann-Monticule's great-great-grandmother was the daughter of Arnaud Monticule, who was said to have sacked the Bologna library for Napoleon. Monticule kept a number of priceless treasures for himself, and decided he would be safer in England. He married a Miss Spann. The Spanns had important wool interests, and the family have continued to prosper. Some of the Bologna loot is still in their hands. Lately, because of Labour, they have started smuggling some things back into France."

"Museum pieces belong in museums, where people can see them," said Lapwing.

"They shouldn't be kept in an empty house," said the Admiral.

Lapwing was so unused to having anyone agree with him that he looked offended. "I wouldn't mind seeing some of the collection," he said. "They might let one person in. I don't mean a whole crowd."

"The day France goes Communist they'll be sorry they ever brought anything here," said Mrs. Biesel.

"France will never go Communist," said her husband. "Stalin doesn't want it. A Communist France would be too independent for the Kremlin. The last thing Stalin wants is another Tito on his hands."

I was surprised to hear four sentences from the Admiral. As a rule he drank quietly and said very little, like Fergus Bray. He gave me the impression that he did not care where he lived or what might happen next. He still drove a car, and seemed to have great strength in his remaining arm, but a number of things had to be done for him. He had sounded just now as if he knew what he was talking about. I remembered the rumor that he was here for an underground purpose, but it was hard to see what it might be, in this seedy border resort. According to Lily, his wife had wanted to live abroad for a while. So perhaps it really was as simple as that.

"You're right," Mrs. Biesel said. "Even French Communists must know what the Russians did in Berlin."

"Liberated the Berliners, you mean?" said Lapwing, getting pink in the face.

"Our neighbors are all French," said Edie, speaking to Mr. Chadwick across David and the empty chair. "They aren't Sicilians. I've never met a Sicilian. I'm not even sure where they come from. I was really thinking of a different kind of French person—someone Harry might want to talk to. He gets bored sometimes. There's no-

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PEARL'S FAR EAST

body around here on his level. Those Spanns you mentioned—couldn't we meet them? I think Harry might enjoy them."

"They never meet anyone," said Mr. Chadwick. "Although if you stay until next Easter you might see them driving to church. They drive to St. George's on Easter Sunday."

"We don't go to church, except to look at the art," said Edie. "I just gradually gave it up. Harry started life as a Baptist. Can you believe it? He was fully immersed, with a new suit on."

"In France, it's best to mix either with peasants or the very top level," said Mrs. Biesel. "Nothing in between." Her expression suggested that she had been offered and had turned down a wide variety of native French.

I sat between Fergus Bray and the Admiral. Edie, across the table, was midway between Fergus and me, so that we formed a triangle, unlikely and ill-assorted. To mention Fergus Bray now sounds like a cheap form of name-dropping. His work has somehow been preserved from decay. There always seems to be something, somewhere, about to go into production. But in those days he was no one in particular, and he was there. He had been silent since the start of the concert and had taken his place at table without a word, and was now working through a bottle of white wine intended for at least three of us. He began to slide down in his chair, stretching his legs. I saw that he was trying to capture Edie's attention, perhaps her foot. She looked across sharply, first at me. When his eyes were level with hers, he said, "Do you want to spend the rest of your life with that shrimp?"

I think no one but me could hear. Lapwing, on the far side of Fergus, was calling some new argument to the Biesels; Mr. Chadwick was busy with a waiter; and David was lost in his private climate of drizzle and mist.

"What shrimp?" said Edie. "You mean Harry?"

"If I say 'the rest of your life,' I must mean your husband."

"We're not really married," Edie said. "I'm his common-law wife, but only in places where they recognize common law. Like, I can have 'Lapwing' in my passport, but I couldn't be a Lapwing in Quebec. That's because in Quebec they just have civil law. I'm still married to Morrie Ringer there. Legally, I mean. You've never heard of him? You're a Canadian, and you've never heard of Morrie Ringer? The radio personality? 'The Ringer Singalong'? That's his most famous program. They even pick it up in Cleveland. Well, he can't live with me, can't forget me, won't divorce me. Anyway, the three of us put together haven't got enough money for a real divorce. You can't get a divorce in Quebec. You have to do some complicated, expensive thing. When you break up one marriage and set up another, it takes money. It's expensive to live by the rules—I don't care what you say." So far, he had said scarcely anything, and not about that. "In a way, it's as if I was Morrie's girl and Harry's wife. Morrie could never stand having meals in the house. We ate out. I lived for about two years on smoked meat and pickles. With Harry, I've been more the wife type. It's all twisted around."

"That's not what you're like," said Fergus.

"Twisted around?"

"Wife type. I've been married. I never could stand them. Wife types." He made a scooping movement with his hand and spread his palm flat.

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In the falsetto men assume when they try to imitate a woman's voice, he addressed a miniature captive husband: "From now on, you've got to work for me, and no more girlfriends."

"Some women are like that," said Edie. "I'm not."

"Does the shrimp work for you?"

"We don't think that way. He works for himself. In a sense, for me. He wants me to have my own intellectual life. I've been studying. I've studied a few things." She looked past him, like a cat.

"What few things?"

"Well . . . I learned a few things about the Cistercians. There was a book in a room Harry and I rented in London. Someone left it behind. So, I know a few things."

"Just keep those few things to yourself, whatever they may be. Was your father one?"

"A monk? You must be a Catholic, or you wouldn't make that sort of a joke. My father—I hardly know what to think about him. He won't have anything to do with me. Morrie was Jewish, and my father didn't like that. Then I left Morrie for a sort of Baptist Communist. That was even worse. He used to invite Morrie for Christmas dinner, but he won't have Harry in the house. I can't help what my father feels. You can't live on someone else's idea of what's right."

"You say all those things as though they were simple," he said. "Look, can you get away?"

She glanced once round the table; her eyes swept past me. She looked back at Fergus and said, "I'll try." She lifted her hair with both hands. "I'll tell Harry the truth. I'll say I want to show you the inside of the church. We were in it the other night. That's the truth."

"I didn't mean that. I meant, leave him and come to me."

"Leave Harry?"

"You aren't married to him," Fergus said. "I'm not talking about a few minutes or a week or a vacation. I mean, leave him and come to Spain and live with me."

"Whereabouts in Spain?" she said.

"Madrid. I've got a place. You'll be all right."

"As what? Wife or girlfriend?"

"Anything you want."

She let go her hair, and laughed, and said, "I was just kidding. I don't know you. I've already left somebody. You can't keep doing that, on and on. Besides, Harry loves me."

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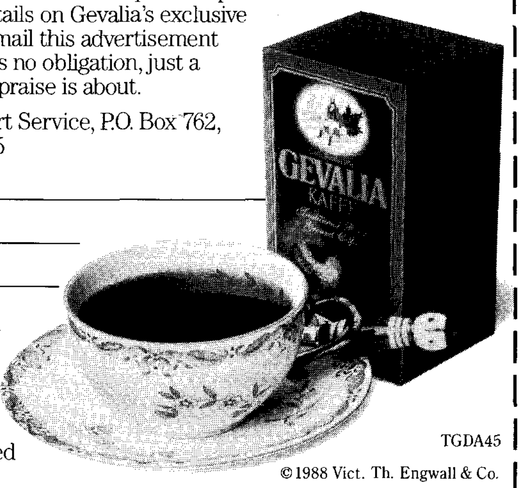

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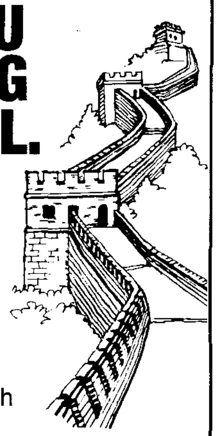

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Hagen-Beck. The stir caused by his arrival may have seemed welcoming, but it was merely surprise. On the way to the restaurant Mrs. Biesel had set forth considerable disapproval of the way he had left the concert before the Ravel. Lily had defended him (she believed he had gone to look for a bathroom and felt too shy to come back), but Lapwing had said gravely, "I'm afraid Hagen-Beck will have to be wiped off the board," and I had pictured him turning in a badge of some kind and slinking out of class.

He nodded in the curt way that is supposed to conceal diffidence but that usually means a sour nature, removed the empty chair next to David, dragged it to the far end of the table, and wedged it between Mrs. Biesel and Lily.

"Hey, there's Hagen-Beck," said Lapwing, as if he were astonished to find him this side of the Atlantic.

"I'm afraid he is too late for the soup," said Mr. Chadwick.

"He won't care," said Lapwing. "He'd sooner talk than eat. He's brilliant. He's going to show us all up, one day. Well, he may show some people up. Not everybody."

Lily sat listening to Hagen-Beck, her cheek on her hand. In the dying light her hair looked silvery. I could hear him telling her that he had been somewhere around the North Sea, to the home of his ancestors, a fishing village of superior poverty. He spoke of herrings—how many are caught and sold in a year, how many devoured by seagulls. Beauty is in the economics of Nature, he said. Nowhere else.

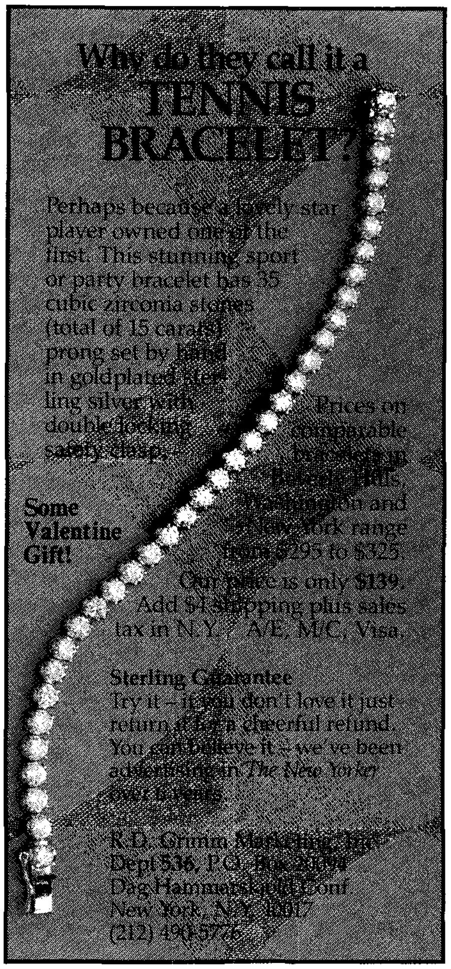
"But isn't what people build beautiful, too?" said Lily, pleading for the cracked and faded church.

A waiter brought candles, deepening the color of the night and altering the shade and tone of the women's skin and hair.

"This calls for champagne," Mr. Chadwick said, in a despairing voice.

David had not touched the fish soup or the fresh langouste especially ordered for him. He stared at his plate, and sometimes down the table to the wall of candlelight, behind which Lily and Hagen-Beck sat talking quietly. Mr. Chadwick looked where David was looking. I saw that he had just made a complex and understandable mistake; he thought that David was watching Hagen-Beck, that it was for Hagen-Beck he had tried to keep the empty chair.

"Great idea, champagne," said Lapwing, once he had made certain



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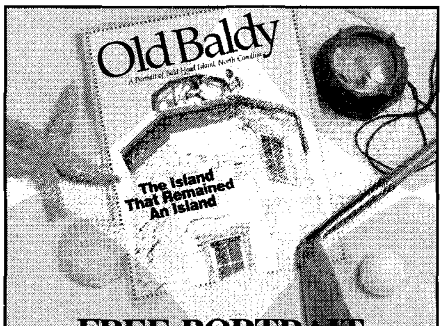

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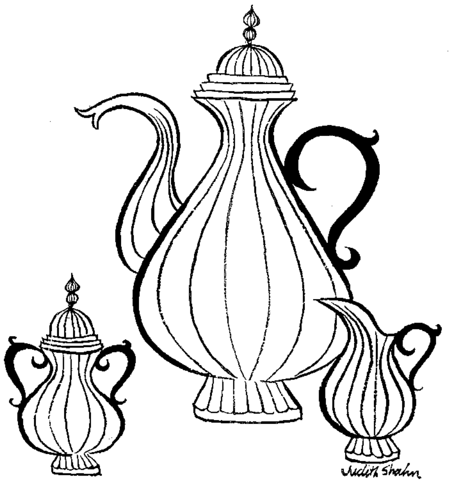
Mr. Chadwick was paying for it. "We haven't toasted David's wonderful performance this afternoon." From a man who detested the very idea of music, this was a remarkable sign of good will.

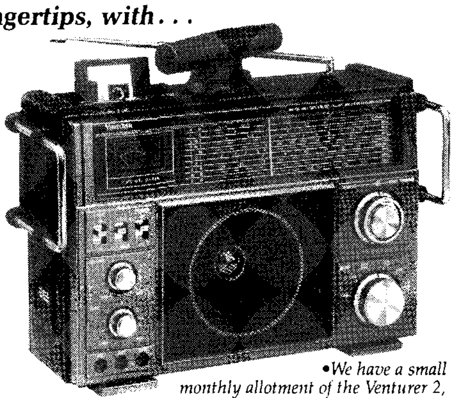
Hagen-Beck would not drink wine, probably because it had been unknown to his ancestors. Summoning a waiter, who had better things to do, he asked for water—not false, bottled water but the real kind, God's kind, out of a tap. It was brought to him, in a wine-stained carafe. Two buckets of ice containing champagne had meanwhile been placed on the table, one of them fatally close to Fergus. The wine was opened and poured. Hagen-Beck swallowed water. Mr. Chadwick struck his glass with a knife: he was about to estrange David still further by making a speech.

Fergus and Edie, deep in some exchange, failed to hear the call for silence. In the sudden hush at our table Edie said distinctly, "When I was a kid, we made our own Christmas garlands and decorations. We'd start in November, the whole family. We made birds out of colored paper, and tied them to branches, and hung the branches all over the house. We spent our evenings that way, making these things. Now my father won't even open my Christmas cards. My mother writes to me, and she sends me money. I wouldn't have anything to wear if she didn't. My father doesn't know. Harry doesn't know. I've never told it to anybody, until now."

She must have meant "to any man," because she had told it to Lily.

"It's boring," said Fergus. "That's why you don't tell it. Nobody cares. If you were playing an old woman, slopping on in a bathrobe and some old slippers, it might work. But here you are—golden hair, golden skin. You look carved in butter. The dress is too

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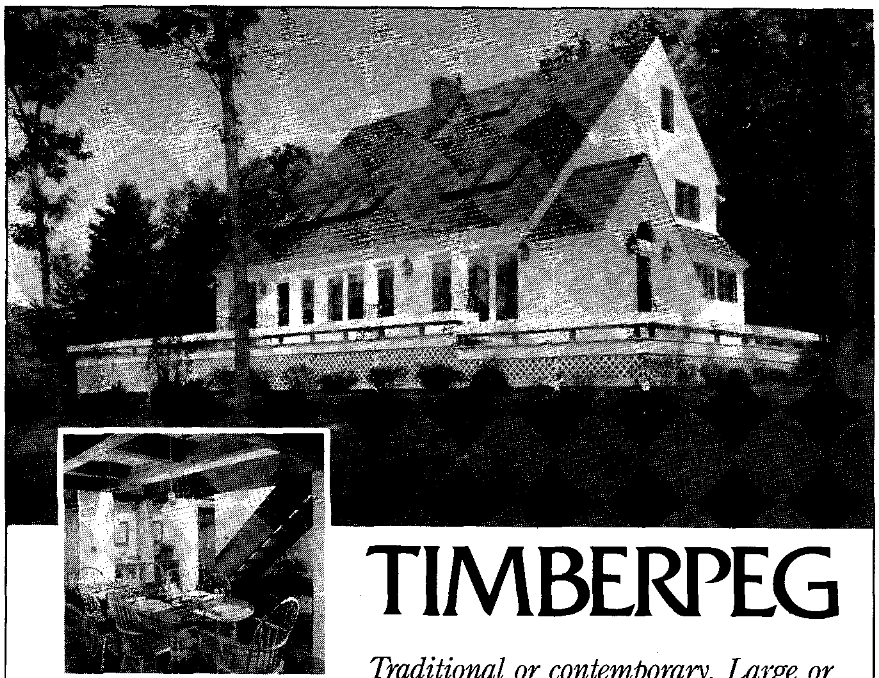
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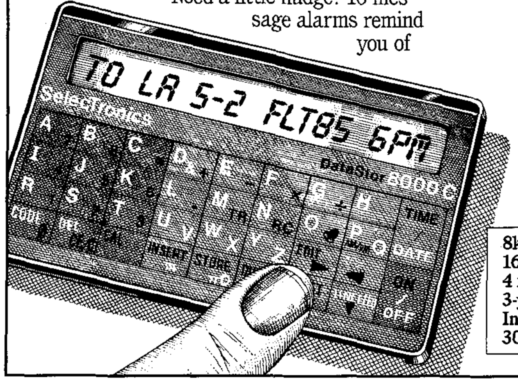

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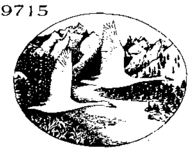

tight for you, though. I wouldn't let you wear it if I had any say. And those god-awful earrings—where do they come from?"

"London, Woolworth's."

"Well, get rid of them. And your hair should be longer. And nobody cares about your bloody garlands. Don't talk. Just be golden, be quiet."

I suppose the others thought he had insulted her. I was the only one who knew what had gone on before, and how easily she had said, "Wife or girlfriend?" Lapwing merely looked interested. Another man might have challenged Fergus, or, thinking he was drunk, drawn his attention away from Edie and let it die. But Lapwing squeaked, "That's what I keep telling her, Bray. Nobody cares! Nobody cares! Be quiet! Be quiet!"

I saw Lapwing's heavy head bowing and lifting, and Edie's slow expression of shock, and Fergus pouring himself, and nobody else, champagne. This time there surely must have been a flash of telepathy between two people with nothing in common. Fergus and I must have shared at least one thought: Lapwing had just opened his palm, revealing a miniature golden wife, and handed her over.

Then Edie looked at Fergus, and Fergus at Edie, and I watched her make up her mind. The spirit of William Morris surrounded the new lovers, evading his most hardworking academic snoop. Lapwing ought to have stood and quoted, "Fear shall not alter these lips and these eyes of the loved and the lover," but he seemed to see nothing, notice nothing; or like Mr. Chadwick he continued to see and notice the wrong things.

Three of the future delinquents at our table were ex-Catholics. They took it for granted that the universe was eternal and they could gamble their lives. Whatever thin faith they still had was in endless renewal—new luck, new love. Nothing worked out for them, but even now I can see what they were after. Remembering Edie at the split second when she came to a decision, I can find it in me to envy them. The rest of us were born knowing better, which means we were stuck. When I finally looked away from her it was at another pool of candlelight, and the glowing, blooming children. I wonder now if there was anything about us for the children to remember, if they ever later on reminded one another: There was that long table of English-speaking people, still in bud. —MAVIS GALLANT

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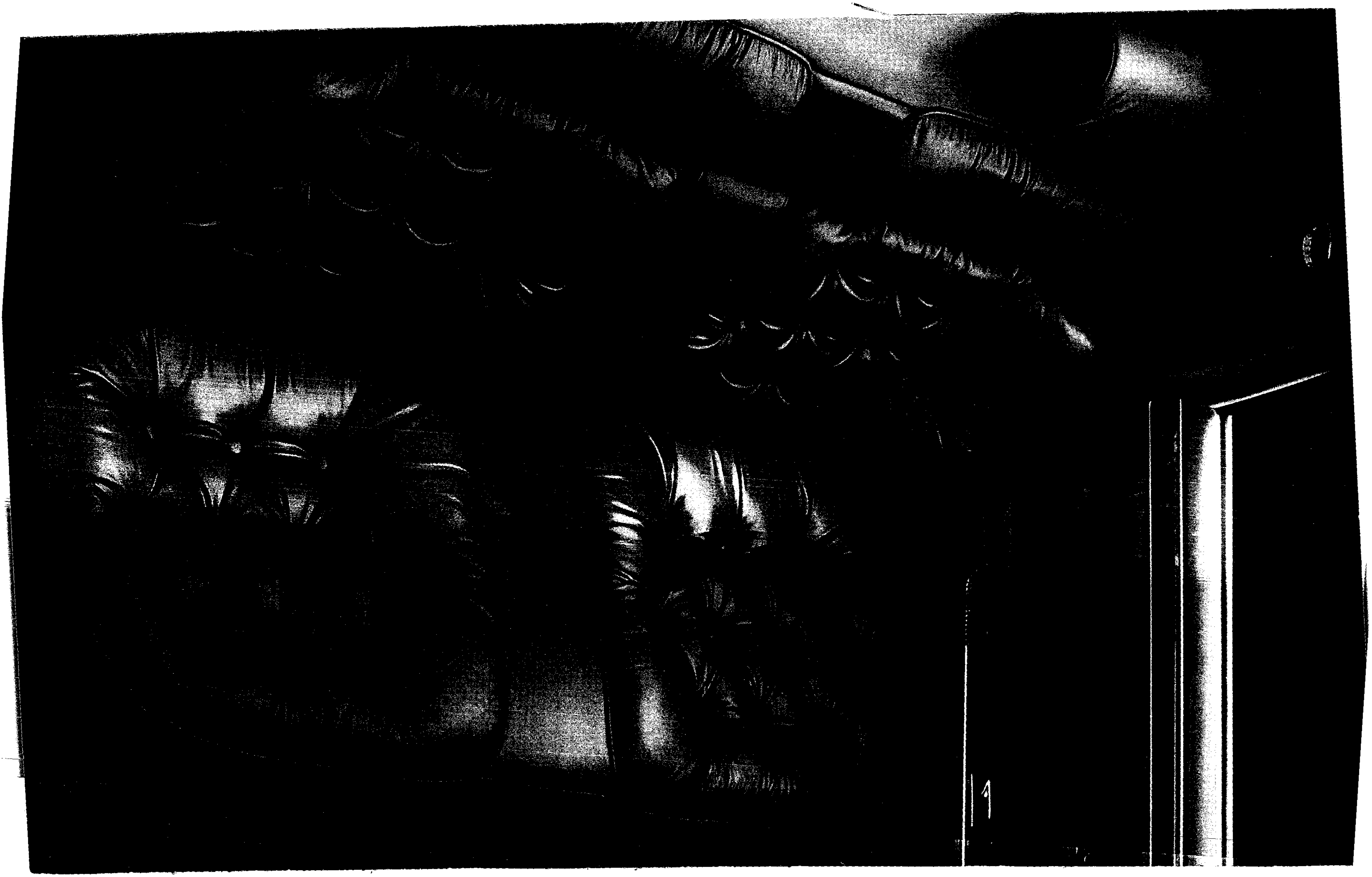

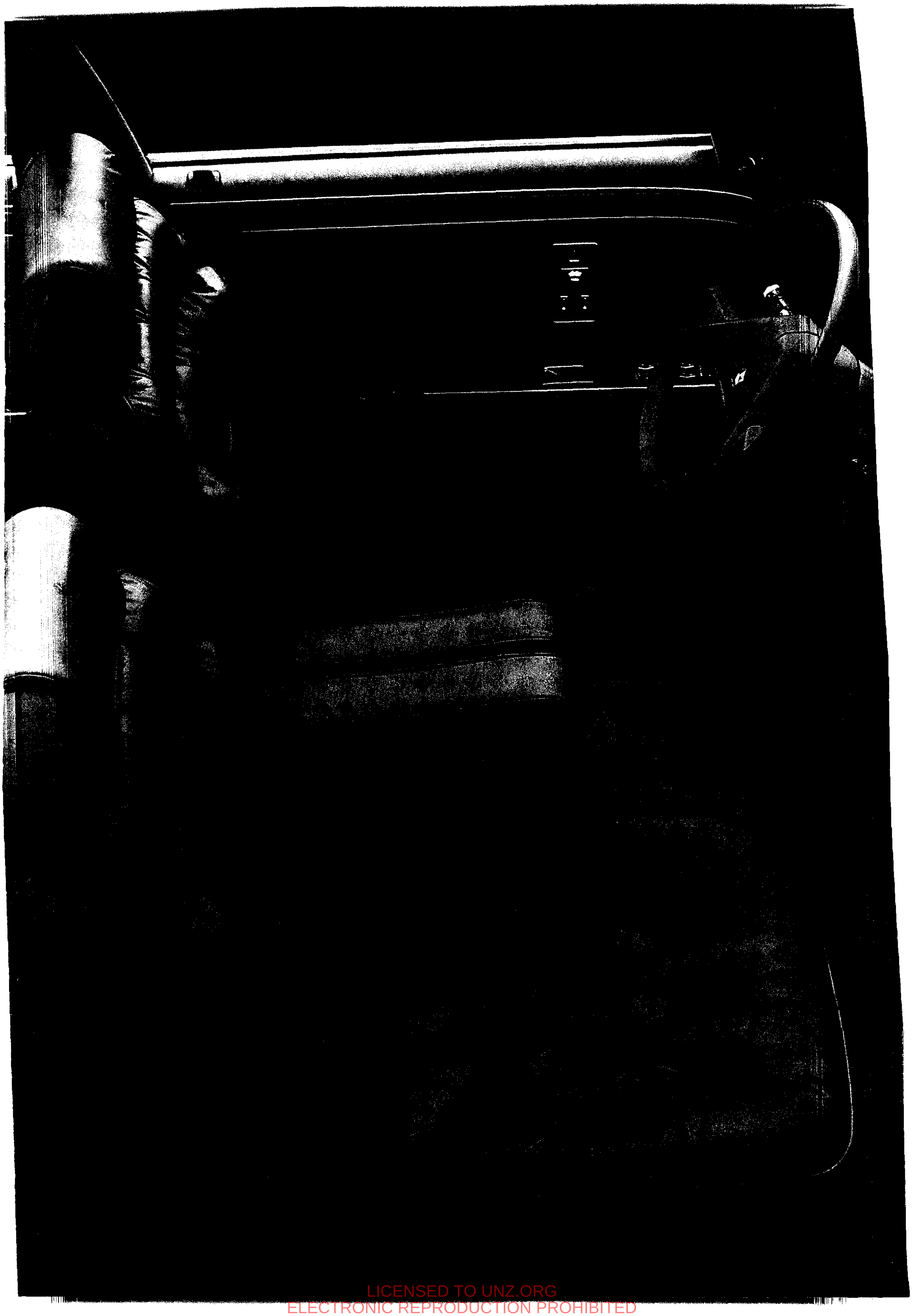

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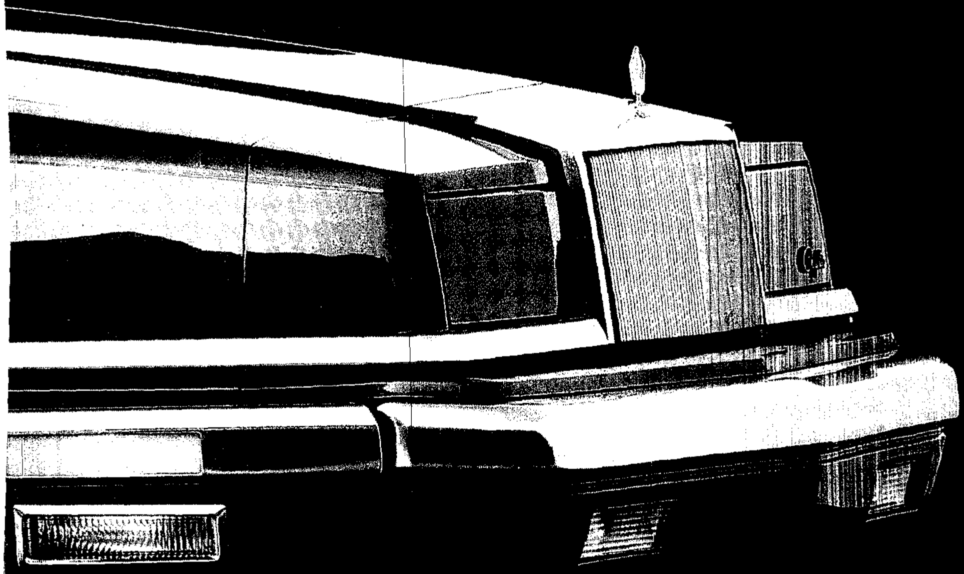

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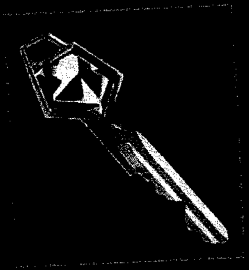

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ROLLS ROYCE CORNICHE	3 yr/ unlimited	3 yr/ unlimited	None	3 yr/ unlimited	3 yr/ unlimited	3 yr/ unlimited	No
MERCEDES BENZ	4 yr/ 50,000 miles	4 yr/ 50,000 miles	None	4 yr/ 50,000 miles	4 yr/ 50,000 miles	4 yr/ 50,000 miles	Yes
CADILLAC BROUGHAM	1 yr/ 12,000 miles	5 yr/ 50,000 miles	$100 after 1 yr/12,000 miles	6 yr/ 60,000 miles	6 yr/ 60,000 miles	6 yr/ 100,000 miles	No
LINCOLN TOWN CAR	1 yr/ 12,000 miles	6 yr/ 60,000 miles	$100 after 1 yr/12,000 miles	6 yr/ 60,000 miles	6 yr/ 60,000 miles	6 yr/ 100,000 miles	Yes
OLDS REGENCY BROUGHAM	1 yr/ 12,000 miles	3 yr/ 36,000 miles	$100 after 1 yr/12,000 miles	6 yr/ 60,000 miles	6 yr/ 60,000 miles	6 yr/ 100,000 miles	No
BUICK ELECTRA PARK AVE.	1 yr/ 12,000 miles	3 yr/ 36,000 miles	$100 after 1 yr/12,000 miles	6 yr/ 60,000 miles	6 yr/ 60,000 miles	6 yr/ 100,000 miles	No

See copies of these limited warranties at their dealers. Restrictions apply.

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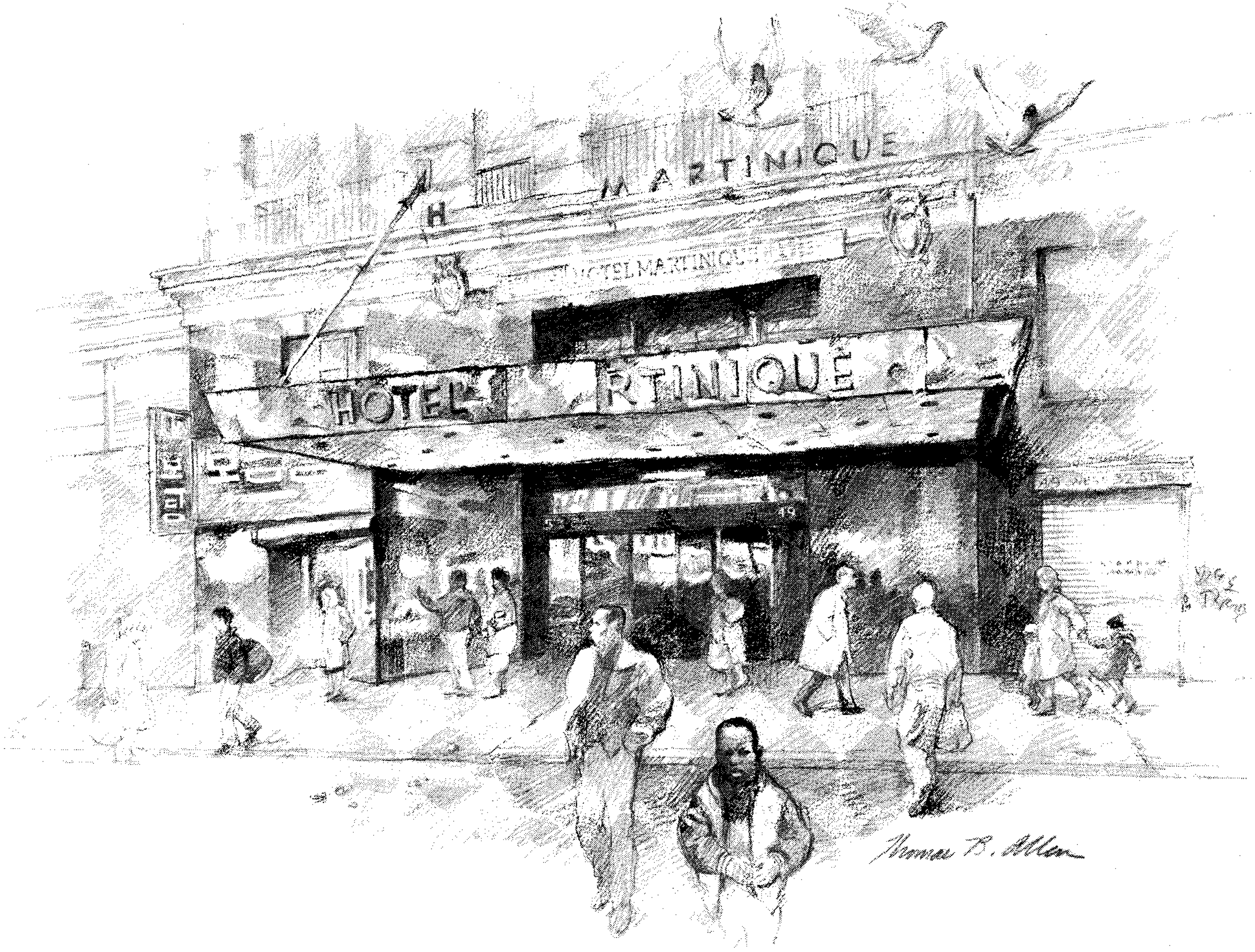
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE HOMELESS AND THEIR CHILDREN—I



IT is possible to picture what a cheerful place the Hotel Martinique might have been at Christmas in the years when Woodrow Wilson was alive and Edward VII was the King of England and there was a czar in Russia and fashionable orchestras played nightly in the hotel's ballroom. A faded brochure from sometime early in the century contains this information: "The Hotel Martinique is located at the intersection of Broadway, Sixth Avenue and Thirty-third Street, and the plaza thus formed is termed Herald or Greeley Square. . . . One block east is Fifth Avenue, the great residential street of New York. Within a radius of three blocks are to be found the greatest of the city's retail stores, making it an ideal headquarters for shoppers. The best theatres are centered in this vicinity, and the two great Opera Houses are within easy walking distance."

Of the Martinique's less formal restaurant, the brochure says, "The Gentlemen's Broadway Cafe is a veritable architectural gem. The walls and columns of Italian marble of brilliant coloring give to this room a richness which is completed by Pompeiian panels of unquestioned merit." More elegant, it seems, was the Louis XVI dining room: "The wainscoting and pilasters are of Circassian walnut, enclosing panels of golden silk tapestry, producing a result described as the most refined public dining-room in the city. No better evidence as to the quality of the cuisine can be given than that the restaurants are filled daily with a patronage of the very highest order. The food is invariably good, the wines of exceptional excellence, and the attendance unobtrusive."

The building, at seventeen stories, was said to tower over all adjacent structures, "furnishing views and a degree of light seldom secured in a city hotel. The sanitary precautions, plumbing, etc., are most complete." Prices, according to the brochure, were three dollars and up a day for room and bath, six dollars and up for bedroom, bath, and parlor. Prices are higher now. The patronage has changed. The Louis XVI dining room, with its Circassian walnut and silk tapestry, is gone. The Italian marble, however, is still there. The attendance remains unobtrusive.

On a winter afternoon, heavy chains secure the doorway of the former ballroom. They are removed to let a dozen people enter at a time. A line of homeless families waiting for lunch extends back into the corridor about two hundred feet. In the semidarkness of the corridor I see adults trying to keep children at their sides. Some of the kids are acting up—yelling, racing back and forth. A few are sitting on the floor. This is the lunch program of the Coalition for the Homeless, which serves meals to hotel residents five days a week. The program is organized by a young man named Thomas Styron. He has enlisted the help of several women living in the building, and today he has enlisted my help, too. One of the women sits by the door and checks off on a list the names of those who enter. Another woman stands behind a table and helps to serve the food. I unpack the boxes that contain the meals. The room is so cold that both women keep their coats on. One has a heavy coat. The other has an unlined Army jacket. She is very thin, and is trembling. I watch the people coming to the table. The children don't avert their eyes, nor do the women. It is the men who seem most scared—grown men in shabby clothes and with nervous hands. They keep their eyes fixed on the floor.

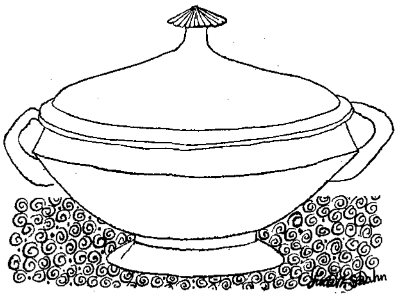
The meal is good: turkey, potatoes, raisins, milk, an orange. It would be enough if it were one of three meals to be eaten that day. For many, however, this will be the only meal. For an adult who has had no breakfast, this is at best a pacifier to fend off hunger pangs until late afternoon. Many of the children have on coats and sweaters. After they eat, some of them come back to the table, timidly. They ask if there are seconds. There are no seconds. Several families at the back of the line have to be turned away. In my pocket I have one enormous apple, which I bought in Herald Square for fifty cents. I give it to a tall Italian man who comes back to the table to request an extra meal. He doesn't eat the apple. He polishes it against his shirt. He turns it in his hand, rubs it some more. I watch him take it back to where he's sitting, with his children: one boy, two little girls.

The Coalition, an organization founded in 1982 to litigate and lobby on behalf of homeless people, buys the lunches from the New York City Board of Education, and therefore the program does not operate when school is not in session. Christmas, for this and other reasons, may be one of the most perilous and isolated times for families in the Martinique Hotel. Christmas is a difficult time for homeless families everywhere in the United States.

The Martinique is not the worst of the hotels for homeless families in New York. Because its tenants have refrigerators—a refrigerator is a precious item for the mother of a newborn—some residents consider it to be one of the better shelters in the city. In visiting the Martinique, one tries to keep this point in mind, but at first it is not easy to imagine something worse. Three members of the New York City Council visited the building in July of 1986, and they were clearly shaken by their experience. "People passing by the hotel have no sense of the tragic dimensions of life inside," a report prepared by the Council's Select Committee on the Homeless said. "Upon entering the hotel, one is greeted by a rush of noise, made in large part by the many small children living there. These children share accommodations with a considerable cockroach and rodent population. The nearly 400 families housed at the Martinique are assisted by just seven HRA [Human Resources Administration] caseworkers, whose efforts to keep in contact with each family—at least once each month—often amount to no more than a note slipped under a door."

The City Council report offers this additional information about the people sheltered at the Martinique: the average family consists of a mother and three children. Thirty-four per cent of the families became homeless after eviction by a landlord, forty-seven per cent after being doubled up with other families or otherwise living in overcrowded conditions, nineteen per cent after living in substandard housing. Fifty per cent of the heads of households reported that they had once held full-time jobs. Seventy per cent had, since coming to the Martinique, visited at least five places to rent that they could not afford or from which they had been turned away by landlords who did not want children or welfare recipients.

The City Council's report describes a family living here for more than a year. The family had previously been staying in a city-owned apartment, when one child, a daughter, became ill from lead-paint poisoning. They were obliged to leave the building to escape the danger to their child's health. In the family's next apartment, the son became ill from lead poisoning. "After six months of shuttling back and forth between hotels and E.A.U.s [emergency-assistance units], the family found itself at the Martinique, where lead paint peels from the ceiling of their room," the report says. It then makes this final observation: "On the day of the Committee's visit, just two elevators were operating. . . . The elevator on which the Committee rode did not operate properly." At the time of my first visit, six months earlier, only one of the four passenger elevators had been operating.



It is difficult to do full justice to the sense of hopelessness one feels on entering the building. It is a haunting experience that is not easily erased by time or cheerful company. The light is dim here, the details are hard to make out. The mere geography of twisting corridors and winding stairs and circular passageways forms a maze that I found indecipherable at first and still find difficult to figure out. After fifty or sixty nights within this building, I have tried but failed to make a floor plan of the place from memory. Something of Dickens' halls of Chancery comes to mind whenever I wander these floors. The knowledge of sorrow, I suppose, and of unbroken dreariness is what dulls the vision and impairs one's faculties of self-location and discernment. If it does this to a visitor, what does it do to those for whom this Chancery is home?

The City Council report notes that the owners of the building are Bernard and Robert Sillins, who also operate two other welfare hotels in Manhattan. The apparent manager (he describes himself as a consultant) is Salvatore J. Tuccelli, whom some of the tenants view with fear. Tuccelli is also a consultant to the Prince George Hotel, on Twenty-eighth Street near Fifth Avenue, the *Daily News* says, but he maintains his office in the Martinique.

The Martinique's lobby is long, high-ceilinged, vast. On the right side as one enters is a sort of guard post, where a visitor must either be signed in by residents or present good reason for being in the building. Even the best reason—meeting with social workers who have an office here—does not guarantee admission. When a guest arrives, a guard must notify the resident being visited, and the guest waits in the lobby for the resident to come downstairs and sign him in. There are fifteen occupied floors above the lobby. There is no bell system. In a recess on the left side of the lobby are two elevators and a winding flight of stairs. Farther back on the left is an alcove that contains a row of public phones. On the right side of the lobby, opposite the phones, is a registration area—a check-in desk, a counter, and a long partition, part of it the original marble, part composed of plastic panels,

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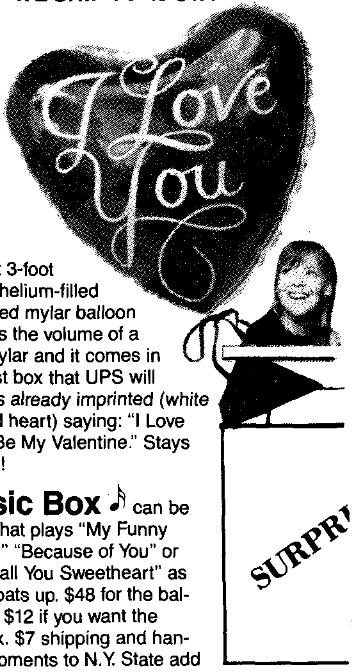

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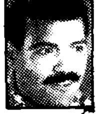

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metal ribs, and wooden slats. Though the wood and plastic give the partition the appearance of a temporary structure, it has been like this for several years, and in this it is suggestive of the place as a whole: a temporary shelter that has now been home to many children for two years and to some for three. At the end of the lobby on the left side are two more elevators and two flights of stairs. On the right side is a laundry room for use by residents.

On the floor above the lobby are two connected banquet rooms, one of them now used for a preschool and for meetings, and the other for the lunch program. Next to these is a room in which crisis workers from H.R.A. and a medical team assigned by the New York City Department of Health have desks and phones. Emergencies of every kind are handled here. The room feels like a safe haven in a number of respects, but chiefly because the people in this room include some of the hardest-working and most devoted souls whom I have ever known. Three of the people who work here have become my friends. They are, I have no doubt, three of the most unselfish, tireless, and overburdened people in New York; but they dispense good cheer and unrestricted love to people in despair, and do so with a reserve of energy that I have rarely seen matched in twenty years of work among poor people in America. Robert Hayes, counsel to the Coalition for the Homeless, speaks, only half jokingly, of "the saints and martyrs" in the homeless cause. "There are the saints," he says, "and then there are the martyrs, who have to put up with the saints." Not all of them are radical activists or volunteers; some of them work for the City of New York, and several of them are at the Martinique.

During the two years that I visited the Martinique, I found it to be the saddest place I had ever been in—partly, no doubt, because of the realization that some twelve hundred children were living there. What is life like for the children in this building? For many, the question may be answered briefly, as their lives will be extremely short. The infant-mortality rate in New York's welfare hotels from 1982 to mid-1984 was twenty-five per thousand—more than twice the national rate, and higher even than the rate in New York's housing projects. At the time of my first visit, in December of 1985, there was one nurse present—in daytime hours only—to meet the health needs of all the people in the building. The children who live at the hotel dwell in rooms devoid of light and fresh air. Play is a part of education, but these children do not have much opportunity for play. Their room doors open onto a narrow corridor; their windows look out on a courtyard strewn with glass, or on the street, or on the wall of an adjacent wing of the hotel. The Empire State Building is two blocks away; if they are well situated, they can gaze at that—and they may have a lot of time to do so. They are children who often have no opportunity for Head Start, the federally supported preschool program. Many of them who are of school age will wait for months before they are assigned to a public school, because of the city's long delays in making school assignments for the homeless. Those who do get into school may find themselves embarrassed by the stigma that attaches to the "dirty baby," as the children of the homeless are described by hospital workers and sometimes regarded by their teachers. Whether they are so thought of or not, they *feel* dirty. Many, because of overflowing sewage in their bathrooms, *are* dirty, and bring the smell of destitution with them into class.

These are children who write letters each December to a Santa Claus who sometimes has no chance to answer. If their mothers or social workers are attentive, they may get a Christmas present from the Fire Department or the *Daily News*. They receive used clothes from volunteers, emergency food from crisis workers, pocket change sometimes from pedestrians in Herald Square. If the children are awake at night, they may hear their mothers pray. Some of the mothers pray a great deal more than other people I have met. There are Bibles in most of the rooms. Many of the occupants, however, cannot read.

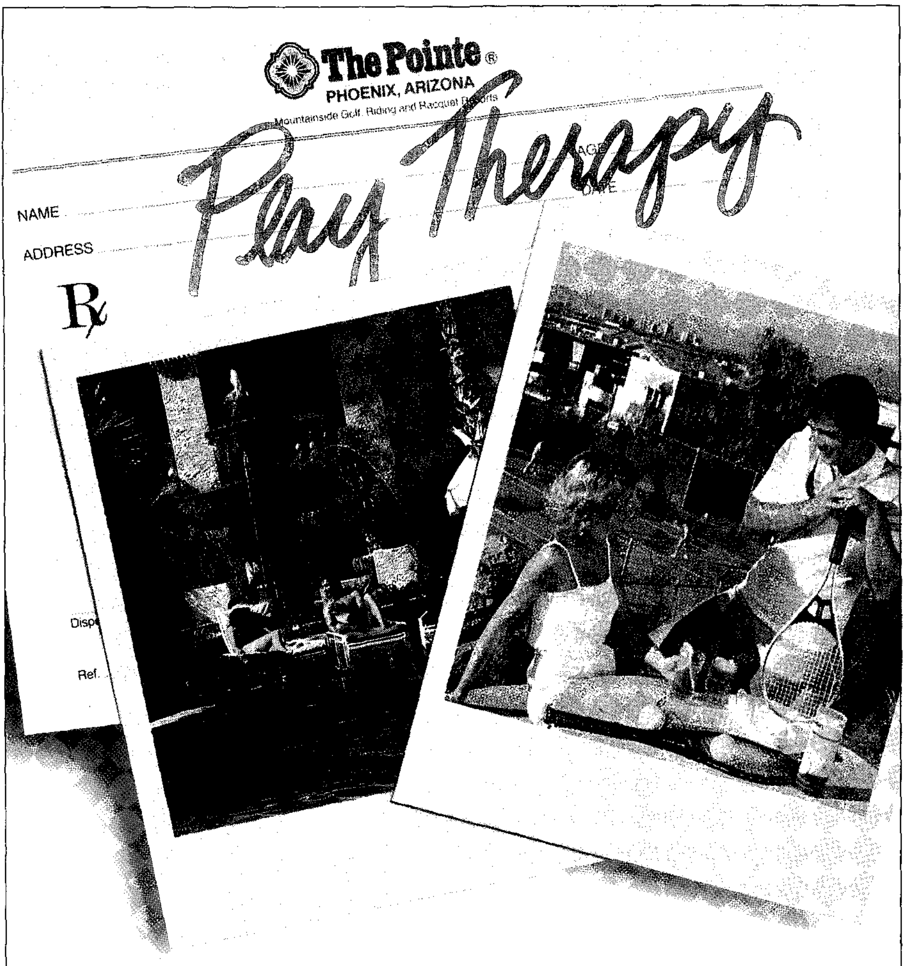
AFTER two nights of visiting the Martinique, I have met about a dozen families. I was told by homeless advocates that people here would be reluctant to confide in someone they didn't know, and perhaps they ought to be reluctant, but this hasn't proved to be the case. I ask some questions to begin each conversation. How did you end up here? How do you manage? What do you long for? What may happen next? The mechanical matters are answered quickly. People in pain move to the heart of things more rapidly than I expect.

In a small room on the ninth floor, there is a mood of resignation and a smell of unwashed clothes. The room contains two beds, one by the door and the other next to a window, which faces the inside court of the hotel. There is no place to sit except the floor or the beds. Gwendolyn Abington, who is thirty years old, sits on one of the beds with her two children—a boy of two and a girl of eight. (Her name, some other names, and certain details have been changed.) I sit on the floor.

"I was the youngest child in my family," Mrs. Abington tells me. "My father was a seaman, so he was away from home for many years. He died when I was a young girl. I was a serious student, and I graduated from Jamaica High, in Queens. I had worked since I was seventeen. I did private-duty nursing, taking care of chronically ill people. When I graduated, I received a scholarship to Stony Brook"—the State University of New York at Stony Brook, Long Island. "I wanted to become a surgical nurse. What I *would* have wanted, to be honest, was to be a surgeon. I have dreamed of this for many years. I dream about it still. In my dream, I see myself as I had hoped to be: wearing the green robe. But I did not think that I could go so far; it would have taken many years."

Mrs. Abington speaks in a beautiful voice about her interrupted dreams. "I had already had one child," she says. "I had done a year and a half at Stony Brook when, suddenly, my mother became ill. I was needed in my mother's house. I nursed my mother. I could not accept that she was dying. I loved my mother. She was the entire world to me. And then she passed. It turned out to be cancer. In a month's time, she was gone. This was the hardest thing that I had known. I was grown, a married woman with a child, but I felt that I was drawn back to my childhood. My mother was my idol. I was scared to go on in the world alone. I believe I had a nervous breakdown, but I was too sick to understand. I did not realize what was wrong. My brothers took me to the priest. The priest said that my mother had been taken from me as a punishment, because I loved her more than I loved God. I believe I went into a long withdrawal. I did not know what was happening to me. The priest said they should take me to the burial plot. It was very difficult for me. I had to know that she was gone."

Mrs. Abington continues, "My hus-



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band and I had purchased a three-family house in Queens. We had tenants. It was our home. When I was ill, I couldn't work. We couldn't meet the payments. They foreclosed. Being here, you fight against depression. You know that you are in a struggle, and you know you cannot yield. This is what you have to tell yourself: This is your home. *This is home.* If it's the Martinique Hotel, it is your home. After you're living here a while, you begin to lose hold of your dream. You start to tell yourself that it's forever: 'This is it. It isn't going to change. It can't get worse. It isn't going to get better.' So you start to lose the courage to fight back. You do spend a lot of time in line. You spend a whole day at the washer. You spend another whole day at the welfare. You go there at 9 A.M. You wait sometimes until five in the afternoon. When you have been living here two years, wouldn't you think that they could have that check all ready when you come?

"Then, you also have to look for housing. Since I come from Queens, I go there on the train. I walk for hours. I am looking for a house I can afford. Welfare allows me two hundred and forty-four dollars for apartment rent. I look. I make appointments. I go out there every morning, once my daughter goes to school. I take the baby with me. If it was three hundred and fifty or four hundred dollars, I'd be out of here by now. It's not easy to find a place to rent for two hundred and forty-four dollars."

William Abington, Gwendolyn's husband, lives with her at the Martinique. Forbidden to live with his family openly, he lives here by the subterfuge that the welfare system imposes on almost every father. He's earning a small salary from part-time work. It's not enough to pay prevailing rents in New York City, and it wouldn't be enough to handle the expense of food and clothes and health care for the children and for his wife. If welfare officials knew that he was here, however, Mrs. Abington might lose her welfare check, her food stamps, and Medicaid; she might also be deemed ineligible to stay at the Martinique. Forced to sneak and lie, she and her husband feel soiled by the deception that they must carry out in order to remain together as a family.

The Abingtons are on a list for public housing. Something they do not know is that some two hundred thousand names are on that list ahead of theirs. They believe that if they do things right they will soon be living in a housing project—they do not know that at the present rate of placement the waiting period is eighteen years. Mrs. Abington, driven by economic forces she cannot control and is not sufficiently informed to understand, obeys the rules, fills out the forms, goes each day to search for an apartment that she cannot afford, diligently combing a diminished housing market in which minimal rents exceed the limit she's permitted by at least a hundred dollars.

While she and I are speaking, her husband, heavily dressed against the cold, knocks and comes into the room. He removes a woollen cap, stoops down beside the bed, picks up the baby, and, while he holds him in one arm, extends his other arm to shake my hand. Deferring to his wife, he lets her talk. He takes the baby over to the bed beside the window, cradles him, and looks outside.

"Schoolwise, this is hard for her," Mrs. Abington says, pointing to the eight-year-old beside her. "She went to Head Start and parochial school in Queens." The child now attends school in Manhattan. "Here she has thirty-three children in her class. I follow everything—her lessons, her homework, and her grades. For these children I have the highest hopes. I tell the principal I want my son to go to college and become a doctor. I tell him that I want my daughter to become a nurse. He says to me, 'Well, Mrs. Abington, certain children can adjust to this and certain children can't.' I do not know if they should adjust to something if it's bad.

"That's my Bible on the bed behind you. My daughter has her Bible, too. I know the Bible very well. The Bible is what taught me how to read. When I read those 'thee's and 'thou's, I have this dream: God comes to me. He calls me 'thee.' I call Him 'Thou.' I tell myself that God is speaking to me. Yes. I do believe in God. I am a Catholic. There is a Franciscan church on Thirty-first Street. I go there when I'm feeling scared. On Sundays, I prefer to go back to my church in Queens. It was my mother's church, and I was baptized in that church. My mother is buried in the cemetery there."

SINCE 1980, homelessness has changed its character. What was once a theatre of the grotesque—shopping-bag ladies in Grand Central Terminal, winos sleeping in the dusty

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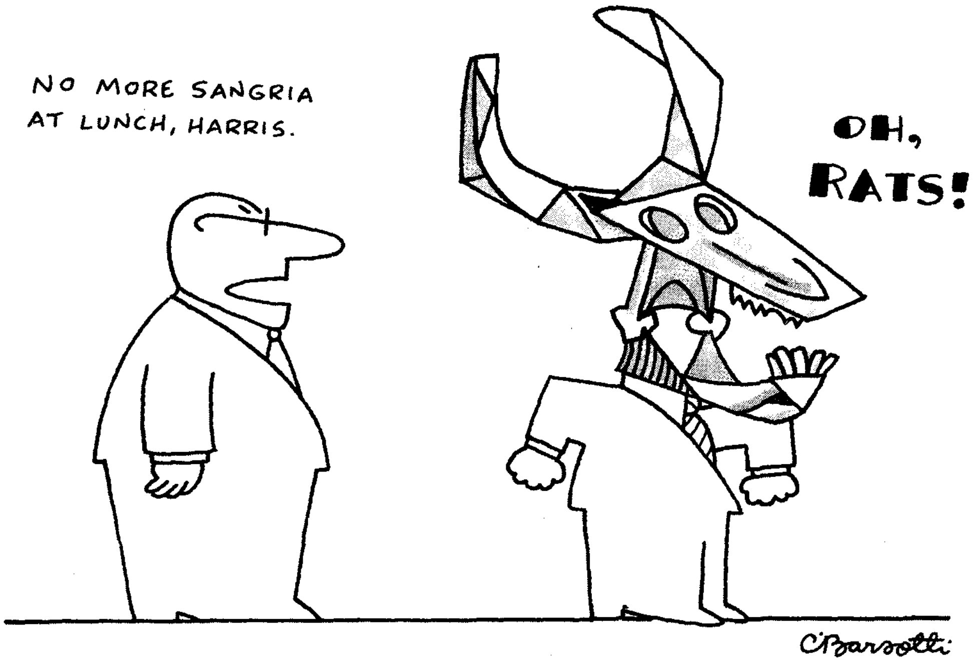
sun outside the Greyhound station in El Paso—has grown into the common misery of millions. "This is a new population," an advocate for the homeless in Massachusetts said not long ago. "Many are people who were working all their lives. When they lose their jobs, they lose their homes. When they lose their homes, they start to lose their families, too." Even in New York City, which has a more or less permanent population of long-term unemployed, fifty per cent of the people who were served at city shelters during 1984 were there for the first time. Roughly the same percentage holds throughout the nation.


NO MORE SANGRIA AT LUNCH, HARRIS.
OH, RATS!
CBarsotti

From any point of view, the most chilling fact is that families with small children have become the fastest-growing sector of the homeless. Today, there are twenty-eight thousand homeless people in emergency shelters in New York City. (Forty thousand more are believed by Robert Hayes to be living in abandoned buildings, public places, or the streets.) Of those twenty-eight thousand, ten thousand are single; eighteen thousand are parents and children, making up about five thousand families. The average homeless family includes one parent and two or three children. The number of homeless children in the shelters comes to over twelve thousand. The average age of these homeless children is six, the average age of the mothers twenty-seven. The number of homeless children not living in shelters is not known, but informal surveys indicate that there are many. In one abandoned building on the lower East Side, which I visited on a recent evening when the temperature went down below fifteen degrees, there were six children, the youngest of whom was two years old, trying to sleep beneath a blanket on the floor.

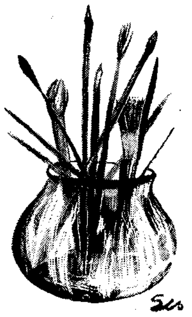
In Massachusetts, children and their parents constituted three-fourths of all the homeless in 1986. In certain parts of Massachusetts, ninety to ninety-five per cent of those who have no homes are families with children. Homeless people are poor people. Forty per cent of the poor people in America are children, though children make up just under twenty-seven per cent of the population. The number of children living in poverty has grown to thirteen million—an increase of two million over 1968—while Aid to Families with Dependent Children benefits have declined by a third. Seven hundred thousand poor children, of whom a hundred thousand have no health insurance, live in New York City. Approximately twenty per cent of New York City's children lived in poverty in 1970, thirty-three per cent in 1980, over forty per cent by 1982.

In the past seven years, homelessness has become a nationwide phenomenon. The homeless are not just in midtown Manhattan. They are also in the streets of Phoenix, Salt Lake City, Philadelphia, San Antonio, Miami, and St. Paul. They are in the Steel Belt. They are in the Sun Belt. They are in Kansas City and in Seattle. In Denver, where evictions rose eight hundred per cent in 1982—a consequence of unemployment, insufficient numbers of low-income housing units, and the influx of poor families seeking work that they could not find in the East—hundreds of families were locked into waiting lists for public housing. Many were forced to live in shelters or on the streets. In Cleveland, in one classic situation, a worker's being laid off caused the loss of his home and then the dissolution of his family: the worker's mother had to move in with other relatives; his wife and children ended up on welfare; he landed in a public shelter when he wasn't sleeping under a bridge. In January of 1983, the Salvation Army in Cleveland was obliged to open two soup kitchens in blue-collar neighborhoods that housed traditional white ethnic populations. In December of 1982, an editorial in the Milwaukee *Journal* said, "The homeless in our midst are no longer mainly urban hobos and bag ladies. In recent months, joblessness has pushed heretofore self-reliant families into this subculture." In Michigan in 1982, the loss of jobs in heavy industry forced Governor William Milliken to declare a state of "human emergency"—a declaration that other governors may now have to contemplate.

The federal Department of Health and Human Services, relying for its figures on groups that represent the homeless, suggested late in 1983 that there were up to two million homeless people in the United States. Diminished numbers of low-income housing units and diminished welfare grants during the four years since may give credence to a current estimate, accepted by the Coalition for the Homeless, of three million people. Whatever the number in fact is, government agencies appear to understate the matter and so justify inaction—or, in this case, negative action, in the form of federal cuts in housing programs for low-income families.

During hearings held in 1984, officials in the Department of Housing and Urban Development puzzled congressional leaders by estimating the number of homeless people nationwide at two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty thousand. The study from which HUD's estimate was drawn had suggested a range of numbers as high as five hundred and eighty-six thousand, but the HUD report, released in May of 1984, drew attention only to the lower numbers. A hearing before the House Subcommittee on

Housing and Community Development revealed serious flaws in the HUD study, and subsequent investigations indicated that HUD had "pressured its consultants to keep the estimates low," according to the urban planner Chester Hartman, of the Institute for Policy Studies. The subcommittee chairman, Henry Gonzalez, Democrat of Texas, charged HUD officials with "collusion" in attempting to minimize the problem. HUD's researchers, for example, presented a low estimate of twelve thousand homeless people in New York City on a given night in January of 1984, yet on that night more than sixteen thousand people had received shelter in the city—and that figure did not include the many people in abandoned buildings or the streets, who had received no shelter. Representative Gonzalez termed HUD's study intentionally deceptive.



Estimates made by shelter operators in twenty-one selected cities in September of 1986, in response to a survey by the Coalition for the Homeless, came to a total of two hundred and five thousand people. This sampling did not include Chicago, San Francisco, Houston, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Atlanta, Pittsburgh, St. Paul, San Diego, and Detroit. With estimates from these and other major cities added, the total would have exceeded four hundred thousand. And that figure excludes the metropolitan areas around these cities, and also excludes those middle-sized cities in which the loss of industrial jobs has left hundreds of thousands of people without work that can support a family. Though technically not unemployed, most of these people and their families live in economic situations so precarious that they cannot meet the basic costs of life—particularly rent, which in all these cities has skyrocketed. Nor does the figure include the rural areas of the Midwest and the Plains states, the oil towns of the Southwest, the Southern states from which assembly plants and textile industries have fled, or lumber counties such as those in Oregon and Maine. The number of homeless people in those areas, added to the major-city totals, would bring a cautious national count of the homeless in 1986 to more than a million and a half.

It is, of course, impossible to count homeless people accurately, because they are so difficult to find. That fact is intrinsic to their plight. They have no address beyond a shelter bed, a room number, a tent, a bench in a bus station. My own sense is that the number is between two and three million. But if we also count those people whom housing organizers call the hidden homeless—families doubled up illegally with other families, and both families thus in danger of being evicted—we are speaking of much larger numbers. In 1983, New York City housing officials estimated that seventeen thousand families were doubled up illegally in public housing. By the spring of 1986, the number had jumped to at least thirty-five thousand. If private housing is included, the number had risen to more than a hundred thousand by November of 1986. If we accept the New York City estimate of three or four family members in each low-income household, the total number of people (as opposed to families) doubled up in public and private housing in New York City is now above three hundred thousand. The road from doubling up to homelessness was made explicit in a study commissioned by David Dinkins, the Manhattan Borough President, which was released in March of 1987. At least fifty per cent of the families entering New York City shelters had previously doubled up. Nationwide, more than three million families are now living doubled up.

It is not only families doubled up—or tripled up—who are in danger of eviction. Any family with a monthly income below twelve hundred dollars which pays rent or makes a mortgage payment that exceeds half of that income is in serious danger. More than six million American households pay half or more of their income for rent. Of these, four million seven hundred thousand pay sixty per cent or more. Of homeowners with mortgages, two million pay half or more of their income for housing. If these households are added to the ones that are doubled up, it appears that more than ten million families may be living near the edge of homelessness in the United States.

While there are a number of familiar explanations for the rise in homelessness—family breakdown, drugs, a culture of poverty, teen-age pregnancies, the underclass—none of these are the cause of homelessness. The cause of homelessness is a lack of affordable housing. In 1984, the National Housing Law Project estimated that half a million units of low-income housing were being lost every year—to condominium or co-op conversion, abandonment, arson, demolition. Between 1978 and 1980, median rents rose thirty per cent for households with incomes below three thousand dollars. Half of these people paid nearly three-quarters of their income for their housing. Forced to choose between housing and food, many families in this situation soon were driven to the streets. That was only a beginning. After 1980, rents rose at even faster rates. In Boston, between 1982 and 1984 more than eighty per cent of the housing units renting for less than three hundred dollars a month disappeared, while the number of units renting for over six hundred dollars more than doubled.

By the end of 1983, the vacancy rate averaged only one to two per cent in San Francisco, Boston, and New York. By 1987, vacancies in low-income rental units in New York City averaged less than one per cent. In Boston in 1985, they were considered too low to measure—perhaps half of one per cent. Landlords saw this seller's market as an invitation to raise rents. The number of evictions grew. In 1983, in New York City, which then had a total of nearly two million rental units, there were almost half a million legal actions for eviction. Half of these actions were against people on welfare, four-fifths of whom were paying rents above the maximum allowed by welfare. Rent allowances provided by welfare in New York were frozen for a decade at the levels set in 1975. They were increased by twenty-five per cent in 1984, but meanwhile rents had nearly doubled. From 1981 to 1987, the White House cut virtually all federal funds for building or rehabilitating low-income housing. Federal support for low-income housing dropped from thirty-two billion dollars to nine billion in those years. "We're getting out of the housing business. Period," a HUD official said in 1985. The consequences are seen in every city of America.

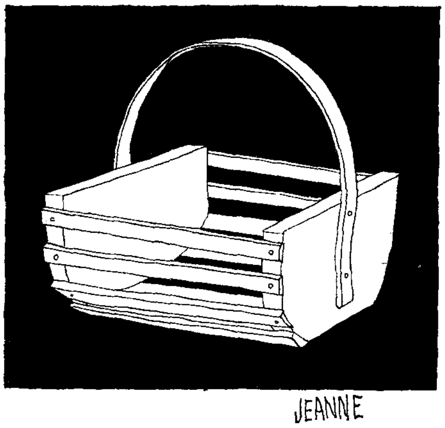
Another factor contributing to the homeless problem, as Chester Hartman has observed, is the unique nature of housing. One pays for housing well in advance: the entire month's rent must be paid on the first day of the rental period. One pays for food only a short time before it is eaten.

Housing is a nondivisible and not easily adjustable expenditure. "One cannot pay less rent for the next few months by not using the living room," Hartman observes. By contrast, one can readily adjust one's food consumption—by buying less expensive food, or eating less, or skipping meals. "At least in the short run, the consequences of doing so are not severe," Hartman notes. The cost of losing housing and then paying for reëntry into the housing system, on the other hand, is very high, involving utility and rent deposits that sometimes come to twice or three times a month's rent. For these reasons, one may make a seemingly "rational" decision to allocate scarce funds to food, clothing, health care, transportation, or the search for jobs, only to discover that one cannot pay the rent. "Some two and a half million people are displaced annually from their homes," Hartman writes in a 1986 article titled "The Housing Part of the Homelessness Problem." While some find other housing, and some move in with friends or relatives, the genesis of epidemic and increasing homelessness is there.

As families have been compelled to choose between feeding their children and paying their rent, homelessness has taken on the characteristics of a state of captivity. Economic recovery has not relieved this crisis. Adults whose skills are obsolete have no role in a revived free market. "The new poor are not being recalled to their former jobs because their former plants are not being reopened, and their temporary layoffs are from dying industries," according to a report issued by the United States Conference of Mayors in 1986. Two million jobs in steel, textiles, and other industries have disappeared each year since 1979, according to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Nearly half of all the new jobs that were created between 1979 and 1985 pay poverty-level wages.

Increased prosperity among the affluent, meanwhile, raises the profit motive for the conversion of low-income properties to superior dwellings. The Conference of Mayors noted in its 1986 report that central-city renewal had caused increased dispossession of the poor. The illusion of recovery, therefore, has the ironic consequence of worsening the status of the homeless and the near-homeless while diluting explanations for their presence and removing explanations for their indigence. Moreover, congressional research indicates that the crisis of the homeless is likely to grow worse. The House Committee on Government Operations noted in April of 1985 that because of the long advance time needed for a federally assisted housing program to be terminated the United States had yet to experience the full impact of federal cuts in housing aid. It stated its belief that "current federal housing policies, combined with the continuing erosion of the private inventory of low-income housing, will add to the growth of homelessness." The "harshest consequences," it noted, are "yet to come." In the next decade, according to the *Times*, "over half a million low- and moderate-income families may be ousted from federally subsidized apartments built in the 1960's and 1970's," as subsidized units are returned to private market rentals. A 1987 housing study financed by Congress and carried out by Phillip Clay, an associate professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, indicates that nearly nineteen million Americans could be homeless by the year 2003.

While no American city does enough to mitigate the problems of the homeless, New York does more than any other city I have visited. In 1987, New York spent two hundred and seventy-four million dollars to provide emergency shelter to its homeless population. Of this sum, about a hundred and fifty million dollars was assigned to homeless families with children. Nonetheless, the growth in numbers of dispossessed families far outpaces city allocations. In 1978, nine hundred families were given shelter in New York on any given night; by 1984, the number was twenty-nine hundred; by the end of 1985, it was four thousand; and by the spring of 1987 it was five thousand. The city believes that the number will reach six thousand by the end of 1988. With an average of 2.3 children in each homeless family in New York, and with a significant number of two-parent families in the group (many men, not appearing in a woman's welfare budget, have not been recorded), these estimates suggest that over twenty thousand family members will be homeless in New York by 1989. This does not include the estimated increase in the number of homeless *individuals* (eleven thousand or more) who will be given shelter by next year; nor does it include some forty thousand people who will find their shelter in abandoned buildings, cellars, subway tunnels, and train stations, or remain out in the streets. Nor does it include the hidden homeless (over three hundred thousand). By 1990, the total of the actual homeless, added to the swelling numbers of the hidden homeless, may approach half a million in New York City. The population of the city is seven million.



Annie Harrington is lying on her bed in the Martinique Hotel. The room is small and airless and, although there are no chairs or tables, every space is filled by clothes, cooking utensils, books, or beds. Meals are eaten on the floor. There is no fire escape. Mrs. Harrington has severe asthma. It frightens her, and her fear is realistic. Her father died of asthma several years ago. Her daughter, Eleanor, who is six, suffers from it, too. Mrs. Harrington's asthma has become much worse since she moved to the Martinique, ten months ago. Tension contributes to it, she believes, but it becomes worse instantly when she has to climb stairs. Her room is on the fourteenth floor. Despite continual requests, the hotel refuses to allow her to move to a lower floor.

Every time Mrs. Harrington has to go downstairs to the lobby to use the phone (and she is obliged to get in touch with real-estate agents on a regular basis in order to live up to the welfare department's requirement of "searching for a home"), she has to carry her year-and-a-half-old baby, Edward, on her hip, and then she has to climb all fourteen floors unless she wants to wait twenty minutes for an elevator. She has been taken to Bellevue three times for treatment of her asthma after carrying groceries upstairs. On this evening, Mrs. Harrington is in a state of misery with which I can identify, for I have asthma, too. Climbing to her room, as I've done many times, forces me to use an inhalator. Mrs. Harrington's husband, Robert, is a student in a computer course; he somehow manages to get his homework done in this room. He seems to be tender and patient and a bit in awe of her. They have been married seven years and have three children—Eleanor, Doby, who is seven, and Edward. For some reason, this has been a harder week for her than usual. She has had several bad attacks of asthma. While I'm in the room, she starts to cry. Her husband holds her, and the children stand and stare. She asks him to leave her for a while. He tries to dissuade her, joking about something, but she's stubborn. "Let me be alone." He puts on a sweater and a coat, shrugs, scoops up a notebook, and goes out.

When I go back a few days later, Mr. Harrington is reading on the bed beside the window. Mrs. Harrington is leaning on her elbow on the bottom bunk bed near the door. She is twenty-seven, but she looks like a teen-ager. Her husband is the same age but seems older. "It's been four years we've been in and out of the hotels," she says. "Here for ten months. It seems like ten years."

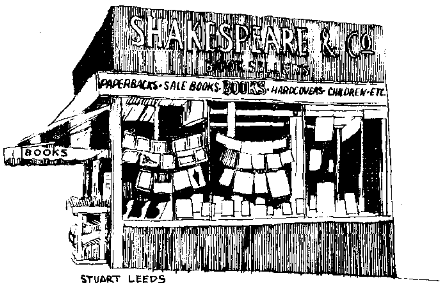
Annie and Robert grew up in New York City. She completed the tenth grade in the New York public schools and worked as a food caterer. She met her husband when he was in the Army. He had finished high school in New York but did not have skills enough to find a job. The Army had offered to provide him with an education and job preparation, and he had believed in the offer. They lived for three years at a military base in Texas. When his service was completed, he could not find permanent work. The training he had been given in the Army was too limited to prepare him for a civilian job. He found some part-time jobs, but while these were sufficient to support two children in the South, they were not enough to pay for housing in New York. He makes some money now by working in a hospital while taking classes in the afternoon and studying at night to finish his computer course.

"He gets back from class at suppertime," Mrs. Harrington says to me. "After supper, he helps me with the children. He's *good* with the children. He tries to do the things a father should. He helps them with homework, helps me to bathe them, tells them stories, gets them into bed. Once they're asleep, he does his books. He'll be working up to three or four."

Doby, who has brown eyes magnified by thick lenses in big horn-rimmed frames, is an earnest little boy. One of the workers in the crisis center calls him "an owl—bright and studious." But he's a year behind his proper grade, because he missed so many months of school during the time in which the family was shunted from one shelter to another. He comes into the crisis center with his briefcase after school each afternoon and climbs onto the lap of one of the good-natured crisis workers. His father cuddles him a lot, scolds him a little, and seems amused by almost everything he does. The parents bought him and his sister heavy clothes and winter boots for Christmas.

"We had no money for a Christmas tree or toys," Mrs. Harrington says. "We buy them what they need, so they will not feel different from the other kids at school. All the money that we have, it goes to them. They're *nice* kids. They deserve it."

Mrs. Harrington receives thirteen dollars from welfare every two weeks to pay the travel costs of hunting for an apartment, but the rental limit for a family of four in New York City is two hundred and seventy dollars a month, and she knows, after four years of searching, that she'll never find a home unless the limit is increased. "Places I see, they want three hundred and fifty, four hundred, five hundred dollars," she tells me. "Out in Jamaica recently, I met an older lady. She had seen me crying, so she asked me, 'What's the matter?' I explained to her how long I had been looking for a home. She said, 'Well, I own a couple of apartments.' The rental was three hundred and sixty-five dollars. She said that she would skip the extra month and the deposit. I had told her what my husband does—my children. I had Doby with me. I believe she took a liking to me. So I was excited. Happy! And she handed me the lease and proof of ownership and told me I should take them to my worker, and she gave me her phone number. A nice lady. And you see—you do forget what is your *situation*. You forget that you are poor. It's like a dream: This lady likes me and we're going to have a home! My worker denied me for three hundred and sixty-five dollars. I was denied. My social worker is a nice man, but he said, 'I have to tell you, Mrs. Harrington. Your limit is two hundred and seventy dollars.' Then I thought of this: The difference is only ninety-five dollars. I'll make it up out of my food allowance. We can lighten up on certain things. Not for the children but ourselves. We'll eat less food at first. Then I can get a job. Robert will finish his computer course. They told me no. I was denied."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She continues, "Do you know that they are paying nineteen hundred dollars every month for me to stay here? Sixty-three dollars every night. So for two nights you'd have the ninety-five dollars right there. I told my social worker that. I said it doesn't make sense, and he agreed with me, but he is not the one who made the rules. Next Tuesday is my birthday. I'm just praying God that somebody will offer me a home. Just go to some kind of real-estate agent or broker and explain myself. Even if I have to start a little crying. Somebody will think, This family isn't going to destroy my place. They are nice people. And he'll offer me a lease."

At first, I think that she means this is her daydream. But it turns out that this really is her plan. "I'm planning to wear my pleated skirt, my white blouse, my navy jacket, and— I won't wear heels, I'll wear these shoes." She shows me flat, plain shoes that have a Saks Fifth Avenue label. "I have had these shoes for thirteen years. I take good care of things. My mother got them on sale for me when I was a teen-ager."

Under the pillow Mrs. Harrington is leaning on is a pack of Newport cigarettes. She smokes constantly while we talk, and she tells me that she cannot get herself to stop, even though she knows that smoking makes her asthma worse. She says it cuts her hunger.

"Last night, I had a dream of an apartment," she says. "It was so real I keep on thinking that I went there in my sleep. My daughter had her own room, pink and white, with something up over the bed. A *canopy* is what it's called, I think. The boys, they had to share a room. I painted that room blue; there was a spread over the bed that Doby slept in—it had football pictures on it. My kitchen had a phone, a stove, refrigerator, toaster—all those nice things. My dining-room table was glass and it was simple, plain, and clean. In my living room I had a pretty couch and lots of books, a big bookshelf, and there were plants beside the window, and the floor was a parquet floor, and it was waxed. My bedroom had a nice brass bed, a lot of books there, too, and pillows covered with fresh linens, and the drapes were nice bright colors. Yellow. Like the linens. And the neighborhood was clean. The neighborhood was nice. The neighbors liked me. And the landlord liked me, too. He said that we could use the back yard, so we bought a grill to barbecue outside on summer nights. Then I woke up. And all my dreams, all my wishing, it went down the drain. It was a dream. Four years ago, I used to be the happiest girl you'd ever see. You'd see me smiling. I'm not happy anymore. Four years of my life went down the drain. Four years are gone. I lost it. Things inside of me, not things that you could see. *Inside* things, I lost it. I don't have it in my *inside* anymore.”

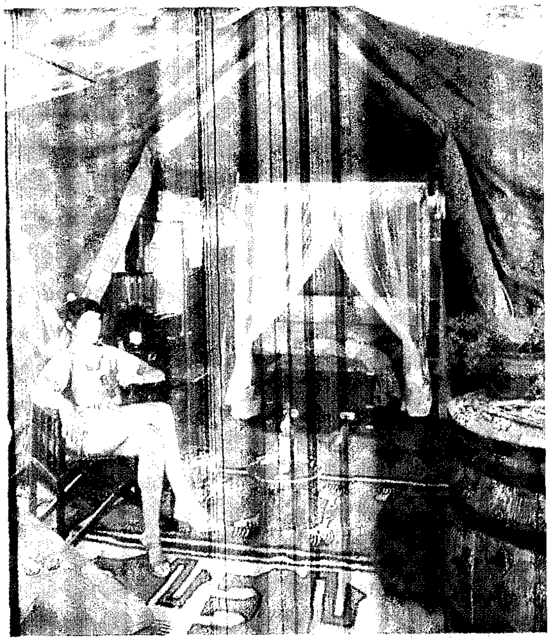
d. eurenberg

She starts to cry. “Yesterday, I had to be at welfare. A lady came in with a little baby. She was sitting there all day. All she asked was for a place to take her baby so that they could sleep. They're probably still sitting there right now—or at the E.A.U. A tiny baby. All day long, I look at them. I sit there and I shake my head. I'm thinking, Years ago they built those projects, and this lady and her baby, they would have been put into a nice apartment in those projects. Do they build those places now? I read in the paper they are building something called mixed-income housing, and I studied it real close and what it said is that it's for the moderate, the middle, and the poor. They gave an income, an amount of money, for ‘the middle’ and ‘the moderate’ and another for ‘the poor.’ The poor were people who had fifteen thousand dollars. I said to myself, ‘That isn't poor. That isn't no way near where I am at. What good will that do for somebody like me?’ If they'd just fix up some of these places, boarded buildings, they're all over—they are *every*place you go in New York City—I would love it. It doesn't need to have a back yard. It doesn't need to have no pretty floor. It doesn't even need to have a porch. It could be by dumpside city and it wouldn't bother me. I'd pay no mind if it had rats and broken windows just so long as it had heat. Do you know, I have filled out so many applications. Section 8. Public housing. Subsidized housing. There's a million of these things. They have us filling out these applications all our lives. Why don't they fix those buildings?”

She pauses, and then says, “A home to me would be like this: You have your dinner at the same time, all together. You go out together—yeah, you go out to play bingo. Go to the ice cream, to the movies. Then you all go home together. You sit down in peace together. You read together. You say your prayers together. You go to sleep together, and you don't have to be scared there'll be a fire. Here in this building, I don't sleep. What's on my mind? I'm thinking, There's so many people, trash piled around. What if there's a fire on my floor? There's no fire escape outside this window. I'm on the fourteenth floor. To me it feels like prison.”

As I continued to visit the Martinique, I began to wonder how a family stayed together under such adverse conditions. There is a wealth of literature about the loss of certain values that provide cohesion for the family in American society. Less is written about the role played by society itself in the undoing of those family ties which often do prevail somehow under even the most damaging conditions. How do bureaucratic regulations in themselves conspire to annihilate a family?

Mrs. Harrington says that her husband has to live with her illegally. Because of her asthma, she cannot go down to the lobby each night to sign him in. He has to sneak in past the guards, unless a guard who knows him will allow him to sign in. Employees of the city's Human Resources Administration tell me that the rules about cohabitation are erratically applied. Their application depends to some degree on the caprice of social workers. If a man is already on a woman's welfare budget when she first applies for shelter, and if they have children, he may be allowed to live with her. If he isn't on her budget but can prove that he is her husband or the father of her child, he may be included in her budget at the time of placement in a shelter. “However, it is always *very* hard to get a husband on a woman's budget,” one social worker has told me. “In any case, if he is working she will forfeit benefits, and if



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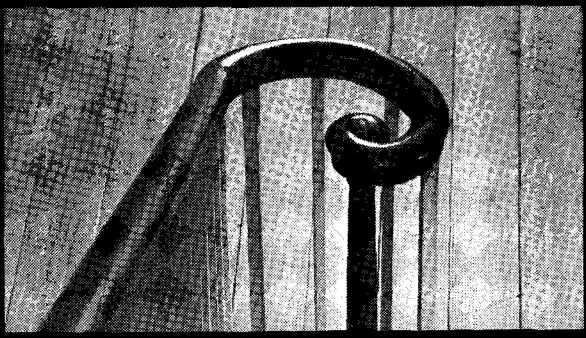

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his earnings are concealed and then discovered she will find that her case is closed." Because the jobs available to men like Robert Harrington are unlikely to be permanent, rarely offer health insurance, and couldn't support a family in New York, the forfeiture of benefits (or, worse, removal from the welfare rolls entirely) poses unacceptable risks. Thus, loyal fatherhood is a fiscal liability. The father becomes extinct within his family. If he wants to see his children, he must sign in as a stranger. In some cases, husbands are obliged to pay to visit with their children. In the Hotel Carter, on West Forty-third Street, for example, a woman I interviewed in 1986 told me that husbands had to pay the hotel twelve dollars and forty cents for the right to spend an evening with their families. Friends or other relatives had to pay even more, she said. If grandparents wanted to spend an evening with their daughter and their grandchildren, they paid sixteen dollars and seventy cents. This policy is consistent with an ethos honored citywide.

Other fiscal disincentives for family cohesion are even more severe: New York will spend a great deal less to support a child under the Aid to Families with Dependent Children program (A.F.D.C.) in the home of its real mother than to subsidize that child in a foster home. In 1986, a twelve-year-old child living at home in New York City was allocated a maximum of two hundred and sixty-two dollars a month for all food, clothes, and rent expenses. If this child were taken from its mother for "abuse or neglect" and placed in foster care, the monthly allocation would be six hundred and thirty-one dollars. If the placement were routine—not for abuse or neglect or any other failure of the parent—the child would be allocated about four hundred and ten dollars. The A.F.D.C. allocation will be increased to about three hundred dollars monthly in 1988, but foster-care grants in cases of alleged abuse or neglect will rise nearly five times as much, to almost eight hundred dollars monthly. Financially, poor children in New York are better off without their mothers.

WHEN a family in New York finds itself without housing, it can report to an income-maintenance—welfare—center operated by H.R.A. If the center cannot offer shelter before evening, the family goes to one of a number of emergency-assistance units, or E.A.U.s, which are open all night and on weekends. The E.A.U. assigns the family either to a barracks-style shelter, often called a congregate shelter, or to a hotel. For several years, city policy has been to send such families to a barracks shelter first, on the assumption that the publicized discomforts of these places—the inability of residents to sleep or to dress in privacy, for instance—will discourage families doubled up or living in substandard buildings from requesting shelter.

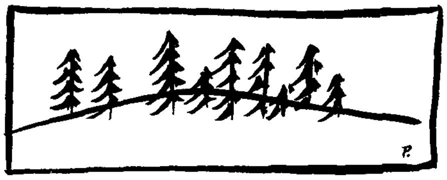
Once families are placed in such a shelter, many are obliged to go back to their welfare center in the morning, in an effort to restore welfare benefits lost sometime earlier. Many end up at an E.A.U. at night, hoping for assignment to a safer shelter. After the barracks, the next stopping place is likely to be one of a large number of "short-term" hotels—some of which are called "hot sheet" hotels, because they rent rooms by the hour to prostitutes—where a family may spend a night, a weekend, or part of a week, after which it goes back to the E.A.U., in the hope of being given a less temporary placement. This hope is generally disappointed. "Instead, the homeless family often must stay at another short-term hotel for a few days before returning to the E.A.U.," according to the 1986 study by the New York City Council. "This cycle can continue for months, even years." At this point, the luckier families are sometimes placed in a "twenty-eight-day hotel." The time limit has been established by a number of hotels, in order to deny the family occupancy rights, which take effect after a stay of thirty days, and which give the family some protection if it should be threatened with eviction. After this interval, the family goes back to an E.A.U. once more, again hoping to be placed in one of the long-term hotels.

There are, however, hundreds of families who for various reasons have received no immediate placement and have had to spend weeks commuting between the daytime welfare center and the evening E.A.U. According to H.R.A., families are not to be forced to sleep all night at E.A.U.s, but this has happened frequently. Because H.R.A. is "able to place a family anywhere in New York City," the City Council's Select Committee on the Homeless observed, "this seemingly endless shuttling between hotels and shelters can come to resemble a game of 'human pinball.' " Two-thirds of the pinballs are dependent children.

The next stage—one that many families do not reach for months—is to be placed in one of the long-term hotels, of which there are now sixty-three. Thirty-six hundred families had been placed in these hotels by September of 1987. The rest remained in barracks shelters, in short-term hotels, or (these were the very fortunate) in one of a number of model shelters operated by nonprofit groups. Of the long-term hotels, ten house more than a hundred families each. All but three of the ten are in Manhattan. Six hotels, all in Manhattan, house a total of fifteen hundred families. Although populations in particular hotels rise and fall somewhat inexplicably, the three largest (the Prince George, the Martinique, and the Holland) together housed over a thousand families in the fall of 1987. While the Prince George housed four hundred and sixty-six families and the Martinique four hundred and thirty-nine, family size in the Martinique was larger than the norm, so more children may have been living in this building than in any other shelter in New York.

The average length of stay in all facilities for families was nearly thirteen months. In the Martinique, it was over fifteen months. The City Council noted, in its 1986 study, that families living in two of the model shelters, the Henry Street Settlement's Urban Family Center and the Red Cross Travel Inn, have a shorter average stay: eight months and four months, respectively. These are also the facilities that charge the city the least for rental and provide the most effective social services, including help in finding housing. The Council believes that this represents a strong rebuttal to the arguments in favor of "deterrence." Comfortable and healthy shelter does not seem to foster lethargy or induce dependence.

Shelters for the homeless operated by nonprofit groups charge the city from thirty-four to forty-one dollars nightly to house a family of four, not including the costs of social services. Hotels like the Martinique charge sixty-three dollars nightly, not including social services, for a family of four.



Rents in the Martinique are said to be determined by the number of people in a room or by the number of rooms a family is assigned. Families of five or more are generally given two rooms. Average monthly rents may range from nineteen hundred dollars for a family of four, to about three thousand for a family of six. It costs sixty-five dollars a night to house a family of four people in a barracks shelter, but additional costs, for social services and administration, according to the *Times*, bring the actual cost of barracks shelters to nearly two hundred dollars nightly for a family of four—seventy thousand dollars if projected for a year. Cost and quality bear no relation to each other. Several mothers of large families in the Martinique have observed that rental costs alone over the course of three years would be equal to the purchase price of a nice house. The city pays only a quarter of these hotel costs. The state also pays a quarter. The remaining half is paid from federal funds.

After homeless families are given shelter and entered on all the proper lists, they receive some combination of the following: a twice-monthly A.F.D.C. allocation, provided by the federal government with supplementary funding from the state and city, to meet basic costs of life; a monthly food-stamp allocation; a "restaurant allowance," calculated by Robert Hayes, of the Coalition for the Homeless, in 1986 at seventy-one cents per meal per person; a very small sum of money to pay transportation costs to aid in the search for housing; Medicaid; an allocation for nutrition supplements for pregnant women and for children under five. This last assistance—a major weapon in preventing infant death—is known as WIC (Women, Infants, Children). More than half the women and children eligible for WIC in New York City don't receive it, in part because of federal cuts, in part because of bureaucratic obstacles that are present everywhere in the United States. Nationwide, according to the Children's Defense Fund, two-thirds of those in need of WIC do not receive it.

In addition to these benefits, a family in the Martinique receives a semi-monthly rental check for the hotel. This is a two-party check, and must be issued through a welfare center. To get these checks, families are required by the city to travel, often considerable distances, to the welfare centers in the neighborhoods from which they were displaced. One woman who had been living in the Martinique for almost two years when I met her, in 1986, travelled three hours by bus and subway twice a month, and waited an average of four hours, to receive her rental check, which she then handed over at the desk in the hotel.

The next step for homeless families in the long-term hotels is to begin the search for housing. For a number of reasons, getting out of one of these hotels to search for housing can be a difficult task. Moreover, because of the shortage of low-income housing, and because of the two-hundred-thousand-name waiting list for public housing in New York, the search they are obliged to undertake is almost always self-defeating. There are only a hundred and seventy-five thousand public-housing units in New York. Manhattan Borough President David Dinkins' study has calculated the waiting time at eighteen years.

For private housing, a number of programs, both federal and local, offer subsidies to bridge the gap between the family's income and prevailing rents. Chief among these is Section 8 of the Housing and Community Development Act of 1974, a federally supported plan that offers a "certificate" to an eligible family, which is then presented to a landlord as a guarantee that the government will pay a certain portion of the rent. Cuts in Section 8 which have been imposed by the White House since 1981 make these certificates quite scarce, and the reluctance of landlords to accept them often renders their possession worthless anyway. When a certificate has been assigned, it must be used within a fixed period. In one instance that is not unusual, a woman with three children who has lived in several places like the Martinique has been "recertified" for seven years but has not been able to find a landlord who will accept her family. Without subsidies, the maximum rent that a family on welfare has been allowed to pay in New York City is two hundred and forty-four dollars for a family of three, two hundred and seventy dollars for a family of four. If the government were to raise these limits by a hundred dollars, which would be sufficient to approach the lowest rents in New York City, the cost would still be less than a fourth of what is spent for hotel rentals. After eighteen months of residence in a hotel, a family is allowed to use a city van to look for housing. At the Martinique, however, because of the large number of families who have been here longer than two years, the waiting time to use the van is thirty months. Pregnant women in their third trimester and mothers with infants are now given first priority.

FOR the money spent to keep Gwen Abington and her children at the Martinique, she pointed out one day, she could buy a house and lead a normal life. The hotel room costs almost twenty thousand dollars a year. Is it necessary for the government to spend all this money to keep families here? City officials say that they are powerless to strike a better bargain with the hotel owners. "It is a question of supply and demand," Mayor Edward Koch says.

What is the power that the hotel owners hold? Research by the *Village Voice* and other New York papers has elicited some information. Total annual costs for giving shelter to the homeless families of New York are about a hundred and fifty million dollars. In 1986, almost half that sum—seventy-two million—was spent to house more than three thousand families in hotels. Of that total, about fourteen million dollars went to a business partnership—identified with a man named Morris Horn and several other principals—that owns or operates seven hotels. Some, but not all, welfare-hotel owners make large contributions to political campaigns in New York City. Horn and his partners, who receive the largest share of the business, make the largest contributions.

One of their hotels, the Jamaica Arms, in Queens, was selected by the city in 1986 to house families with sick children. This building *belonged* to the city in 1982; it had been seized from its former owners to satisfy unpaid city taxes. Instead of keeping the site to operate a humane shelter, the city sold it, later that year, to a private corporation for seventy-five thousand dollars. It was resold, in 1983, to its present owners for two hundred thousand dollars. An article by William Bastone in the *Voice* in April of 1986 notes, "The city now pays about $1.2 million a year to house families in a building it owned four years ago." Since 1980, the owners of this building have contributed more than a hundred thousand dollars to the electoral campaigns of city officials, among them some who determine housing policy. Among those who have received large contributions are City Comptroller Harrison J. Goldin, who received eighteen thousand dollars in 1985, and Mayor Koch, who was given forty-six thousand eight hundred dollars by five Horn-controlled corporations and three partners between 1980 and 1986.

The sums of money paid to these and other hotel owners have been reported widely. The second-largest partnership—that of the Sillins family, which owns the Martinique—is reported to have grossed eleven million dollars in 1985, eight million of which went to the Martinique; the remaining three million went to two smaller Manhattan hotels owned by the Sillins family. It is not known how much is paid to the Prince George Hotel. What is known is that the Prince George, which houses more homeless families than any other hotel in New York, is operated by South African investors.

In 1970, when Edward Koch was in the House of Representatives, he was stirred by the death of a child at a welfare hotel—Koch called it a "hell-hole"—in his district. He sent a telegram to John Lindsay, then the Mayor, demanding that the city stop assigning families with children to hotels that he called "fleabags" at what he described as "Waldorf-Astoria prices." In that year, the city spent about ten million dollars to give shelter to some eleven hundred families in hotels. The city now spends seven times that amount to house three times that number of families in the same kind of hotel. Ruth Messinger, a member of the New York City Council, noted in 1983 that universities that found themselves in need of dormitory space housed their students in New York hotels for an average of three hundred and fifty-five dollars a month—a fifth of what the city paid monthly to house a poor family in a hotel.

Why, in view of all this published information, does the city keep on wasting public funds to shelter homeless people in such dangerous hotels? Neither private greed nor the potential power of the hotel owners can explain it. Better explanations are much less sensational. For this reason, perhaps, they are given less attention. New York, like almost every major city, has seldom made provision in advance for the most elemental needs of its poor people—even, indeed, for those needs which city leaders have themselves projected. "City policy toward the homeless is best described as one that lurches from court order to court order," according to a report issued by a task force of the American Psychiatric Association in 1984. "Harvests of waste rather than economies of scale are reaped when crisis management becomes the modus operandi of housing and social service agencies." This, in the opinion of most homeless advocates, is the first important explanation.

A second explanation for the official attitude toward the homeless is provided by Kim Hopper and Jill Hamberg, researchers and advocates for the homeless in New York City, in a paper written for the Community Service Society of New York. Their words, although they are directed to the crisis in New York, apply to the entire nation. "The pace, form, and vagaries of contemporary relief efforts—their reputed 'failures,' in short—may be read as signalling the reëmergence of an older disciplinary agenda," they write. "Specifically, they portend the return to a style of assistance that, while alleviating some distress, accepts humiliation as the price of relief and upholds the example of its labors as a deterrent to potential applicants for help." Not by the malevolent intentions of one person or of many people, then, but by a regressive public policy enacted through the workings of municipal institutions is the disciplinary agenda advanced. Low-income housing is not constructed or renovated fast enough to meet the needs that our cities annually predict. Shelters, whether city-run or private—whether barracks, family shelters, or hotels—remain destructive institutions. Nonprofit model shelters are profusely praised but not emulated. It is now and then suggested that the government, with help from the private sector, might somehow replicate such shelters. In New York City, in one instance, an attempt to build a model shelter, Help I, was initiated by Andrew Cuomo, son of Governor Mario Cuomo, with financial help from Leonard Stern, a developer and publisher. Andrew Cuomo has been praised for his commitment to this effort; but plans like these have been too rare, and they have seldom been aggressively pursued. Enlightened policy surfaces only spasmodically; it does not prevail.

IT is a commonplace that a society reveals its reverence or its contempt for history by the respect or the disregard that it displays for older people. The way we treat our children also tells us something of our moral disposition. The rate of child poverty in 1984 was one-third higher than it had been in 1976. The Children's Defense Fund has stated that child poverty, which has increased about fifty per cent since 1969, now affects "nearly one out of every three children under the age of six." In constant dollars, welfare benefits have declined thirty-five per cent since 1970, according to the *Times*. In 1981, the Reagan Administration cancelled the White House Conference on Children—the first time in this century that this conference, which had been held once every decade since 1909, has not taken place.

Children are paying a stunning price for these revised priorities. Housing discrimination against children is well documented nationwide. A federal study conducted in 1980 found that children were routinely excluded from a fourth of rental housing and from sixty per cent of housing built since 1970. New York City "may be worse" than the rest of the nation, the *Times* reports. In an editorial published on June 2, 1986, the paper said, "Call us soft on children and families. We think a society that harmfully discriminates against its young betrays its heritage and subverts its future."

The bias against children finds its most extreme expression in the denial of essential health care and nutrition. In 1985, according to the July 4, 1985, *New England Journal of Medicine*, thirty-five million Americans had no health insurance. A million people had been cut from the food-stamp program in the first year of the Reagan Presidency. Six hundred thousand had been dropped from Medicaid between 1981 and 1983. Children had been "hardest hit by decreases in Medicaid coverage," the *Journal* said. Two hundred and fifty community health-care centers had been closed in 1982. A million low-income children had been excluded from nutrition programs between 1982 and 1984. There had been "a nationwide increase in the number and percentage of women who do not receive prenatal care at all or not before the third trimester" and "a large increase" in the incidence of anemia in pregnant women. "Maternal anemia has been associated with low birth weight and with stunted cognitive and physical development in children," the *Journal* reported. Women who do not receive prenatal care, it went on, are three times as likely to give birth to an underweight child. According to one study, "low-birth-weight infants are 40 to 200 times more likely to die and three times more likely to have neurodevelopmental handicaps." The *Journal* noted that a "particularly ominous finding" was a recent increase in the incidence of low-birth-weight babies. In Boston, "14 per cent of inner-city children"—three times the normal rate—fell below the fifth percentile in growth measurements. "Blood lead levels are also rising. Between 1982 and 1983, there was a 59-per-cent increase in the number of children with elevated lead levels and a 52-per-cent increase in the incidence of clinical lead poisoning." And the incidence of measles had increased in 1984 "for the first time since introduction of the vaccine in 1963."

Another article, in the same issue of the *Journal*, spoke of the Reagan Administration's "relentless efforts" to reduce health services to "low-income persons who are aged, blind, disabled, or members of families with dependent children."

Abnormally high numbers of children of the homeless are babies of low birth weight. The term "failure to thrive" is used by health professionals to describe infants and children whose growth and development are below expected levels for their age. While the term applies to children of the rich and the poor alike, it increasingly defines the status of the poorest children in our land. It also suggests some of the clinical detachment that permits us to attribute failure to the child rather than to the society that has endangered him. But the medical term may be applied more broadly. All but a few of the children in the Martinique and similar hotels will fail to thrive in any meaningful respect. Early death or stunted cognitive development are not the only risks these children face. Emotional damage may be expected, too. Ellen Bassuk, a psychiatrist at Harvard who has studied many homeless families, speaks of interviewing children who are more depressed than those she would expect to find in psychiatric clinics. She describes a nineteen-month-old baby who has started having nightmares and stopped eating, and a ten-year-old boy who, ridden with anxiety, has begun to mutilate himself: he has pulled out his permanent teeth.

Anger that does not turn in upon the child frequently turns out to vent itself upon society. Children at hotels like the Martinique live with a number of good reasons for intense hostility and with very few for acquiescence in those norms by which societies must live. Such children, if they do not cause disruption in the streets and the hotels, may do so in school. Even the most enlightened teachers in an urban school are likely to have recourse to punitive measures to contain a child's wrath and to preserve some semblance of calm in which to educate the other children in the class. In classes that contain large numbers of disturbed pupils, education must frequently be forfeited almost entirely. Discipline problems dominate the teacher's time. An atmosphere of martial law prevails. Teachers faced with pedagogic situations of this sort often flee the education world for more rewarding work. The loss of excellent teachers and of decent education for all children is one of the incalculable costs that we incur.

What happens to the child whose behavior in school is so disruptive that he or she simply can't be handled anymore? What of the child who drifts into the streets and never gets to school at all? Either of these children runs the risk of being placed under the jurisdiction of the courts, in a category commonly referred to as that of "status offender." Though a status offense is not a form of criminal behavior—it is not the child but the child's status that offends us—it does compel the state to introduce a child to the legal system. The dollar costs of juvenile placement, while they are quite astonishing, are the least important ones. The cost of placement of a child who is too severely damaged emotionally to be suited to an ordinary foster home—one who requires placement in, say, a low-security institution—ranges from twenty-five thousand dollars to fifty thousand yearly. In cases where children are believed to need more careful supervision, the annual costs may be as high as eighty thousand dollars.

In some instances, moreover, a shortage of space in juvenile homes compels the court to place the child in an institution that is also home to serious offenders. The status offender and the genuine offender—one who if he were older would have been sent to prison—live together in such institutions. The status offenders learn survival strategies from those with whom they dwell and must contend. The categories that divide the two types of offender soon become academic. The child whose sole offense was a status that compelled compassionate attention from the state becomes apprenticed to those who are competent in real offenses. He learns to connive, to lie, and to fight back.

Many children placed in institutions of this sort mature in time into adult offenders. The cost of their adult incarceration may be less than that of their earlier detention (forty-one thousand dollars is now the average yearly cost for prison maintenance of adults in New York City), but there are additional expenses that cannot be measured: damage to victims and to property; costs required to provide police protection for the law-abiding citizen; costs of litigation, prosecution, and defense; and many other billions squandered as the seemingly inevitable price of our initial willingness to countenance an institutional assault upon these children in their early years.

The power of peer pressure to instruct a child in the use of violence is most readily evident in juvenile-detention centers, but it also prevails in places like the Martinique. "My kids ain't no killers," one mother at the Martinique told me. "But they know that if they don't learn to kill they're goin' to die." The lessons of violence are all around them. Exiled from the family of society, they may see few reasons to respect that family's rules.

A letter from a woman I met in the Martinique says, "A security guard got killed right on my floor last week. It's been on the news since Sunday morning. It seems a man was beating up his wife. Security was called. The man was told to leave the room. He came back with a shotgun and he shot the guard right in the face. He ran to get some help and he collapsed and died beside the elevator. Half his head and brains were on the floor around the corner where he had been shot." Can we believe that children do *not* see these things?

New York City spends a huge amount of money to build prisons and a great deal more to house the prisoners in them. A year after I paid my first visits to the Martinique, I was told that the city prison population was approaching fifteen thousand. In desperate need of more space, the city had converted a ferryboat to hold a hundred and sixty-two men. In March of 1987, it announced plans to build a vast new prison to hold four thousand inmates. The prison will be built on Staten Island. Ralph J. Lamberti, the Staten Island Borough President, who opposed a plan to build four homeless shelters in his borough, said he preferred the prison. "A jail is preferable to a shelter, because it's self-contained," he explained. A prison, he noted, "doesn't spill over" into the surrounding neighborhood.

What of the children who do not become entangled in the legal system but remain in the hotels and in the schools? The fact is that many of the children in the hotels do not get to school at all. A transient existence cuts them from the rolls. If they are readmitted to their former schools, they may face a long ride on a bus or a subway twice a day. If the bus or the train is late, they arrive at school too late for breakfast and must struggle through their lessons on empty stomachs. If they are transferred to a school close to their temporary residence, they still face other obstacles. Just getting up and getting out may be a daunting task.

In February of 1987, a hundred and twenty-five children from the Martinique were registered at P.S. 64, on the lower East Side. Perhaps eighty-five of them arrived on any given day—an estimate indicating that almost one third weren't in regular attendance, and not including those who, because of bureaucratic complications or parental disarray, had never been enrolled. I would guess, after making a head count of the school-age children in the ballroom of the Martinique at lunch, that more than a third of the children in this building usually do not get to school. According to a report released by Ruth Messinger in June of 1987, as many as half of the seven thousand school-age children in New York City's welfare hotels are not attending school.

What of the homeless children who do make it to school? Teachers speak of kids who fall asleep at their desks because conditions in their hotel rooms deny them a night's rest. How much can such children learn? Stanley Goldstein, the principal of P.S. 64, estimates that a quarter of the hotel children are two or three grades behind their peers in academic skills. This, he observes, makes them still more reluctant to appear at all. "They feel like idiots," he says. "Can you blame them?"

A reporter for the *Times* describes a nine-year-old in the third grade—already a year behind his proper grade—who cannot read or tell time and has difficulty adding and subtracting two-digit numbers. He has been classified as "learning disabled" and "emotionally disturbed." Many of the hotel children, school officials say, are becoming "deeply troubled" and are exhibiting the symptoms of withdrawal. Others are becoming hyperactive.

Goldstein notes that it is difficult for the school to reach the parents of a homeless child; families in the Martinique seldom have phones. He adds that even when attendance officers attempt to visit parents at the Martinique they are often unsuccessful. He says that sometimes no one answers "or sometimes there's no one there." What does the attendance officer do? He can leave a message at the desk, but parents tell me there is a good chance that it will never be received. "You're not dealing with the Pierre, you know," Goldstein himself says. "We have children who just disappear from the face of the earth."

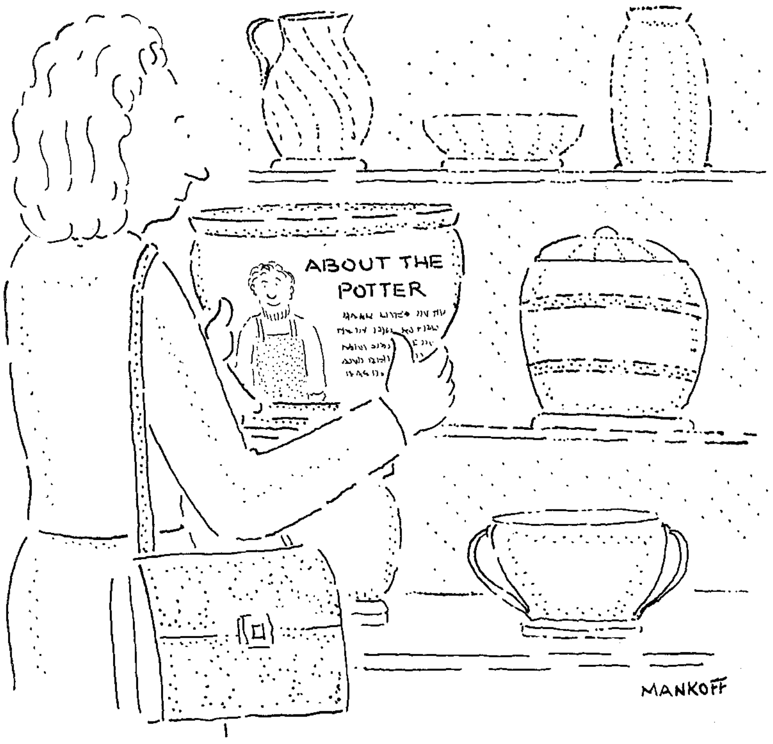
The New York City Board of Education does not know how often the children of the homeless lose out on an education, nor does it keep records of how well those who are registered in school perform. Neither does it have any central policy to dictate to the schools how homeless children should be treated.

For children who live in barracks shelters, pedagogic damage may be even worse. In that situation, rudimentary classrooms are provided as a substitute for school. In some of these shelters, according to the *Times*, "the one-room schoolhouse—a fond bit of Americana—has been revised and updated to serve the city's dispossessed." There is nothing fond in the setup that the city has contrived for filling the days, if not the minds, of these unlucky children. One courageous teacher, given few supplies, does the best she can with a forty-year-old encyclopedia, donated desks, and storybooks on loan. "I've had three children and I've had forty-five," she told the *Times*. "I never know from one morning to the next who will be here, or how many." Sometimes her biggest job is calming the kids down, she says.

The problems of where children go to school and how they get there are not limited to the five boroughs of New York City. Homeless children in Westchester County undertake extraordinary journeys to get to their schools. Of eight hundred and sixty dislocated children living in motels, half or more must travel as much as forty miles twice a day. Many travel still longer distances. Because of shortages of space in Westchester motels, and (according to one press report) because motels in other counties offer cheaper rooms, four hundred and fifty-four Westchester children have been sheltered in motels in four other counties. Each morning, they are put on buses—or, where there are not enough of them to justify a bus, in taxis—and they ride from town to town, county to county, in their search for education. Often the taxis take a number of children to different schools. "This results in children arriving at school either very early or late," a school psychologist in Peekskill reports. Many of the children rise so early that they don't eat breakfast and arrive at school carsick and hungry. "In our school, we have children as young as four years old travelling over thirty miles," the psychologist says.

There is unintended irony in this. A society that vocally rejects the busing of children over distances of between two and seven miles to achieve desegregation sends a child forty miles to be sure she goes to school where she originally lived. One homeless twelve-year-old girl at school in Peekskill says that she has been commuting from Poughkeepsie, thirty-seven miles to the north, since the age of ten. A ten-year-old at school in Yonkers rides sixty miles twice a day from a motel in Newburgh. Because the system lacks coördination, schools in Mount Vernon have children who commute from Yonkers, and Yonkers schools have children who commute from Brewster. Westchester County, according to the *Times*, is trying to devise a computer program that would "keep track" of the children and their parents, "cross-referencing the homeless."

A long taxi ride costs ten dollars a day per child—eighteen hundred dollars for the academic year. A bus ride, priced at a dollar per child per mile, may cost as much as eighty dollars a day—over fourteen thousand dollars for the academic year. In one extreme case, a homeless child relocated to Poughkeepsie has to commute to school in Yonkers at a state expense of a hundred and eighty dollars a day—thirty-two thousand dollars for the academic year. For a third of this sum, the child could be sent to private school. For a great deal less, she could be sent to school with children from Poughkeepsie. Is there a reason she must ride to Yonkers every day? The owner of a motel housing thirty homeless children recently bought four buses and obtained a contract with Westchester County to transport the children to school. He gets a dollar a mile for each child. "I would anticipate we will be picking up from more motels," he says. "I don't think



homelessness is going to disappear.”

Knowingly or not, we are creating a generation of diseased, distraught, undereducated, and malnourished children, who, without dramatic intervention on a scale for which the nation seems entirely unprepared, will grow into the certainty of unemployable adulthood. The dropout rate for the poorest children of New York is seventy per cent. For homeless children the rate will be much higher. Few of them will qualify for jobs available in 1989 or 1995. But almost every one who is a female will qualify to become a mother. Many girls only thirteen years of age in hotels like the Martinique are pregnant now. Hundreds more will have given birth before they are sixteen. They will not be reading books about prenatal care. They will not be reading or observing warnings about damage done to infants by the alcohol or drugs they may consume. When their hour of labor comes, many will not even understand the medical-permission forms they sign before they are sent into anesthesia. What, then, will happen to *their* children?

Visitors remark that places like the Martinique Hotel remind them of a penal institution. Prisons are for those who have committed crimes. What crime have the children in the Martinique committed? These children haven't yet lived long enough to hurt us. They have not yet grown big enough to scare us. They have not yet learned enough to hate us. They are as yet unsoiled by their future indignation or our future fear. The truth is, they offend us only in one manner: by existing. Only by being born do they do injury to some of us. They take some of our taxes for their food, their clothing, their hurried clinic visits, and their miserable shelter. When they get sick as a consequence of the unwholesome housing we provide, they cost a little more; and if they fail utterly to thrive they take some money from the public treasury for burial.

So they offend us not by doing but by being. We pity them enough to put them in a warehouse, but we do not mark these buildings in a way that will attract attention. You could walk from Broadway to Fifth Avenue on Thirty-second Street a dozen times and never know that there is a building on the north side of the street in which four hundred families are concealed. The Martinique Hotel is an enormous building, and should not be easy to disguise, but the sign outside has no illumination, and it's hard to see the name of the hotel unless one studies it from across the street. For this reason, and because of the bleak lighting in the lobby and the filthiness of the glass doors, it is difficult to recognize this as a residence. It resembles less a dwelling place than a dilapidated movie house or a bus station. One would not imagine from the sidewalk that this building might be home to eighteen hundred human beings.

A WOMAN I'll call Kim stands out from almost every other person I have met at the Martinique. Her energy may be a helpful and instructive counterpoint to much of the hopelessness and panic that are generally found in such a place. Kim is in her twenties, she has some college education, and she lives, with her five children, in two rooms on the eleventh floor. She tells me that before becoming homeless, two years ago, she was living in a building in Manhattan and was trying to restore it. She was a preschool teacher, and was working to support her children, but her enterprising spirit met its match in the cold weather of New York. The plumbing and the heating system in the house weren't operating well. She had managed some repairs, and was planning to replace the heater and install new pipes once she had saved the necessary funds. The heating system ceased to function in December. She had no affluent relatives or friends to help her.

Living in substandard housing on a tight and careful budget in the nineteen-eighties leaves no room for a breakdown of the heating system in winter. In a matter of weeks, Kim was reduced from working woman and householder to a client of the welfare system. Like many others, she was forced to sit and wait for hours with her children at an emergency-assistance unit. She was finally assigned to the Clemente shelter, in the Bronx—at the time one of the largest barracks used for housing homeless families. Better informed than many mothers, she rejected placement at Clemente. “There were people with tuberculosis in those barracks,” she says. “I refused.”

In 1984, Kim and her children were assigned to the Martinique, where they were living when we met. Because Kim is educated and articulate, she has often been interviewed by researchers visiting the Martinique. When she is asked why she is there, she says that it's because her heating system doesn't work. This answer doesn't satisfy researchers. Looking for more complicated data, they regard her answer as facetious—or as a screen for something she doesn't want to reveal. Telling me about this situation one day, she says, “ ‘What would it take to get you out of here?’ they ask. Like ‘What would it take to get your family values reconstructed?’ I tell them, ‘Maybe ten or fifteen thousand dollars.’ ‘What would it take to get you back to work?’ I tell them: ‘Help me get a loan to fix up one of those abandoned buildings.’ ”

The city, the state, and the federal government pay to the Martinique year after year the money that Kim might have used to restore her home. Kim was doing, and would like to do again, exactly what the government ought to have been doing for the past ten years. She wasn't waiting for the government. She wasn't looking for a federal grant. She wasn't requesting anything for free. She gave her sweat. She could have used a loan.

In 1986, the New York City Council calculated that it would cost between forty-five hundred and thirty thousand dollars to rehabilitate each of a hundred thousand vacant units that the city owns in buildings seized for nonpayment of taxes. Ruth Messinger believes that a more accurate estimate is sixty thousand units, and that total rehabilitation of some of these units might run higher—up to eighty thousand dollars each. An average rehabilitation cost in 1988 might be sixty thousand dollars. Even this—a one-time cost—is less than what the city spends to house a family of six for two years in the Martinique.

“I know Mr. Tuccelli,” Kim says, referring to the hotel's manager. She speaks of him more comfortably than many tenants do. “ ‘I'll put you out of my hotel,’ he says. ‘You talk too much and give me too much trouble.’ I tell him, ‘Look, do you think that I like it here in your hotel? I am here because I have a broken furnace.' " Tuccelli carries a pistol. Many women speak of this with fear, but Kim does not. "It doesn't bother me," she says. "Listen. Tuccelli's pistol didn't put these people here. Tuccelli's not my enemy. The guards and the social workers aren't my enemies. The system that puts all of these poor people in this building is what makes me scared. In a way, I kind of *like* Tuccelli. I see him sometimes looking worried, or unsure. I believe this whole thing makes him *very sad*. Does anybody like to run a prison?"

Kim reminds me, as others have done, that the Martinique is not the worst of the hotels. She speaks of another hotel, the Brooklyn Arms, on Ashland Place in Brooklyn: "There are families there who say they have *no* heat and *no* hot water," she says. "There are people who have been there for two years. After they've been there that long, they begin to tell themselves that it's forever. They stop getting dressed. They feel afraid to go outside. Once you're out, no matter where, you don't want to go back. The building is so dangerous that welfare workers won't come to your room. You have to go down to the desk and beg for little things like toilet paper. The guards sell drugs. The place is run by somebody important. He's married to an opera star. He gives a lot of money to the politicians. When things go wrong, when something terrible occurs, who is it they blame? They blame the residents. They're not going to blame someone with connections!"

Kim's words were later confirmed and amplified by stories in the press and by the New York City Council. The hotel drew attention in July of 1986, when a fire broke out and four children died. At that point, the press cited residents' complaints that there was no fire-alarm system in the seventeen-story building, and reported that rotting garbage was strewn about in roach-infested halls, that the owner, Bertram Fields, was indeed the husband of an opera star, Roberta Peters, and that his attorney was former Mayor Robert Wagner. The press also confirmed Kim's point about political contributions by the operators of the Brooklyn Arms. A police investigation soon after the fire found fifteen walkie-talkies, which were alleged to have been used by hotel guards and others working for narcotics dealers. The report of the City Council's Select Committee on the Homeless noted that in order to call an elevator "one must kick the door to the elevator shaft and yell." Residents, the City Council report added, "must negotiate . . . for toilet paper at the desk."

In a final confirmation of Kim's words, city officials blamed the parents for the deaths of the four children, one of whom was eighteen months old. The mother and father, it appears, had left the children in their hotel room in order to go out into the streets and search for cans and bottles that they could turn in for cash, perhaps in order to buy food. They were charged with "endangerment" and were put in jail before their children could be buried. The city's response was not to criticize the hotel management but to increase the funds available for burying poor children.

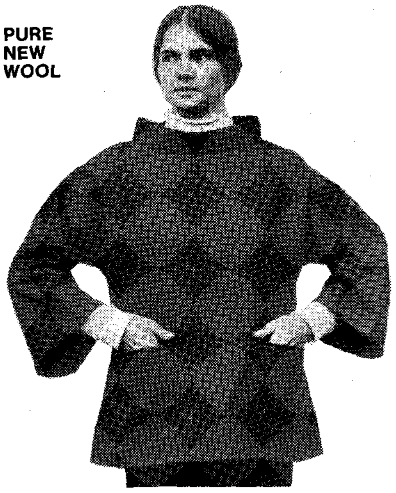
"There are worse hotels than that," Kim tells me. "The Allerton"—on West Twenty-second Street—"is worse. Same thing there—you have to beg for toilet paper in the lobby. The Bayview is a little better—that's in Brooklyn. Owned by a convict. It costs a lot. I think it's something like a hundred dollars—more than here." The *Village Voice* and the *Daily News* later reported that the owner of the Bayview, Anthony Zito, was a convicted loan shark. "One hotel, the Holland"—in Manhattan—"makes three million dollars every year. Most of these people owe the city money in back taxes. Does the city seize their buildings? No. But they'll put a woman on the street because she owes two hundred dollars to her landlord."

As Kim observes, however, hotel owners are not the real issue; giving more than brief attention to such people diverts attention from more important problems. Besides, cities can easily deal with publicity about such places and the policies that create them. It is a common practice of officials everywhere, once an atrocious situation has been publicized, to make amends in a determined but selective manner. For this reason, it is possible that the Brooklyn Arms or the Martinique may be shut down before many years. It is also possible that the Martinique, which has received unusual scrutiny, may in time be turned into a showpiece of benevolence and order, to discredit those who have condemned its recent practices. There have already been a few improvements: an expanded health team and the preschool, for example. Although the situation is in other respects unchanged, there may be more changes in the months ahead.

There is another reason for believing that this is possible: Tuccelli, I am told, would like to see himself as a humanitarian, and to be so regarded by others. True, Kim's relatively generous notion of her landlord is held by few others in the building. Most residents are in too much turmoil to attempt to see the human side of someone who holds so much power over them. But at least one other woman has described some kindliness on Tuccelli's part—small favors, or a thoughtful word to somebody in trouble. Even if the Martinique should someday be utterly transformed, however, there will still be more than sixty buildings in New York that offer an equivalent regime of degradation. The real question is why New York City or any other city will tolerate policies that foster such conditions.

According to the New York City Council, government policy holds that if homelessness is made "too comfortable" the homeless "will want to remain homeless." Mayor Koch believes that the hotels have acted as a magnet. His concern is that a family doubled up or living in substandard housing sees hotels as the first step to better housing. "New buildings are like highways—they attract occupants," he says. For this reason, he explains, "we are going to, whenever possible, put people into congregate housing, [which] is not something people might rush into."

"The Mayor's words are very hard on people living here," Kim says. "I don't know what's in his heart. But his sarcasm hurts a lot of people." She tells me of a ten-year-old boy in the Martinique who had an opportunity to testify before the House Select Committee on Hunger, in Washington. In his testimony, he reported that he was often hungry when he went to school. He said that he had trouble concentrating, and sometimes he had to rest his head on his desk because, he said, "it hurts to be hungry." A reporter asked Mayor Koch about this, and he replied that the child's family—six people in all—received annual assistance amounting to more than twenty thousand dollars, not including the cost of the hotel. Thousands of city employees earn less than that, he ob-



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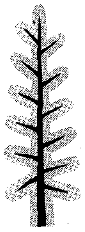

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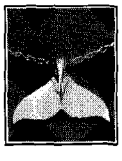

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served. "And they all work for a living," he said. "I wonder why they bother."

"What he seems to mean is that the people here are lazy," Kim says when I mention the Mayor's remark. "I don't believe the Mayor is being fair. When he added up that budget, he included the allowance for apartment rent. People in a hotel don't receive it. He added Medicaid. Right there, those two items add about eight thousand dollars. Subtract eight thousand dollars and the budget comes to something like six dollars for each child for one day. Is that enough to feed your child in New York?"

Kim is a lively woman with an angry zeal, but none of her anger is turned in upon herself. It is turned out, and in that venting of a well-defined and well-supported rage she finds a fair degree of energy and health. Political anger isn't high on any list I've seen as a solution to the ravages of homelessness, but it is notable that those who seem to hold up best under the pressures and seem the best defended against alcohol or drugs are almost always those who have some kind of overview—a "lever" or an "edge." The rise in drug use in the poor neighborhoods of inner cities—or those with which I am familiar, at least—parallels a sharp decline in the kind of organized political activity that makes it possible to galvanize a neighborhood to fight for its collective good. Those who celebrate the passing of the urban protests of the nineteen-sixties but deplore the heightened fratricidal violence and the use of drugs among the very poor today may not be persuaded that the loss of one has fostered the proliferation of the other. I believe that they are connected, and that Kim's defiant sanity is an example of the energy that finds its nutriment in focussed indignation. The consequence is not a better room or an exemption from continual assault by sometimes hostile overseers, but her indignation does protect her from self-laceration, and it also seems to have protected her from the despair that has led many women in this building to collaborate in their own ruin.

It is also interesting to me that Kim is one of the few people here who don't demonize their landlord. Her even-handed comments on Tuccelli, salted with a touch of irony and humor, demonstrate a capacity for balance. Political awareness seems to rescue her from hatred and self-hatred both. She voices anger at injustice, not contempt for individuals. Self-hatred is common among the women here, and its genesis seems understandable. If a woman feels that she is despised, and if she has no recognition of the forces that demean her, perhaps it is inevitable that she will feel despicable. If nothing can affirm her dignity, it is understandable that she may see herself as worthy of contempt. Drug use in the Martinique has struck me repeatedly as a routinely exercised attempt at self-annihilation. If we are persuaded that society dearly wishes that we did not exist, might we not assist society in our undoing?

Kim says of the despair so evident at the Martinique, "Why don't people in this place complain? Because they're so damn scared. If the city will do this, they think, it might do something even worse. There's a woman on the seventh floor, she's like a broken stick. She's timid and afraid. She thinks that all this is something she deserves—some kind of punishment from God. She asks for something and it's never done. She loses her benefits. She gets cut off—this happens all the time—because she cannot read. She's quiet. They ignore her. Why do you think nobody intervenes? They'll intervene after she kills herself. She takes her children to the hospital. They don't explain things. They throw papers at her. She can't understand. Nobody says, 'Wait a minute. Something here is wrong.' They leave her there to rot. Why don't they teach her how to read? I *know* her. This is something that she *wants*. If they had a decent day-care setup in this building, I'd go down and teach her. There's no day care—nothing you can count on. No literacy program—there are volunteers, but nothing energized enough to do the job. No library. No quiet place to meet and talk. Not even a pleasant place to sit and read a book. Why don't people in the city ever look around this building? Why don't they figure out who's here, who's got some skills, who could help someone else? They look at us to see what isn't there, not what *is*. They see us like a lot of empty bottles that they don't intend to fill. Why don't they wake up? Do they think that they won't have to pay for this?"

—JONATHAN KOZOL

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

THE THEATRE

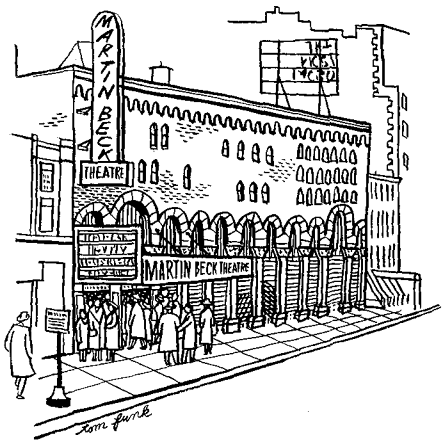
The Professor's Dilemma

A. R. GURNEY, JR., who breathes wit and humor, has written, in "Another Antigone," a play that deals directly and seriously, though never solemnly, with anti-Semitism, a subject he has touched on in many of his plays through the years—in his very funny, satiric "The David Show," to start with, and in "The Middle Ages," among others. The antagonists of "Another Antigone," now at Playwrights Horizons, are a professor of Greek drama named Henry Harper and a rebellious student of his, a senior named Judy Miller. The place is a college in Boston, during the latter half of the spring term. Miss Miller astonishes and infuriates Harper by trying to substitute an original play on anti-nuclear protest for her required paper on "Antigone," thereby making a comparison that reveals, says Harper, a complete misunderstanding of Greek tragedy. "Juvenile polemics," he says, and when, fighting for a high grade, she tells him that she is going to put the play on he replies that he has no time for "show and tell," and that she has no conception of tragedy at all. As stubborn and unreasonable as her heroine, she proceeds with her plan. She presses her lover, Dave, into the part of Ismene, whose sex and name she changes; he, by the way, is a true classics scholar. Enter the dean of the department, a woman who is a close friend of Harper's, and who tries to persuade him to soften his stand: to give Judy a B for effort, anyway—to be fair. But he replies that tragedy is unfair, that "tragedy keeps us real in this happy-ending nation." Then the dean discloses the real purpose of her visit, which is to tell him that he has been accused by someone of anti-Semitism. Judy Miller, it seems, is Jewish, though she is not his accuser. True, he has often compared Greek and Hebraic philosophy, but without prejudice of any kind; it has never entered his mind that Judy is Jewish, nor does it matter to him. As the action proceeds, she becomes more insistent and he firmer; the analogy grows stronger—he feels himself becoming Creon. Then he relents and offers her a passing grade, but that doesn't suit her, and when he hears about an interfering Jewish professor he is nettled and enraged and makes a truly anti-Semitic crack, thus sealing his doom. Exile, he has said, is the fate of the Greek tragic hero. By the end, Judy, too, has grown in stature.

A synopsis can only hint at the dramatic strength and richness of this splendid play, which is as humorous, by the way, as its predecessors. Mr. Gurney is a professor at M.I.T., and appears totally at home in academe and totally at home with every kind of human being. He is an extraordinary writer. That fine actor George Grizzard, who has been away from the New York stage for far too long, gives a passionate, indelible performance as Henry Harper. Marissa Chibas does well as Judy, and Debra Mooney and Steven Flynn are very good as the dean and Judy's lover. All is made clear, every moment of the way, under John Tillinger's capable direction. The appropriate scenery and costumes were designed by Steven Rubin and lighted by Kent Dorsey.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," at the Public, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is, like his "Much Ado" in Central Park fifteen years ago, as much a celebration of the play as a presentation of it. It brims with invention and surprises, which more often than not enhance Shakespeare and seldom diminish him. The setting is the Brazilian state of Bahia at the turn of the century, when the priests and priestesses practiced a kind of magic of their own. (There is a long explanatory program note, if that kind of thing interests you.) The members of the Fairy Court—Oberon and Titania and their retinues—are black; the Duke and his followers, the mechanicals, and the four lovers are white. If any political message is being dispatched, I missed it. The action moves swiftly from group to group, changing style accordingly. Needless to say, no opportunity for humor is overlooked. F. Murray Abraham makes a most comical Bottom—super-hammy during the rehearsals, super-animal once he is wearing the ass's head, but playing throughout with the kind of grave, endearing innocence that is the key to all the mechanicals' scenes. There is no eloquence, in the usual sense—no "set pieces"—but the lines spoken by Carl Lumbly, as Oberon, and Lorraine Toussaint, as Titania, with a Caribbean lilt, sound grand—no skimping on poetry here. The hyperactive Puck, even though he is well played by Geoffrey Owens, is as much of a pain as ever. The four lovers are good, and Elizabeth McGovern, as a defiant, determined Helena, the best of all of them. The stage pictures (Titania swaying in a hammock, high in the treetops above the frantic lovers, for one); the scenery, by Andrew Jackness, as lighted by Peter Kaczorowski; the costumes, by Frank Krenz; and the rich score, by Michael Ward, with its samba and bossa-nova rhythms, are all marvellous, the true source of whatever magic exists onstage. But the fun and high spirits that pervade this larky show are in the hands of everyone aboard.

—EDITH OLIVER



Don Bernardo in Hell

THE heroine of "Man and Superman," Ann Whitefield, is one of Shaw's strong-minded women. Like Candida, Barbara Undershaft, and Vivie Warren, she knows the world and what she wants out of life. But Ann isn't as immediately likable as Candida, Barbara, and Vivie; she lacks their forthrightness and their gift for argument. Where Barbara and Candida can hold their own with fathers, suitors, and husbands, Ann comments on speech instead of engaging in it, and she manages people—particularly men—instead of trying to reason with them. She's forever getting caught out in some manipulative lie—usually by Jack Tanner, the self-styled radical who seems so anxious to escape her machinations. It's an undignified position for a young woman to put herself in, and one can easily see that Ann Whitefield might offend modern female sensibilities—especially since Jack's main attraction for Ann seems to lie in the regularity with which he insults and abuses her.

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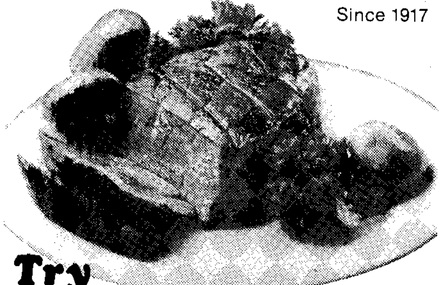

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great treatise on sex, morality, and the war between men and women. Written between 1901 and 1903, it was both his answer to the conventional romantic comedy and a response to the joking suggestion, made some years earlier by the London *Times* critic Arthur Bingham Walkley, that he attempt a play about Don Juan. Shaw’s modern “libertine” is a man who runs from Woman instead of pursuing her and who outrages not her person or her honor but the tenets of conventional morality. Shaw referred to the long dream sequence in Act III, in which Tanner falls asleep and imagines a conversation, in Hell, between the Devil and the characters in Mozart’s opera, as a “pleasantry” and “a totally extraneous act.” But the play is full of lines that look yearningly forward—or hauntingly back—to the dream sequence: “Octavius, it’s the common lot. We must all face it some day,” “A lifetime of happiness! It would be hell on earth,” “I’ll call you after your famous ancestor Don Juan,” “That’s the devilish side of a woman’s fascination,” “There is a rascal in our midst, a libertine,” “When you go to heaven, Ann . . .” And, finally, in Act IV, Tanner’s “When did all this happen to me before? Are we two dreaming?” Whatever Shaw thought (or said he thought), “Don Juan in Hell” contains the key both to Tanner’s essential character as an idealist and to the nature of his attraction for women.

The latest revival of “Man and Superman,” at the Roundabout Theatre, does not include “Don Juan in Hell.” Instead, the production (which excises Act III entirely and renumbers Act IV as Act III) teases the audience with snippets of Mozart. (In Act II, Tanner’s chauffeur, Henry Straker, keeps whistling the opening bars of “Là ci darem la mano,” from “Don Giovanni.”) The revival is standard Roundabout Theatre fare: it contains execrable performances by David Birney and Frances Conroy as Jack Tanner and Ann Whitefield and glorious performances in nearly all the secondary roles—Straker (Anthony Fusco), Tavy (Michael Cumpsty), the American Hector Malone (Jonathan Walker), his father (John Carpenter). Kim Hunter proves a charming Mrs. Whitefield once she gets going, and of the supporting parts only Tavy’s sister Violet is overplayed (by Harriet Harris).

It’s typical of New York Shaw that secondary roles are played to perfection and leading roles to no purpose whatever. In recent seasons, what might have been first-rate productions of “Arms and the Man,” “Mrs. Warren’s Profession,” and “You Never Can Tell” were marred by the performances of such leading ladies as Glenne Headly, Uta Hagen, and Amanda Plummer. (The Pearl Theatre Company’s recent revival of “Candida” was an exception, held together, as it was, by Rose Stockton’s performance in the title role.) What’s unusual about the production at the Roundabout is the degree of difference between the levels of performance: Mr. Cumpsty and Mr. Fusco are *so* deft, Mr. Birney and Miss Conroy *so* inept that the credit for good performances must clearly go to the actors rather than to their director, William Woodman. Mr. Birney’s characterization is lodged entirely in the sort of mannerisms that Shaw worked so hard to abolish from the nineteenth-century stage: in putting his hands in his waistcoat pockets, scratching his nose, pulling his ear, brushing his forehead, and striking attractive poses against convenient pieces of furniture.

Miss Conroy’s performance, meanwhile, seems motivated wholly by dislike for the character she is playing. She blinks a lot and speaks in a peculiar, repressed fashion (as though her jaws had been wired together) to show what a hypocrite Ann is, and emphasizes Ann’s coquetry by reacting to everything onstage with an affected little moue. She fixes her hair when Tanner’s back is turned. Her portrayal is openly hostile, as though she were anxious to divorce herself from the low, scheming creature that Jack divines Ann (and, by extension, all women) to be. I sympathize with Miss Conroy—I’m not wild about Ann Whitefield myself—but her performance seems dictated by an inability to take in the shape of the play. Even without the “Don Juan in Hell” sequence, “Man and Superman” takes us far beyond Jack Tanner’s inadequate views of “the struggle between the artist man and the mother woman.” It is Ann, after all, who proves to have the clearer vision, while Tanner, for all his intellectual chatter, is a fool.

Shaw was, in his way (as Eric Bentley has repeatedly observed), as subversive as Ibsen and, later, Strindberg when it came to recognizing women’s sexuality. The whole point of “Man and Superman” is the role reversal in the courting game: here woman is the pursuer, not (as Jack thinks) because she is basically predatory but because there is something she *wants*. More subversive than any of Jack's verbal flying in the face of convention is the governing idea behind the play's dramatic situation: that the man a woman wants to marry is not the one who idealizes her but the one who knows how rotten she can be. What distinguishes Tanner from the crowd of other speechifying Shavian heroes is the pleasure—almost erotic in its intensity—with which we look forward to the moment when he will stop talking.

It's not impossible to play a character one doesn't have much sympathy with. Rose Stockton, in the circular issued by the Pearl Theatre Company, stated her basic discomfort with some views about women that Shaw espoused, but that discomfort was not discernible in her portrayal of Candida Morell—though it very well might have been. Similarly, though Michael Cumpsty is clearly aware that Tavy is there to parody conventional idealism, that knowledge doesn't prevent him from making us care about Tavy. Perhaps in some future dream sequence there will be a meeting place imagined for the Rose Stocktons, the Michael Cumpstys, and the Anthony Fuscos of this world, where, without the distracting influence of commercially minded producers and casting directors, they can all come together and perform Shaw. —MIMI KRAMER

◆

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Crime Beat of the Cambridge (Mass.) Chronicle*]

On Dec. 4, a Pearl street man went home and found a man dressed in a leather jacket in his home. The victim reported the suspect tried to set his waffle iron on fire with oil. He then chased the suspect down the hallway.

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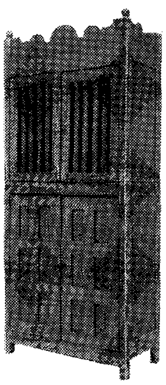

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VALUE

II—CATEGORY CONFUSION

J. S. G. Boggs is a young American artist who likes to draw money (that is, to create fairly exact, correct-scale color representations of existing denominations of actual currency) and then "spend" his drawings (that is, find people who will accept them "at face value," in lieu of real cash, for goods or services, and provide him with a receipt and with change). He has been fairly successful at this endeavor, spending over seven hundred such drawings in the past few years, in transactions worth over thirty-five thousand dollars. He is not the first artist to have discovered that his métier consists in the copying of money, nor is he the first to have run afoul of the law for doing so. On October 31, 1986, a show that included some of his drawings at the Young Unknowns Gallery, in London (where Boggs resides), was raided by inspectors from the National Central Office for the Suppression of Counterfeit Currency, housed in New Scotland Yard. The work was confiscated; Boggs was jailed and interrogated. He was released, but he was subsequently charged by the Bank of England with four counts of "reproducing," a violation of Section 18 of Britain's 1981 Forgery and Counterfeiting Act. His trial was scheduled a year thence, and occurred this past November. In the meantime, however, Boggs continued to pass his own renderings of a variety of the world's paper currencies to anyone willing to accept them.

This past summer, Boggs had a show of his work at the Jeffrey Neale Gallery, in New York, and I had the opportunity to meet him and talk with him about money and art and value, for his work, finally, isn't so much about money or art as about value: what it is that we are accepting when we accept a paper bill, what it is we are accepting when we trade such a bill for another sort of image on paper—what it is, in short, that we value in value. Boggs and I also spent a good deal of time considering his prospects in his coming trial. At one point, I called his British solicitor, a young lawyer named Mark Stephens, who insisted that the entire premise of the Bank of England's prosecution of Boggs—that he had somehow "reproduced" a series of British pound notes—was misbegotten. "What Boggs has made can in no way be likened to money—nor does it make any such claim," Stephens maintained. "It is not redeemable in silver or gold, or even in a nice new note. A banknote represents value, and a Boggs does not, though it *has* value. Boggs does nothing to resolve the category confusion, because it is the very process of his art to mystify, to obscure the distinction. But surely it is the function of law to recognize and proclaim such obvious category distinctions."

Perhaps. But the distinctions, obvious or not, *were* confusing, and it remained an open question whether twelve ordinary British subjects would recognize them. At any rate, I decided that I'd fly over at the time of the trial and observe the proceedings.

Boggs preceded me by some two months. Near the end of our final conversation before he left, in mid-September, he told me how he'd be spending the ensuing weeks. "Stephens wants me to bone up by researching all the earlier instances of artists' taking currencies as their subject matter," he said. "Actually, I've been doing some of that all year—that's how I stumbled upon that case of William Harnett."

William Harnett?

"Didn't I tell you about Harnett?" Boggs asked. "It's an incredible coincidence. It turns out that there was this nineteenth-century American artist named Harnett who specialized in trompe-l'oeil canvases and was arrested by the Secret Service in 1886 on charges of counterfeiting, because he'd made four paintings depicting various denominations of dollar bills. There are all kinds of eerie parallels. He was charged with four counts, I was charged with four counts. He was arrested in 1886, I was arrested in 1986. In 1880, he'd gone to live in London; I went to live there in 1980. The date of his arrest was November 23rd—a hundred and one years to the day before the date of my trial. Pretty weird, huh?" Boggs hummed the theme from "The Twilight Zone," and then continued, "I heard about him from Edward Nygren, the curator of collections at the Corcoran Gallery, in Washington, to whom I'd been referred in the course of my researches. It turns out

"I'd love to see you again, but not in mohair."

there was a whole spate of these trompe-l'œil paintings of dollar bills starting in the eighteen-eighties, and Nygren is one of the world authorities. He, in turn, referred me to Alfred Frankenstein's book 'After the Hunt,' which is about Harnett and his contemporaries, and which includes several illustrations. I did a little article about all this for the October issue of *Art & Antiques*. But, really, you should take a look at Frankenstein's book."

I DID. In the weeks after Boggs' departure, I tracked the book down, and I also called Nygren. He sent me a copy of his unpublished monograph called "The Almighty Dollar: Money as a Theme in American Painting." It was true: Boggs had stumbled upon a strange byway in the history of art and money.

The late eighteen-hundreds, I learned, witnessed the highest triumph of the trompe-l'œil style of painting which had absorbed common-sensical American artists and their audiences since Colonial times. Images included fireplaces whose warmth almost radiated off the canvas, and after-hunt scenes before which one almost felt compelled to reach out and stroke the wet fur on the felled rabbit hanging from the painted hook on the painted wall. In this context, money, a three-dimensional object existing in a shallow space, seemed ideally suited for portrayal. But artists evidently weren't drawn to money—and certainly not so obsessively—for purely formal reasons. Nygren reminds us that money was an obsessional topic throughout the Gilded Age in both political and cultural circles. It was in this period that the Populists and the robber barons were battling it out over greenbacks, bimetallism, the gold standard, and so forth. This was also the period, as Nygren points out, when William Dean Howells had one of his characters in "The Rise of Silas Lapham" remark to another, "There's no doubt but money is to the fore now. It is the romance, the poetry of your age. It's the thing that chiefly strikes the imagination." And it was toward the end of this period that Theodore Dreiser offered his popular definition of money in "Sister Carrie": "something everybody else has and I must get." It was the era of Horatio Alger and the era of Mark Twain.

This was the context in which American artists—William Harnett the first among them—began executing their money paintings. Usually, the image consisted of a single bill, or several bills, tacked to a blank wall like a trophy—though, as Nygren points out, an illusory one. That was the whole idea: you were seduced into reaching for it, and it wasn't there.

Alfred Frankenstein writes, "The counterfeiting story is the van Gogh's ear of the Harnett saga." It was famous in its time and long afterward, too. It seemed to capture the essence of the matter—a painter whose technique was so exquisite that he was arrested by the Secret Service for counterfeiting. Under interrogation, it appears, Harnett was asked how many images of money he'd perpetrated, and he confessed to four. He was let off with a warning: he was to cease and desist forthwith and was never to attempt any such images again. And, as far as is known, he never did.

But Harnett's encounter with the law appears only to have inflamed the imagination of some of his colleagues: they bridled at the prohibition. Perhaps the most remarkable of Harnett's successors was John Haberle. In 1888, he exhibited at the Art Institute of Chicago a painting entitled "Reproduction," which consisted of a ten-dollar silver certificate flanked by scraps of newspaper in which one could make out fragments of text: "John Haberle the Counter . . . ceives the eye into the belief that . . ." and "would humbug Barnum." The following year, Haberle exhibited a painting entitled "U.S.A.," which featured a frayed one-dollar bill portrayed face down, so that the viewer could read the complete text of the prohibition against imitation of federal currency which at the time was included on the backs of United States bills. There were countless other instances of the sub-genre—works with such provocative titles as "Perfect Counterfeit" and "A Bad Counterfeit" and "Time Is Money," by such middling masters as N. A. Brooks, J. D. Chalfant, F. Danton, Jr., and—my own favorite—Victor Dubreuil. Sometime after 1896, Dubreuil created a painting entitled "Safe Money," which Nygren was recently able to secure for the Corcoran's collection; indeed, it was the acquisition of this astonishing piece which launched Nygren on his art-and-money study. "Safe Money" portrays an open safe teeming with the palpably obscene profits of the North South East and West RailRoad monopoly, whose abbreviated name graces the top of the

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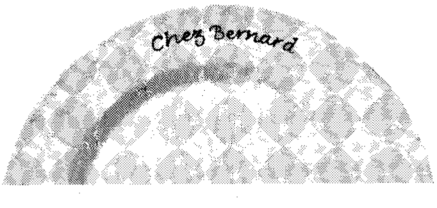

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safe; the edge of the painting is the notched, bevelled edge of the open safe itself. That bevelled edge has the effect of a picture frame, so that here, near the beginning of the twentieth century, Dubreuil seems to have anticipated the status of art in the wake of the robber barons' apotheosis: the picture plane would thereafter function as a *vault* cut into the wall—an occasion for the ostentatious display of wealth.

Alfred Frankenstein, after much research, was able to establish that the Secret Service had not simply gone off half-cocked in its philistine suppression of Harnett. It appears that, unbeknownst to any of these artists, the Secret Service had been trying since 1879 to track a fiendishly accomplished counterfeiter whom it had dubbed Jim the Penman. (This was not that long after the heyday of counterfeiting in America. By some estimates, almost half of the circulating paper in America at one point had been counterfeit. Guidebooks were published outlining how to spot the real thing, and counterfeiters had responded by publishing counterfeit guidebooks steering the wary consumers to their own offerings.) According to Frankenstein, Jim the Penman did not print his bills but, rather, *drew and painted* them, "with artists' materials, and with a professional artist's imitative skill." In those days, a hundred dollars was worth so much that the effort must have seemed worth it. The Secret Service apparently hauled Harnett in on the assumption that he might be their man. As it happens, Jim the Penman wasn't caught until a decade later: in 1896, he was revealed to be a German immigrant named Emanuel Ninger, who operated out of Flagtown, New Jersey. Frankenstein quotes Laurence Dwight Smith's book "Counterfeiting: Crime Against the People" to the effect that Ninger's notes were considered so remarkable at the time that "there was public protest after his arrest, subsequent to his passing a hundred-dollar bill in New York," and "collectors paid high rates for specimens of his work." Boggs, for his part, comes down pretty hard on Emanuel Ninger, who in one sense was the closest to him in technique of all these predecessors. In a section of his *Art & Antiques* manuscript which that magazine did not use, Boggs writes, "Jim the Penman stole from people, using his talents deceitfully and stupidly. Remember, even if his works were worth more than face value, which he himself did not recognize, he did not give people the opportunity to appreciate his workmanship. Instead he would leave them to present the piece to the bank, whereupon it would be confiscated, leaving the party both uncompensated and without even the novel object to keep as a souvenir."

It's not surprising, perhaps, that these late-nineteenth-century money pieces are enjoying a fresh vogue in our own day. Ironically, collectors have to wade through a thicket of false attributions—there are, for instance, countless counterfeit Harnetts—to find the real thing (or, anyway, the reputedly real thing), but, once found, it fetches a good price. In 1899, Haberle's "Imitation," which portrays a dollar bill and some seventy cents in change, sold for a hundred and seventy dollars. As Lot 81 at Sotheby's May, 1987, auction—near the height of the recent run-up in art-world-auction prices—it was estimated that it would continue the symmetry by bringing a maximum in the neighborhood of $170,000. It actually went for $470,000.

I happened to come upon one other antecedent for Boggs' situation: the melancholy case of the great American landscape artist Ralph Albert Blakelock, who, crushed by the meagreness of his earnings as an artist, took to wandering the streets of New York City and trying to cash a million-dollar bill he'd drawn by hand. He was apprehended and remanded to a mental asylum, where he lived out the remainder of his days.

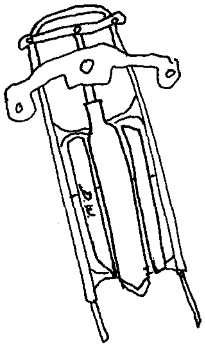
DURING those weeks before Boggs' trial, while I was studying the relations of money and art and value in the late nineteenth century, something quite remarkable, of course, occurred in the world of contemporary values: the stock market collapsed, with the Dow Jones industrial average losing over five hundred points in a single October afternoon, and similar calamities occurring on financial exchanges throughout the world. This catastrophe caused a great deal of anxiety about money and an even greater amount of mystification. (It was just around this time that a homeless New York City woman, who, as it happened, went by the street name of Billie Boggs, was forcibly removed to a mental hospital for, among other things, indulging in the manifestly insane behavior of burning dollar bills in public; this Boggs, too, went on to become the subject of a celebrated test case.) Experts calculated that almost half a *trillion* dollars in value had disappeared from the American economy overnight—but what had happened to it, one wondered. Where had it gone? One answer was that it hadn't *gone* anywhere; it wasn't now in some new place, where we would eventually be able to locate it if we just set our minds to it. Rather, it had in a sense never existed in the first place. There is always something dreamlike about the great speculative frenzies, and, inevitably, at some point the dreamers awake.

R. Mac Millan

Those whose lives and livelihoods were tied up in the art market observed these developments with considerable alarm. Prices in the art world during the previous half decade had been surging alongside those in the financial markets, and, in many cases, among the same clientele. The new class of young stockbrokers and investment bankers and corporate lawyers and free-lance speculators constituted a large proportion of the new players on the art scene—particularly the contemporary-art scene—and dealers and artists and auctioneers cringed at the spectacle of these people's sudden difficulties. Boggs' work, of course, addressed precisely these confusions and anxieties. Why do people place any value on certain sorts of configurations on paper, and why do they then suddenly lose their faith in that value? Questions like these were suddenly making people crazy, and one couldn't help wondering what sort of impact that general mood of edginess would have on the trial.

I NEXT met Boggs a few weeks later at his London gallery, the Young Unknowns, on the south side. On the very eve of his trial, he was defiantly displaying his wares as part of a group show. There were old works, including a piece called "The

Banker's Dozen,” that consisted of nine drawings of non-British denominations and signs boldly attesting to the earlier confiscation by Scotland Yard of the four others—pound notes. There was a holograph piece, made up of two drawings of large-denomination American bills, and the 3-D image of himself which Boggs had been able to procure with those two drawings, along with his receipt and change for the transaction, all framed. (As far as Boggs is concerned, his true art form consists not so much in the currency drawings themselves as in the entire transactions they provoke, and he has evolved elaborate protocols for the display of those transactions as art.) There were some new works as well, including a framed drawing of a ten-pound note—only, when you looked closely, you realized that you were looking at a frame surrounding a stretch of wall on which Boggs had drawn the bill, as if to taunt Scotland Yard: “Confiscate *that!*” There was, in addition, a medium-sized black wooden box projecting from the wall and labelled “Safe” (Boggs' homage to Dubreuil?). The box had a glass panel at about eye level through which one could see an actual one-pound note—or, rather, the *reflection* of a one-pound note, for the piece consisted of an internal sequence of angled mirrors which conveyed the image of an actual note buried in the depths of the box. “Now, *that*,” Boggs suggested, “might actually constitute a reproduction of a pound note. So go ahead and arrest me.”



I asked Boggs how things were going.

He said he was feeling tense. As it turned out, the prosecution was not going to be seeking a jail sentence, as he had once feared, only a fine. But the point was moot, because Boggs had resolved—he'd *had* to resolve, to hear him tell it; he had no choice if he was going to safeguard the principle of artistic freedom—that he wasn't going to pay any fine under any circumstances. “I mean, if they fine me I'll draw them the fine,” he said. “Then they'll probably fine me for that, and I'll draw that fine, too. But eventually they'll probably rule me in contempt, and that *will* lead to a jail sentence.” The prospect seemed both to quicken and to terrify him.

He was, at any rate, quite notorious. The coming trial was receiving a good deal of press coverage, and he was being recognized when he appeared in public. “The other day, I was at the British Museum,” he told me. “They currently have up an exhibition of British banknote design through the ages, of all things, and it's got some terrific items, including the actual old portraits that the Bank of England used as models for the etched portraits on the current bills. So just who's copying whom? Anyway, they also have several glass cases filled with wonderful examples of classic, long-abandoned banknotes. I took out my sketching pad and started to draw some of them. Really beautiful things. Suddenly, a woman came over to me and told me I was to cease and desist—it was against the law to draw British currency. I said, ‘Oh, yeah?’ And anyway these bills were two hundred years old, for God's sake. I ignored her and went back to work. About half an hour later, a big bouncer type came over and said, ‘Hello, Mr. Boggs. We're not supposed to be here, are we?’ And he proceeded to throw me out. It was as if they'd been expecting me.”

As he was being led out, Boggs had managed to pick up a copy of the show's catalogue, and he now pulled it from his satchel. “Here,” he said. “Look at this.” He turned to a page on which was reproduced George Cruikshank's 1819 cartoon version of a contemporary British currency note—virtually exact, except that the central image in Cruikshank's rendition consisted of a ghastly line of bodies dangling from an extended gallows, and the “£” had been fashioned out of a noose. The catalogue text explained that in those days counterfeiting was rampant, with the death penalty as its punishment, and it went on to say, “The system was hard, for it is quite apparent that not only those who actually perpetrated the forgeries risked dire punishment; anyone who handled the counterfeit notes, knowingly or not, stood to suffer just as much.” The text also pointed out how along the left side of his bill Cruikshank had conspicuously printed “Specimen of a Bank Note—not to be imitated.” Boggs acknowledged that, all things considered, he was probably lucky to be testing the limits of the British currency laws at the end of the twenti-

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eth century rather than near the beginning of the nineteenth.

THE next morning, however, it became clear that, jail sentence or no, the Bank of England was still taking this case very seriously. Not only had the case been assigned to the Central Criminal Court, the Old Bailey, but it had been assigned to Courtroom No. 1, perhaps the most historic such chamber in England. As journalists and lawyers milling around the antechamber beforehand recalled, this was the room in which Dr. Crippen, the infamous wife-murderer, had been tried in 1910; this was the room in which most of the spy cases, the Official Secrets cases, the I.R.A. terrorist cases, the S & M brothel cases, the cases of the Yorkshire Ripper and the Bath Murderer had all been heard. And Boggs was going to be sitting in the very spot that all those miscreants had once occupied—news that wasn't doing much to calm Boggs' fidgets.

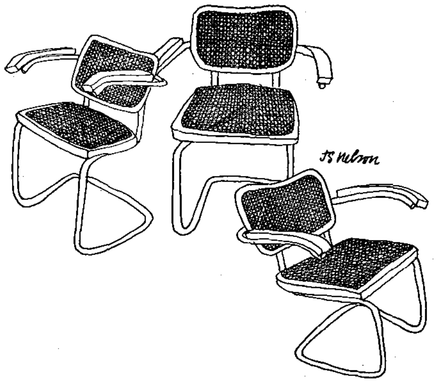
Courtroom No. 1, which is on the second floor of the Old Bailey, opens out on an august hall (green marble columns, dark wood panelling and benches, marble parquet floors, elaborate, somewhat kitschy murals above the entryway to each courtroom). That hall, in turn, opens out on a high central vault, the interior of the cupola whose exterior distinguishes the building on the skyline of the City of London. (The City, of course, is London's financial district: the Bank of England's headquarters are on nearby Threadneedle Street, and the stock-brokerage houses are scattered all around.) The exterior of Old Bailey's dome was under scaffolding the week I was there: I was told that the gold-plated statue of blindfolded Justice atop the dome was too heavy and was threatening to come crashing down through the building. Were it to do so, some of the milling journalists and lawyers and prospective jurors now remarked, it would probably take out the four-panelled mural at the top of the interior vaulting, whose panels depicted, in compass-point rotation, Truth, Learning, Art, and Labour. "As usual," Boggs noted, "Art is portrayed as opposed to Truth."

The murals above the courtroom doors portrayed various allegorical scenes, the import of which was driven home by weighty mottoes inscribed in elegant lettering underneath: "The Law of the Wise is a Fountain of Life," for instance, and "Right Lives by Law, and Law Subsists by Power." The motto above the entry to Courtroom No. 1 proclaimed, "Poise the Cause in Justice Equal Scales," and the mural showed an imperial scene with a panoply of dignitaries and common folk bowing down before dour Justice, her scales suspended at the end of an outstretched arm. It occurred to me that in this standard icon Justice is portrayed as having recourse to a money changer's scales as the device for metaphorically judging the worthiness of competing claims and values. How would Boggs' bills balance off against the real thing in the days ahead?

Presently, the judge in the case preceding Boggs' completed his summation, dispatched his jury, and vacated the room; and the bailiff came out to look for Boggs. It appeared that Boggs would have to be placed under formal arrest, booked and frisked downstairs, and prepared for a dramatic entry up an interior stairwell that led directly to the dock.

Boggs left with the bailiff, and the rest of us drifted into Courtroom No. 1, which proved to be a large, distinguished wood-panelled space laid out in classic British-courtroom style, which in itself bespeaks a whole philosophy not only of justice but also of social roles. The judge's bench and table were on a raised platform beneath a Damoclean sword and a coat of arms; facing that throne, on the other side of the room and at the same level, was the dock—the defendant's chair and desk, which were enclosed by a low, square wooden balustrade. Directly behind the defendant's chair, and within the enclosure, was the flight of stairs leading to the holding cells below. Over to the judge's right and one and two levels below his platform were the jurors' benches; the next level below theirs held the press seats; and then, at the lowest level, in the basin between the judge's and the defendant's plateaus and facing the jurors' escarpment, were the tables for the various defense and prosecution lawyers, the solicitors and barristers.

The solicitors were in street clothes, and had piles of documents on the tables before them; they had handled the earlier phases of the case. The barristers and their assistants wore black robes, little white double bibs (in the style of Cotton Mather), and elegantly coiffed gray wigs; it was they, and they alone, who would argue the case, from their positions at little podiums by their sides. Robert Harman, Q.C., was serving as the prosecuting barrister. (I'd reached him by phone from New York in the weeks before the trial, but, though extremely pleasant, he'd been reluctant to discuss the case. "My lips are sealed," he'd told me. "My branch of the profession is very strong about this business of not ventilating the case before trial. It might be thought very unfair if I were to take a bite at the cherry, as it were, before the hearing.") Boggs' solicitor, Stephens, had managed to procure for him the services of the barrister Geoffrey Robertson, a famous advocate of civil liberties and press rights—a sort of British combination of Floyd Abrams (although there is no formal equivalent of our First Amendment in Britain, Robertson has championed such First Amendment-type clients as the *Observer* and the *New Statesman*) and the Harvard lawyer Arthur Miller (as Miller does on PBS, Robertson conducts a popular legal roundtable program on Granada Television). Robertson has also been a frequent advocate before the European Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg (his clients elsewhere have included members of the beleaguered Czech Jazz Section), and, to judge from his comments to the press, he seemed to see the current Boggs proceedings as a necessary, if probably futile, exercise—merely a preliminary to his heart's true desire: an appeal of the Boggs case before the Strasbourg court.



The spectators, who were seated on rows of benches behind the defendant's enclosure and also in a steep gallery, something like a surgeon's amphitheatre, in the upper part of the wall opposite the jury, were taking advantage of the lull before the trial to size up the two barristers. Harman was a spry-looking elderly gentleman with sharp features, narrow lips, a wide smile, a clear gaze, large ears, and a tiny face. His wig fitted him perfectly: it might well have been fashioned out of his own hair. Moreover, it looked not the least bit anachronistic on him;

on the contrary, he had a confident eighteenth-century presence that made everybody else in the room seem vaguely out of date. Robertson, by contrast, was clearly a modern man, a good deal younger than Harman, taller and fleshier, and with thick, almost bouffant hair, which would have stood any American Presidential candidate in good stead, and atop which perched an absurdly cocked wisp of a wig. ("Geoffrey," Boggs asked him during one of the recesses, "how often do you have to take that thing to the vet?")

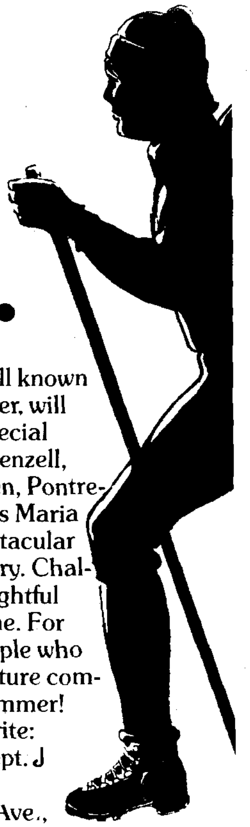
The den mother, or mother hen, of the court now rose and stamped her staff, instructing all present to rise for the judge's entrance. A side door near the back opened, two dark-robed ushers entered and surveyed the scene, and then, presumably finding everything in order, bade their lord the judge, the Honorable Sir David McNeill, to enter. He did, and proved to be a kindly-looking, middle-aged, bespectacled gentleman, with dark bushy eyebrows. He was all decked out in a comfortable bright-red robe with ermine sleeves, and, on his head, a distinctive white wig. In one hand he carried the traditional black cap, which he'd be required to don should he find it necessary, at any point in the coming proceedings, to sentence anyone to death for high treason. He walked to his bench, then turned to bow to the ushers, to the clerks, to the barristers, to us—I lost track of the bows. Courtroom novices, like me, tended to return all of them; the pros knew which single bow to respond to.

The judge now sat, and everyone else sat, and the judge called for the defendant Boggs to be brought up, and nothing happened. "Bring up the defendant," the judge repeated, and still nothing happened. The bailiff, flustered, went off to see what could have gone wrong and returned a few moments later to report that the officers downstairs had somehow misplaced their charge, the defendant Boggs, but were looking for him and would no doubt be delivering him shortly. All of us just sat around, politely nodding to each other. Finally, after about ten minutes, the hatch opened and Boggs was delivered to his fate. (Boggs subsequently told me he'd been frisked three separate times, in three successively deeper interior chambers down there, and had finally been remanded into a solitary cell. "That cell would have made a great studio," he reported. "A bright white cube. The walls were covered with scratched-in initials and insignias and slogans. I took out my pen and had just enough time to draw the beginnings of a pound note before they came to fetch me.")

THE judge announced that Boggs would no longer have to go through the ritual of pretrial incarceration, and then he summoned a panel of prospective jurors. He told them that this was going to be a case involving the currency of the realm and asked if any of them had any ties to the Bank of England. One of them said that, actually, she was married to a man who worked for a company that did business with the Bank. What sort of business? Printing. The judge looked over at Robertson; Robertson smiled and shrugged—it didn't matter to him—and the woman was permitted to stay. Robertson made peremptory challenges of two other jurors, Harman accepted the whole lot, and, as quickly as that, we had our jury: eight women and four men, ranging in age from their early twenties into their sixties. They were a uniformly ordinary, middle-class-looking group, with the possible exception of one somewhat scruffy and dishevelled gentleman in his mid-thirties.

The judge invited the prosecution to open its case. Harman informed the jury that this case was being brought under Section 18 of the 1981 Forgery and Counterfeiting Act, but the prosecution would be alleging neither counterfeiting nor forgery—only the act of reproduction, for which, he declared, there ought to be two simple possible tests: Does the copy suggest the original to a person looking at it, and was it obviously copied? If the copy met those tests, it would clearly be a reproduction, and therefore its creator would be in violation of Section 18—unless, that is, he had procured advance permission from the Bank of England, which, as part of its assigned protective role on behalf of the integrity of the national currency, had been granted unfettered discretion in granting or withholding such permission. The question was going to be a straightforward one: Had the defendant, Mr. Boggs, reproduced British notes or had he not?

The prosecution's first witness was a mid-level official with the Bank of England, Geoffrey Russell, to whom Harman successively presented the four Boggs drawings—of a ten-pound note, a five-pound note, and two one-



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pound notes—that formed the basis for the four counts with which the Bank was charging Boggs. Harman invited Mr. Russell to detail all the similarities between Boggs' drawings and standard pound notes of the same denominations. A strange tar-baby effect developed here: each time Mr. Russell pulled an actual five- or ten-pound note out of his billfold to use in comparison, he had to surrender it as evidence. As a witness, he was being cleaned out.

Robertson, for his part, during the cross-examination, trotted Mr. Russell through all the obvious differences. At one point, when Mr. Russell commented that it had been some time since he'd studied the Boggs drawings, the last time he'd seen them having been before Christmas, Robertson said, "You mean last Christmas, the Christmas of 1986, when the Bank itself included reproductions of pound notes on its own Christmas cards?"

The judge scowled. "You're not suggesting, Mr. Robertson, that those reproductions were unauthorized?" he said.

"Oh, *no*," Robertson quickly assured His Lordship. "No doubt those reproductions were *easily* authorized." In subsequent asides, Robertson let it be known that the Bank of England had even granted permission to a chain of sex shops to reproduce a decidedly risqué version of a British pound note.

At this point, the judge received word that the jury in the previous case had now reached its verdict, and he recessed our trial for lunch, so that the other trial could occupy the premises. Everyone got up and bowed, and most of our group left—all except me. I decided to stay on and witness the outcome of the other case. The trap door opened, and its defendant emerged to take Boggs' place. Barristers, solicitors, judge, and jury all trooped in, and there were bows all around. The jury announced its verdict on three counts of rape—not guilty—and was gratefully dismissed. The prosecutor then pointed out to the judge that there remained the matter of a fourth count, which had been held over for separate consideration. It appeared that at the moment of his arrest the defendant had been in possession of five counterfeit fifty-pound notes. The defense lawyer got up and explained that the defendant had been given the five notes earlier that evening *as a joke*, and had kept them to show them around as such; he'd never intended to pass them. (This struck me as a novel defense, and I resolved to relay it to Boggs as a possible backup position.) The judge, however, was not amused. "A joke?" he said grimly. The defense lawyer immediately fell back on an alternative strategy, arguing that the seven months the defendant had already spent in jail, unable to post bail on the three counts on which he'd now been found not guilty, ought to be sufficient penance for this other offense. The judge considered that for a few moments, and, following a stern lecture to the defendant on the evils of counterfeiture, accepted it. End of that case, bows all around, and, a bit later, bows all around, resumption of ours.

Harman's next witness was a somewhat more senior official of the Bank of England than Mr. Russell, Graham Kentfield, who turned out to be the boss of a recalcitrant bureaucrat with whom Boggs had engaged in an unsatisfactory correspondence the year before, prior to his arrest. (That man had meanwhile retired and was not being called as a witness; Mr. Kentfield explained that, in any case, the man had been acting under his direct orders.) Harman and Kentfield rehearsed the entire correspondence between Boggs and the Bank: Boggs had written two letters asking permission, and the Bank had written two letters refusing it. Kentfield presented the aspect of a self-assured and unflappable bureaucrat: the validity of his position was self-evident, and its obvious validity to anyone else was equally self-evident. He explained that reproductions of currency notes made with even the most benign of motives—he cited the case of eye-catching advertisements in newspapers—could be used by a second party to diddle naïve and trusting third parties (he told of instances in which reproductions of pound notes had been cut out of newspapers, hand-colored, and palmed off on unsuspecting little old ladies in Suffolk). This was what the Bank had to protect against; this was why the Bank had a strict set of guidelines, which it sent to all prospective applicants, and which it had sent to Boggs. Boggs had been asking for "blanket permission" to contravene both the law and those guidelines—a request that, self-evidently, could only be met with a "blanket refusal."

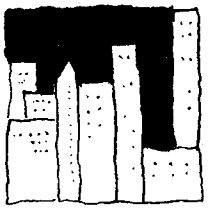
In his cross-examination, Robertson tried to determine how this law and those guidelines could ever be made to apply to fine artists, as opposed to commercial artists. "Let me see if I have this right," he said to Kentfield. "If Mr. da Vinci was proposing to include some pound notes in his upcoming painting of 'Christ Driving the Moneylenders from the Temple,' you're suggesting that, in keeping with the guidelines, he'd have to send the Bank a detailed sketch, in duplicate, taking care to leave the space intended for the bills blank pending your approval of the whole scheme? And, in keeping with your guidelines, were you to grant permission, he'd still be required upon completion of his project to destroy all materials associated with the image's manufacture? What does that mean? The brushes? The palette? The easel? The painting itself?"

Mr. Kentfield declared Robertson's example preposterous—for one thing, moneylenders in Christ's time would never have been lending British pound notes—and smugly asserted the self-evidence of common sense. Robertson tried to get Kentfield to admit that Section 18 clearly applied to mechanical, and not manual, reproduction; to commercial, and not fine, art; but Mr. Kentfield serenely stuck to his position. What Boggs had been doing was obviously reproduction; as such, it had required the Bank's permission, which Kentfield had not once but twice refused to grant: case closed, as far as he was concerned. Robertson got Kentfield to admit—and Kentfield saw no problem in this, either—that it was he alone who had decided not only how to reply to Boggs' initial request but how to reply to Boggs' appeal of that decision as well. Subsequently, in his summation, Robertson would describe Kentfield as a witness "whose brow doubt had never furrowed," and Kentfield, then seated in the back of the courtroom, seemed in no way bothered by that characterization.

Harman now called Inspector James Davies, the arresting officer from Scotland Yard, and reviewed with him the circumstances of Boggs' arrest and subsequent interrogation. Indeed, in a particularly surreal exchange, Harman had Davies assist him in reading the transcript of Boggs' entire post-arrest interrogation into the record, with Davies playing himself and Harman taking on the role of Boggs. ("Q: Did you draw or paint that article? A: It is my job to allow my thoughts and feelings to be expressed and communicated through visual work of my hands. For art to be true and just and honest, I must allow my inner self out. Q: Did you draw or paint it? I accept what you appear to be trying to indicate, but the question I am asking is not about why you might have done it, but if you did it. A: Can I claim total responsibility for all things which make me a human being, being that I consider this to be a part of or reflection of my self? I've gone into my mind to the place where art originates—and it is a very expansive place: I have yet to dent the territory, I am only beginning to explore it. Q: Did you with your hand with a pen, pencil or paintbrush—irrespective of the reasons, whatever they may have been, which caused you to do it—paint, draw or color this item? A: If you are asleep and you have a dream, are you responsible for the creation of that dream? I have bled onto this piece of work." And so forth.) Robertson, in his cross-examination, solicited from Inspector Davies the fact that Boggs had never been in trouble with the law before, and also Davies' own certain opinion that Boggs had never tried to pass off any of his drawings under false pretenses.

The judge adjourned the hearing for the day. Boggs, coming out of his enclosure, waved to Davies (who nodded nervously back) and then remarked to me that he'd become good friends with the inspector in the months since his arrest. On each occasion he'd encountered Davies during the various pretrial procedures, Boggs said he had regaled the inspector with details of his most recent exploits and shown him his most recent drawings. "Don't do that," Davies had pleaded. "Don't tell me that. Don't show me that. I don't even want to know about any of this."

Now, however, Boggs seemed somewhat rattled by his day. "It's strange to be sitting up there listening to all these people talking about you and your work, and not be able to say a word," he observed. He was too restless to go home, so I suggested he might like to take in a play. We looked through the paper and naturally settled on Caryl Churchill's "Serious Money." Churchill had described her play as "a City Comedy," and, dealing with the world of speculative high finance in the wake of London's "Big Bang" deregulation of financial markets (and before the Bust), it presented a class of people who were in the regular habit of producing wealth out of nothing in a manner considerably grander than anything Boggs had ever envisioned.



BACK at the Old Bailey the next morning, the bailiff came up to Boggs in the anteroom and inquired about some sketching he'd seen him doing in his notebook during the previous day's testimony. "You weren't sketching the judge or any of the witnesses, were you?" he asked.

Boggs said no, he'd been sketching the sword and the coat of arms on the wall above the judge.

"Well, that's strictly forbidden," the bailiff informed him sternly. "It's forbidden for anyone to sketch any of the persons or things inside the courtroom during a trial, and I will not have such behavior in my courtroom." (That prohibition, by the way, accounted for another curious spectacle I'd come upon while walking around the Old Bailey during breaks: courtroom sketch artists who kept barrelling out of their courtrooms into the hallway and frantically sketching from memory as much as they could recover before diving back for another visual draught.) Boggs promised to desist from such insolence, and reported to his seat.

Once the proceedings had resumed, Harman rather quickly wrapped up his presentation of the prosecution's case. He, too, seemed to feel that the evidence of reproduction was self-evident. Robertson now asked the judge if he could make certain technical submissions on why the case should be dropped without further ado, and the judge, though he looked dubious, excused the jury until after lunch.

Robertson's submissions had to do with the misapplication of the legal term "reproduction" in this case, and they were technically dazzling—at times too clever by half (as when, to buttress his claim that "reproduction" had to be total and exact and without any variation whatsoever, he cited phrases in parliamentary acts which asserted that a given section should be understood to "reproduce" such-and-such a section from another act, by which was obviously meant "taken in toto verbatim," and not "sketched out to an approximate likeness"). Finally, however, they proved futile.

The judge seemed to feel he was dealing with a common-sense application of a word in common usage, and he really couldn't see what all the fuss was about. "So I reject your submission, Mr. Robertson," he concluded at length, "though I thank you for making it. It was most interesting."

Robertson didn't seem deeply disappointed: perhaps he'd simply been rehearsing for Strasbourg. Boggs, for his part, had spent his morning in the dock sketching merrily away.

After lunch, the jury came back, and Robertson launched his case with a flamboyant opening statement. In contrast to Harman's cool, crisp, efficiently friendly style, Robertson's was rhetorically expansive. "The 'Mona Lisa' is not a reproduction of an Italian woman," he told the jurors, "and van Gogh did not reproduce sunflowers. To be sure, Boggs is not an artist of that calibre—and being an artist would in any case be no defense in itself—but if you just look at his drawings you will see that they are not reproductions but, rather, artists' impressions, objects of contemplation." He went on to claim that not only had these drawings never been passed off as real currency but they couldn't possibly be. He had repeated recourse to what was apparently a quasi-legal standard, that of the "moron in a hurry," as in "Not even a moron in a hurry would mistake these drawings for the real thing—they are obviously drawings." (There was in subsequent examinations and cross-examinations much discussion of the relative capacities of Boggs' drawings and hurried morons to fool and be fooled. What about, for instance, a moron in a hurry *in a dimly lit room*?) "No," Robertson concluded, theatrically, "Boggs' drawings and real money are as different as chalk and cheese, or rather chalk and cheese that's been carved out to resemble chalk. Boggs is no mere reproducer, he's an artist. You may or may not like what he does; you may find what he does of value, or you may feel a Boggs isn't worth the paper it's drawn on. The invitation to come up and see my Boggs sometime may hold no fascination whatsoever for you. But that's not the point. The point is that these are original works of art and not reproductions at all."

With that, Robertson called his first witness, Boggs himself. Under friendly questioning, Boggs reviewed his background for the jury, describing how he'd come to his current preoccupations, how he drew his drawings and "spent" them, what became of them after they were spent, how his true fascination was with the very act of transaction itself, how he'd first heard about his potential legal problems with the Bank and had immediately taken steps to address them, the stone wall he'd encountered there, and so forth. He was at his most charming.

During the cross-examination, however, Harman clearly rattled him. Following a come-on-you're-an-intelligent-young-man prologue, he showed that Boggs himself had developed doubts about the legality of his production (he returned again and again to the evidence of the two letters), and that when he failed to get the reassurance he'd desired, he had simply resolved to ignore the prohibition and break the law.

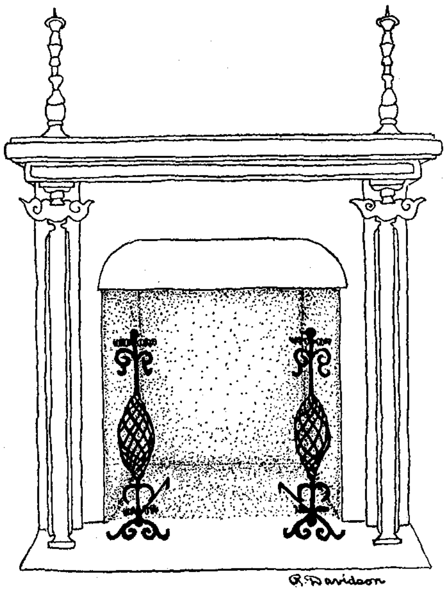
Boggs insisted that the law couldn't possibly apply to his work.

Harman interrupted him abruptly: "Are you suggesting that because your drawings are works of art, they are incapable of being reproductions?"

"I suppose so," came Boggs' carefully measured reply, "because once you crossed over the line into reproduction, it would no longer be a work of art."

Harman was clearly trying to leave the jurors with the impression that Boggs considered himself, as an artist, to exist in a universe beyond the reach of laws that applied to mere mortals like them. But the jurors, uniformly poker-faced throughout the proceedings, were giving no indication of whether they accepted that characterization. (In one surprising development, the slovenly juror of the previous day appeared to have cleaned up his act considerably: he was dressed in a casual suit, and had brought along, as leisure reading, a history of merchant banking.)

THE third day of the trial began with Boggs still on the witness stand (he had by now attracted a number of beautiful young women who gazed down upon his ongoing martyrdom in attitudes of dreamy concern from perches in the spectator gallery), but he was soon replaced by three expert witnesses. Robertson had planned to call an editor of the Oxford English Dictionary to testify concerning the meaning of "reproduce," but he had now decided not to (in fact, one of the O.E.D.'s ten definitions of the word comes uncomfortably close to describing precisely the sort of activity Boggs is engaged in). Instead, Robertson called René Gimpel, a prominent art dealer; Michael Compton, a distinguished senior curator of the Tate Gallery, recently retired; and Sandy Nairne, the director of visual arts at the Arts Council of Great Britain. All three testified that to call Boggs' drawings "reproductions" was to utterly confound the word's universally accepted art-world meaning. They rehearsed all the differences between Boggs' drawings and real bills, including, in one interesting line of questioning, that of value itself: they confirmed that Boggs' drawings regularly fetched prices in excess of one hundred times the face value of their models. Robertson extrapolated: "Has anyone here ever heard of a reproduction being worth *more* than its original? How, then, can Boggs' drawings be considered reproductions?" He went on to note, in passing, that it would be preposterous for someone to pass off a Boggs drawing to some unsuspecting third party at merely its face value—and that anyway this had never happened in the more than seven hundred instances when his drawings had changed hands—so that that concern of the Bank's was likewise unfounded.



Compton spoke of the different traditions that the two sorts of objects addressed: the banknotes merely addressed the tradition of earlier banknotes, whereas Boggs' drawings manifestly alluded to such earlier-established art-world traditions as trompe-l'œil, barter art, Pop art, and conceptual/performance art. "Excuse me," interrupted the judge, who seemed to relish playing the role of the jovially dense common man. "How's that? *Con*ceptual-slash-performance art? Do I have that right? Oh dear." (At moments like this, the judge's dark eyebrows would dance behind his thick-rimmed glasses in a virtuoso performance, reminiscent of the tradition practiced by such masters as Senator Sam Ervin.) "The banknote is intended to exude anonymity and authority," Compton resumed. "Boggs' drawings instantly and overwhelmingly exude individuality."

With each of these witnesses, Harman seemed content to get the man to admit on cross-examination that, for all their supposed differences, there were still plenty of similarities between the Boggs drawings and the actual bills, and, in fact, the Boggses were obviously drawings *of* standard bills. It was like pulling teeth.

With that, the presentation of evidence was over. Harman completed his summary to the jury, and Robertson started his before lunch and concluded it soon after. At that stage of the proceedings, it seemed to some of us in the press box that it was going to come down to a question of whom the jury resented being condescended to by more—distant, arbitrary bureaucrats who saw their authority as beyond appeal, or eccentric, self-assured art types who imagined their precious categories to be outside the law. Such, at any rate, were the caricatures that Robertson and Harman chose to emphasize in their closing statements.

THE judge now gathered his papers together and began his summation of the case and his directions to the jury. For three hours, in a presentation that carried over to the next morning, he expertly analyzed the relevant laws and reviewed the various lines of argument and presentations of evidence. His tone was friendly, congenial, but finally no-nonsense. He was particularly succinct in his summary of the case for the defense, enumerating each defense argument in turn and affably declaring each, in turn, to be utterly without merit. After reviewing the basic provisions of Section 18, he said, for example, "The fact that a drawing might not resemble a currency note in every particular cannot provide a defense against this charge. The fact that the maker did not intend it to be passed, or that it might not even be capable of being passed, would not provide a defense, either. Nor would it be a defense to claim that the copy was made by hand rather than by machine: the parliamentary act makes no reference to mechanical means, and you can't go putting into an act of Parliament words which Parliament itself did not put into the act. Nor would the assertion that the copy in question were a work of art constitute any sort of defense whatsoever." He paused to smile warmly at the jury, and resumed, "This case is not about artistic freedom or freedom of expression or anything of the sort. You may have heard it described as a test case; nothing could be further from the truth: this is a very narrow and specific case. Please don't be deluded into imagining that you're trying the contemporary art establishment." Even veteran British trial reporters, who had seen a lot of biased summations by judges, were taken aback by the tenor of this presentation. "This is the world's most friendly hanging judge," one reporter scrawled in a note he passed to another.

"It provides no defense whatsoever that the drawings in question may be worth more than the originals," the judge continued, "or, for that matter, that they may in some manner provide the defendant with a principal source of his livelihood. Whether or not the defendant understood the law is immaterial. The comparative quality of the material upon which the copy was executed can be of no relevance. Evidence of the defendant's good character is likewise beside the point: that he were a man of evidently good prior character could in no way help us to determine whether he had in fact committed this specific crime, just as the reverse would be true. You would be untrue to your oath if you took mitigating circumstances into account in finding the defendant not guilty. I will of course take those circumstances into account in determining sentencing." The judge now paused significantly. "Or lack thereof"—he smiled—"should that prove necessary."

The judge seemed to be directing his jury the way Captain Hook directed his prisoners down the plank. It was pretty clear what he was expecting from all the parties involved. The jury would be a good jury and return a guilty verdict, he would be a good judge and impose a suspended sentence, and we could all get out of here and have a good weekend.

"Really, ladies and gentlemen of the jury," the judge went on, "we have a pretty straightforward question here. The word 'reproduction' is a perfectly common one used in everyday discourse, we all know what it means. And we can all also recognize that Section 18 forbids not just the reproduction of entire bills but even any 'reproduction in part.' If there is no more than just the reproduction of an actual serial number, you may find it difficult not to find that 'reproduction in part' has taken place."

A chill went through the press ranks: we flipped back through our notebooks and recognized in horror all the times we ourselves had transcribed the various serial numbers as they were being entered in evidence. Again, the judge smiled cordially. "But that will be for you to decide, not me."

By the end of the judge's summation, it was beginning to seem that the jury's decision might turn not just on the question of its antipathies to art types and bank bureaucrats but also on the extent to which its members might, on the one hand, have grown to resent the rigidities of this utterly charming and avuncular judge and developed a willingness to rebel or, on the other, might have been rendered irredeemably crazy by precisely those congenial rigidities and hence without a will of its own.

Shortly after eleven-thirty on the morning of the fourth day—Thanksgiving Day back in America, as it happened—the judge concluded his summation and direction, the jury headed for its chamber, and Boggs and the defense team repaired upstairs to the court cafeteria to wait out the jury's deliberations.

ROBERTSON and Stephens were pretty grim: the judge's instructions had been devastating. Robertson

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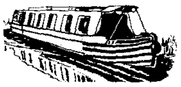

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was already sketching out his strategy for Strasbourg. Stephens asked Compton, the Tate's man, whether, in the event of a guilty verdict, the defense might at least move to wrest Boggs' confiscated works from the presumably destructive hands of the Bank, so that they could be preserved under the aegis of the Tate's Archive. Compton said that while such an arrangement would probably be acceptable it was important to understand that there was a distinct bifurcation between the Tate's Archive and the Tate's Collection—that just because works might be accepted into the Archive did not mean that they had been deemed worthy of being included in the Collection. "Now," he went on, musingly, "that does not mean that at some future date a work in the Archive might not be raised up into the Collection." He paused for a moment, his face darkening. "Or, I suppose, things might just as well go the other way around."

Word suddenly arrived that everyone was to return to the courtroom immediately: the jury had reached its verdict. It had been out only ten minutes. Stephens and other members of the defense team walked close to Boggs on the way downstairs, urging him to keep his cool, acknowledging that though the sudden verdict looked very bad, they would immediately launch their appeals on any guilty verdict, even one with a suspended sentence, and that the important thing was that he stay calm and collected, and not complicate matters by shooting his mouth off and incurring a contempt citation. Boggs, taking it all in as he descended the stairs, seemed pale and short of breath.

We all poured into the courtroom (there seemed to be a lot more press people about than at any time earlier), the judge's entry was announced, we all rose, he entered, we all bowed, we all sat, the jury was summoned and filed in, they all sat. The clerk asked the jurors whether they had selected a foreman. Indeed they had: the formerly scruffy gentleman now rose as their spokesman, decked out in the immaculate three-piece suit of an established banker. The judge inquired whether the jurors had arrived at a verdict. Yes, they had. Was it unanimous? Yes, it was. And what was it?

Not guilty on all four counts.

The judge rolled his eyes momentarily skyward and then smiled. Harman did likewise. Now, the judge and Harman smiled bemusedly at each other. Robertson initially seemed almost taken aback (the man had virtually reserved his suite at the Strasbourg Hilton), but then broke into a wide grin. Stephens was beaming. Boggs threw his arms up in the air in unmitigated exultation.

The jury had turned the judge's plank into a springboard from which it had propelled itself clear out of the law's strictures.

"Well," the judge said. "We've certainly all learned something here today." He thanked the jurors and dismissed them, declared Boggs a free man, ordered his confiscated drawings returned to him, and adjourned the proceedings.

The first person to shake Boggs' hand as he emerged from the defendant's dock was Inspector Davies. Boggs went over to the evidence table, pulled out his once-confiscated drawing of a five-pound note, and handed it to Stephens as a bonus.

A few minutes later, on the sidewalk outside the Old Bailey, as Boggs was being interviewed by London Weekend Television, he was spotted by the jurors filing out from their separate exit. They all rushed over to hug and congratulate him.

"It was the correct verdict," one of the jurors solemnly told the television reporter.

"We *loved* the work," the man in the three-piece suit assured Boggs confidentially.

Boggs now turned to the camera and announced that in celebration of the verdict he would embark immediately on a new project. From that moment on, he said, for the next year, he would spend no real money whatsoever. "I will live off what I can procure with my art," he declared. "My needs are limited. If I can't get something with a drawing, I'll just make do without it. It's going to take an awful lot of work and an awful lot of scrambling, but I want to see if it can be done.

"Anyway," he said, "I've got a head start." He reached into his satchel, pulled out his sketch pad, and displayed a drawing of a fifty-pound note, which, he explained, he'd been laboring over up there in the dock, the entire last half of the trial.

—LAWRENCE WESCHLER

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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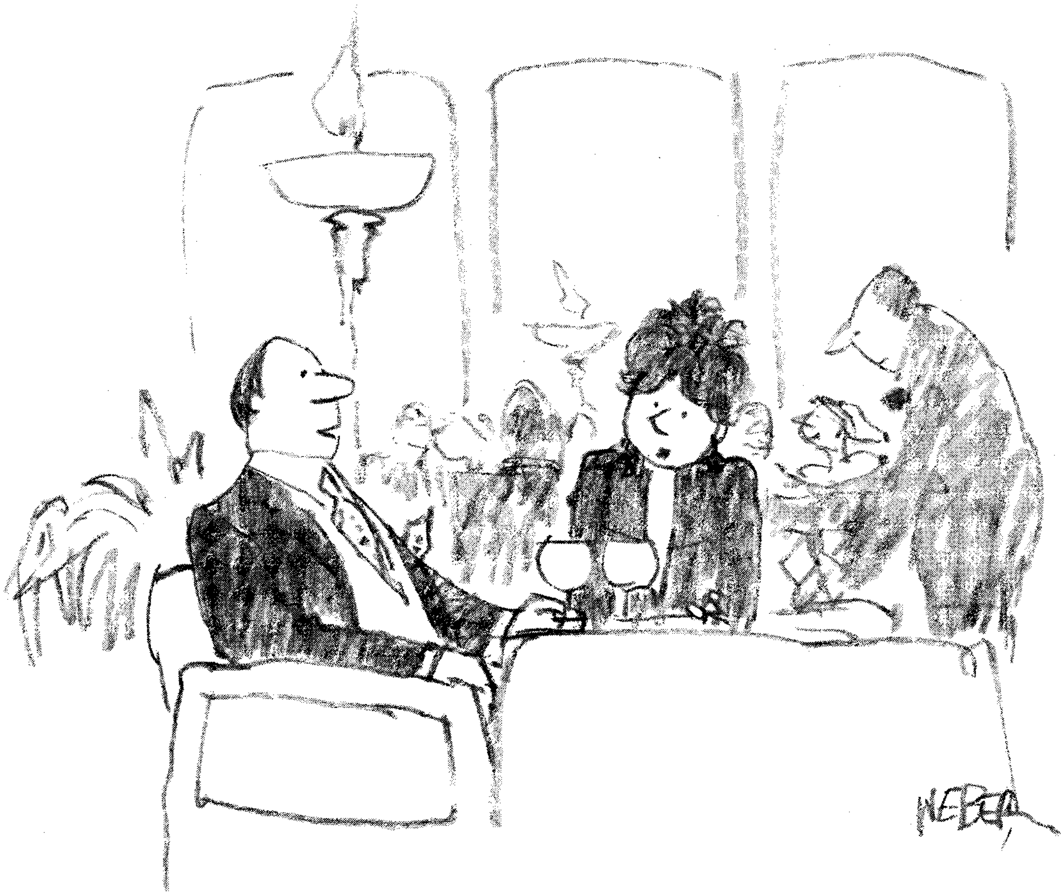
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Loony Fugue

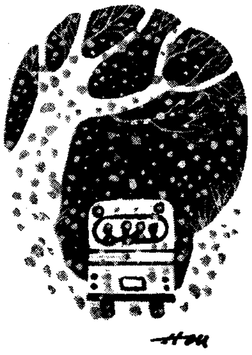
CHER is right at home in the screwball ethnic comedy "Moonstruck." She doesn't stare at the camera and act the goddess. She moves around, she shouts, and when she lets her hair down a huge dark mass of crinkly tendrils floats about her tiny face. (What a prop!) Cher isn't afraid to be a little crazy here, and she's devastatingly funny and sinuous and beautiful. She plays Loretta, a widowed bookkeeper in her late thirties, who lives with her Italian-American family in a big old brownstone in Brooklyn. Doing the levelheaded thing, she accepts the marriage proposal of a timid dullard (Danny Aiello), a bachelor in his forties, and, when he has to fly to Palermo, she does what he asks: she invites his estranged younger brother (Nicolas Cage), a baker, to come to the wedding. Up to that point, you may not be sure how to take the flat-out, slightly zonked dialogue. But when Cher and Nicolas Cage—each with droopy eyelids—start lusting for one another, a fairy-tale full moon lights up the movie. Cage is a wonderful romantic clown: he's slack-jawed and Neanderthal and passionate. He may be the only young actor who can look stupefied while he smolders. And no one can yearn like Cage: his head empties out—there's nothing there but sheep-eyed yearning. "Moonstruck" is an opera buffa in which the arias are the lines the characters deliver, in their harshly musical Brooklyn rhythms. Looking as if he's in a sick trance, the baker tells Loretta he's in love with her; she has just been to bed with him, but when she hears this she slaps him two quick whacks and says, "Snap out of it!" In her dry way, she's more irrational than he is. And when you see that the whole cast of family members are involved in libidinal confusions the operatic structure can make you feel close to deliriously happy.

Working from a script by John Patrick Shanley, the director, Norman Jewison, doesn't go for charm; he goes for dizzy charm. And that's what wins you over. He sets a hyperemotional mood; even the performances of the bit players are heightened. And the musical score, arranged by Dick Hyman, keeps twitting you. It starts, under the titles, with Dean Martin singing "That's Amore," and it reaches a juicy peak with the voices of Renata Tebaldi and Carlo Bergonzi in "La Bohème." Hyman mixes musical emotion and a teasing parody of musical emotion, and you can't separate them, even when the parody is very broad. That's essentially what Shanley and Jewison are up to: they've blended a slapstick temperament with the pleasures that the synthetic elements in American movies used to give us. And so you get such counterpoint as the baker, whose thought processes are primeval, telling Loretta about the accident that turned him against his brother, and Loretta calmly explaining what happened, in a parody of Freudian explanations that's pure bughouse. And, with David Watkin lighting the scenes and Lou Lombardo (who edited "The Wild Bunch" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller") giving them a spin, the picture has a warm, fluky dazzle. Its originality is that the mockery doesn't destroy the overblown romanticism—it intensifies it.

This is ethnic comedy, but it's not noisy or monotonous. Jewison scales down the bullying stage techniques of actors you've been backing away from for years; everything is modulated, so that each voice can be heard. Vincent Gardenia is Loretta's irascible father, whose prosperous plumbing business sustains life in the brownstone. Olympia Dukakis, heavy-lidded, like Cher, and with a similar deadpan matter-of-factness, but with the dry-husk voice of a mummy, is the plumber's worldly-wise wife; she knows he's straying but can't figure out the reason. This woman is of a philosophical bent: she doesn't worry about who—it's the why that plagues her. Louis Guss is her mild brother, who runs a deli with his companionable wife, played by the great, leering Julie Bovasso—she's like a female Bert Lahr. (She also trained the cast in its fugue of contentious Brooklyn accents.) Feodor Chaliapin (the son of the legendary singer-actor) is Loretta's grand-



"I find that having a lot of money works for me."



father, who lives in the brownstone with his five dogs—he coaches them (in Italian) to howl at the full moon. John Mahoney is a lonely, lecherous professor of communications at N.Y.U., who dates his impressionable students but has an eye for an older woman, too—he makes overtures to Loretta's mother. Anita Gillette is a fortyish tootsie who has been having a cuddly affair with Loretta's father, and Nada Despotovich is a wistful young girl who works in the bakery and pines for the dopey, tempestuous baker. Most of the characters are gathered at the breakfast table in the closing scenes, when the plot is tied together. And Shanley's theatrical artifice works, partly because he accepts the characters as comic stereotypes—he doesn't try to give them depth—and partly because the actors love their lines, and, as characters, they can flaunt the excessiveness of their emotions. These characters make comedy turns out of everything they do.

"Moonstruck" is slender, and at times it's a little too proud of its quaintness. When the characters raise their champagne glasses in a toast "To family!" you may dimly recognize that this picture could become a holiday perennial. But you're probably grinning anyway, because the toast has a flipped-out quality. "Moonstruck" isn't heartfelt; it's an honest contrivance—the mockery is a giddy homage to our desire for grand passion. With its own special lushness, it's a rose-tinted black comedy.

WOODY ALLEN's "September" fades from mind even before you've seen it. The title, the publicity—it's all pallid and pristine. The movie exists at such a low energy level that it seems to be up to you to project a light onto the screen. A jazz piano is heard—never has jazz sounded more austerely classic—and you watch a roundelay of unrequited love, with two women who are best friends (Mia Farrow and Dianne Wiest) suffering terribly over Sam Waterston, a weakling would-be novelist who writhes with sensitivity. The general anguish spans twenty-four hours at the end of summer, just before September, and the setting is the tasteful yellow-beige interior of the Vermont house that belongs to Lane (Mia Farrow). What are we doing here while the six main characters talk about the storm outside? We're killing time waiting for a revelation. It comes in an effectively staged moment. Lane is a crushed, suicidal mouse, presumably because at fourteen she shot her playgirl mother's brutal lover. The mother (Elaine Stritch), a shallow, vital bulldozer, who is visiting, with her new husband, a physicist (Jack Warden), in tow, has no patience with the daughter's misery over something that happened roughly a quarter of a century earlier, and goads her to the point where the daughter, in front of everyone, blurts out the truth about the shooting. To put it plainly, this movie—which in its refined tone is a generic Chekhov play drained of humor and mixed with Ingmar Bergman's "Autumn Sonata"—draws its only power from the Johnny Stompanato–Lana Turner scandal.

"September" isn't as self-conscious as Allen's "Interiors"—it's smoother and easier to take. But it's profoundly derivative and second-rate. When Lane lifts up a large bouquet of wilting wildflowers and complains that her mother picked them but didn't bother to put them in water, some part of you refuses to believe that Woody Allen thought this up and that it survived the months of writing and shooting and reshooting and editing. He's a lesson to us all: if you confuse art and gentility, you wind up with symbolic wilted flowers. The only thing that locates Woody Allen in the real world is that he wrote a screenplay about being haunted by the Johnny Stompanato case.

There's an honest dramatic impulse behind that, even if it's shrouded in Chekhov and Bergman. It's also shrouded in Woodiana. The physicist, who, of course, worked at Los Alamos, explains to the novelist, whose book is to be about his history-professor father, who was fired during the McCarthy period, that the nature of the universe is "haphazard, morally neutral, and unimaginably violent." That's the picture's rationale: it's supposed to justify Allen's making morose films in which the actors are either directed to be limp or just naturally get that way. Waterston doesn't give a bad performance—he isn't the disgrace he was in "Interiors." But the role is effete, and he's played it or its twins so many times you feel effete watching him. (He only comes alive onscreen when he does comedy.) Jack Warden is perfectly pleasant, though he doesn't seem to have any idea why he's here, and Denholm Elliott, as a widower neighbor who's devoted to Lane, doesn't quite seem to have been introduced to the rest of the cast. Farrow does a craftsmanlike job in the kind of role that killed off interest in Liv Ullmann: she's lighter, not so harrowingly wet and sincere. The only moment that's really hers is the revelation, and she makes it work—she makes you feel Lane's unhappiness over the way her mother has ignored her needs. (That's what we react to—not the big secret from the past.) But Dianne Wiest falls into a nasal variant of the whimpering-Ullmann trap, and Allen gives us too many shots of her nervous mannerisms; holding her hand to her head, she shows enough gallant anxiety for three movies. (She also sits straight-backed at the piano playing "What'll I Do?" enough for three movies.) As for Stritch, she's probably giving Allen what he wants: the belting, domineering life-force woman who rides right over weaker people. You get the feeling that she represents everything Allen recoils from, but that he thinks these vital women keep men—other men—from despairing. Still, couldn't the role be played with some shadings?

After you get used to being set-bound, Waterston goes over to the venetian blinds, lifts up a slat, and, peeking through, exclaims, "Look how much it's cleared up!" Where is Woody Allen the satirist while this other Woody Allen—the pompous artist—is shooting this guff? The physicist's summary is supposed to define the human condition. But in what sense can the universe be called haphazard? And of course it's morally neutral. (Can't Allen accept that and move on?) The universe may be unimaginably violent, but not in this movie. Woody Allen is reinventing airless drawing-room drama circa 1923. My favorite example of the higher torment: The unhappily married Wiest, who has been coming on to Waterston, now tells him she loves him but wants him to leave her alone. Her husband is a radiologist, she says, but she never lets him take X-rays of her, "because if he looked inside he'd see things that he wouldn't understand and he'd be terribly hurt." How thin-skinned can you be?

—PAULINE KAEL

AROUND CITY HALL

RUNNING IN CIRCLES

THE question of civility has lately become a concern in this city. Last June 30th, Mayor Edward Koch's Commission on the Year 2000, presided over by his good friend Robert F. Wagner, Jr., who is also his handpicked president of the Board of Education, issued its report. In a summary of the report, the commission's twenty-five members listed first among the forces that had guided them the belief that "New York's future should be shaped by the best of its past." With this in mind, they identified as "four qualities which form the core of our vision" for the future "New York's preëminence as a world city; the diversity and strength of its neighborhoods and people; its role as a provider of opportunity; and the importance of civility." A few weeks later, the Mayor said in an interview, "The Commission on the Year 2000 has laid out a road map, and it's my intention to travel that road and to get those things done. That's the grand plan." At the heavily attended June press conference at which copies of the report were handed out, he had announced that all mayoral agencies would be expected to submit to him within sixty days outlines of how they proposed to comply with the report's recommendations. However, as is often the case with official ceremonies, once the television cameras and the crowd at the press conference departed the scene, so did the sense of urgency that had hyped up the day's speeches. Seven months later, the agencies' outlines either aren't in hand or haven't been made public—although any well-considered plans to increase the atmosphere of civility in the city would surely be of interest.

In a *Times* story this month about a visit to Minneapolis, whose school superintendent, Richard Green, is the newly appointed chancellor of New York's public-school system, Jane Gross described it as "this civil city." That adjective, or something very like it, came to the minds of several other travellers who were dispatched to the Twin Cities area to bring back word on whether, in their view, the new chancellor, who will be the first black to hold the post here, would be able to operate effectively, or even to survive professionally, in this far different—and less well-mannered—arena. Minneapolis's civility may have especially impressed recent travellers from New York because it has often seemed in recent weeks that the most characteristic sound in this city has been yelling. Some—though by no means all—of the yelling had to do with the events leading up to the choice of Green as chancellor. The Mayor favored the appointment, over the raucous opposition of many black leaders. Along with some union officials, they predicted that, as the choice of Koch and his friend Wagner, Green would be merely a City Hall puppet, a tame out-of-towner, whom the Mayor would manipulate through Wagner, thus realizing what the black leaders saw as a longtime mayoral goal. (In 1983, Koch, as local blacks, in particular, have not forgotten, got the Board of Education to name Wagner chancellor, over a black candidate, only to see the appointment rejected by the state commissioner of education, on the ground that Wagner was insufficiently qualified. Two Hispanics have filled the office in the years since.) Green, the small-town innocent from the Midwest, would be the white man's black man, some black leaders kept saying; the term "Uncle Tom" was also put to high-decibel-level use.

It's understandable that the Mayor, now beginning his eleventh year in office, often sees New Yorkers' state of mind as responsive to his own; he has declared, for example, that his natural ebullience raises the spirits of the city. Some of his critics, conceding that his influence on the climate of opinion in New York is substantial, charge that the reason so much of the recent noise here has had to do with racial confrontation—the ugliest kind of yelling—is that the Mayor has heightened emotions in that area, too. C. Vernon Mason, a Harlem lawyer who in 1985 ran unsuccessfully for Manhattan District Attorney against Robert Morgenthau, regularly describes Koch as "the chief architect of racism" in the city. The Mayor's answer can fairly be that he continues to be popular among black as well as white New Yorkers. His fifty-five-per-cent approval rating in a Gallup poll for *Newsday* published this month represented a fifty-nine-per-cent favorable judgment from whites and a forty-four-per-cent one from

blacks. He often suggests that one reason most New Yorkers admire him is precisely his lack of politesse; they appreciate the fact that he says exactly what he thinks. And, indeed, this candor, reminiscent of Popeye's "I yam what I yam," seems to strike many of his constituents as a refreshing change from the mealymouthed style of some other municipal performers—although once in a while his deportment does bring to mind an observation of another imaginary character, Flora Goforth, who, in "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore," which closed this month Off Broadway, says, "All cruel people describe themselves as paragons of frankness." The Mayor also sometimes credits his popularity to the fact that, as he says, "I never turn the other cheek." ("I'm not a Christian," he added on one occasion.)

The headline "A YEARNING FOR CIVILITY," over an article by the syndicated columnist Murray Kempton on the Mayor's traditional end-of-the-year interview with City Hall reporters, on December 30th, had nothing to do with racial differences, although that subject was, of course, discussed during the meeting. Part of the first half hour of the session was occupied by the Mayor telling an anecdote about his encounter with a man who had had a slight stroke, as Koch also did last summer. The anecdote was soon followed by an account of the final illness of his mother, who died in 1960: what the family had said to the doctor; what he had said to them. Both accounts, reporters later learned, had been carefully rehearsed the day before with the mayoral staff. When a reporter at the interview then asked a question about racial problems in the city, Koch's comment was "Are we going to spend all the time on *that*?" Kempton had been affronted by another of the Mayor's remarks—his saying during the interview that one of his "best letters" had been his November communication to *Newsday* attacking that paper's columnist Sydney Schanberg. In the letter the Mayor had portrayed Schanberg, a widely respected Pulitzer Prize winner, as a person of virtually no courage, ethics, or convictions, who was professionally on the skids. "Whenever one in polite circles discusses Sydney Schanberg, it is as though he had two first names," Koch wrote. "The conversation always begins with 'Poor Sydney.' " In a column early this month Kempton said, "It was stuff that would make anyone of moderate civility blush with embarrassment before the ink had dried on his signature, and here was the author bragging about it weeks afterward." This judgment may have caused the Mayor some pain. "I think I'm a very civil person, frankly," he told William Murphy, *Newsday's* City Hall bureau chief. As Koch explained it, "if you find someone I referred to as a loony or a crazy"—he has described as "loonies" the members of the Municipal Art Society, who won a recent court decision halting the city's plan to allow the building of a thousand-foot structure on Columbus Circle—"it's because they already invoked in me hostility based on their own hostility."

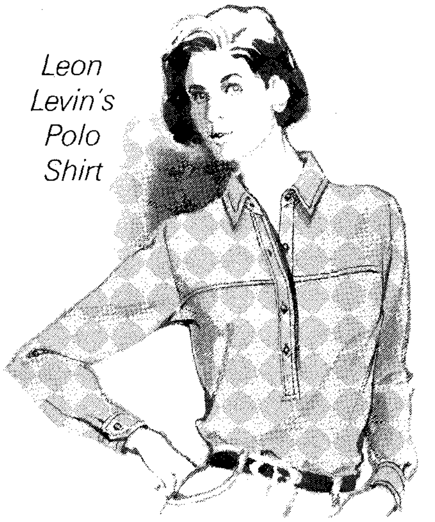
Last summer, however, the Mayor himself seemed to acknowledge that his treatment of others could stand some improvement. After the August medical episode that his doctors described as "a tiny, trivial stroke" ("Trivial to *them*," the Mayor said, a judgment that most New Yorkers of all races could sympathize with), reporters asked him how he planned to change his ways now that, as he often said, "God has given me a second life." His answer was "I'll try to be nicer to people." On December 30th, reporters mentioned this vow and also reminded him that in the previous few weeks he had strongly attacked two Catholic priests (one white, one black), the president of the City Council, the City Comptroller, three borough presidents, Donald Trump, numerous black leaders, three or four civil-rights lawyers, and several reporters and columnists. How did these attacks square with a promise to be nicer to people? "It can't be all work," Koch said of his mayoral responsibilities. "There has to be some joy."

TO the Mayor, it was, if not a joyful event, surely an upbeat one when, on January 4th, Green, the new schools chancellor, arrived at City Hall to meet with him for the first time. Green had been chosen two days earlier, in an informal four-to-three vote by the members of the Board of Education. The losing votes, cast by members who owed their appointments to the borough presidents of Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx, which are the boroughs with the largest black populations, had gone to Bernard Gifford, a former deputy schools chancellor here and onetime candidate for the House of Representatives from Brooklyn. The three borough presidents' support for Gifford—whose selection would have taken care of the black leaders' complaint that the new chancellor should be someone who knew his way around the city—had been encouraged by Sandra Feldman, who is the president of the United Federation of Teachers, an organization with which Gifford has close ties. The eventual selection of Green as the first black chancellor of a system in which the student body is thirty-eight percent black and thirty-four percent Hispanic marked the end of a tortuous process that began in mid-August, when Chancellor Nathan Quinones announced that he was opting for early retirement. Quinones had been under fire for months, accused of being incapable of bringing about significant improvements in the school system, which Governor Mario Cuomo had described as "a disaster." Trying to turn around a vast system in crisis, one that has nearly a million students and an annual budget of close to five billion dollars, would be an immense challenge to anyone, and certainly to a new chancellor from a district that has forty thousand pupils and a yearly budget of a hundred and seventy million dollars. However, Green, even before he arrived at City Hall, had demonstrated that he is not backward about taking on big-city slickers. Hiring a Long Island law firm, he had negotiated a three-year contract that gave him a twenty-five-thousand-dollar tax-free annual housing allowance, a ten-thousand-dollar entertainment fund, to be provided by local businessmen, and a salary of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—forty thousand more than the Mayor makes. On January 4th, after a brief meeting with Koch, Green followed the Mayor across the hall into the Blue Room for a scheduled press conference. A tall, self-possessed man of fifty-one, he had been raised, fatherless, in a Minneapolis housing project by a mother who was a domestic worker; had got his Ph.D. from Harvard; and has been head of the Minneapolis schools for eight years. Green was dressed, with some elegance, in a three-piece charcoal flannel suit as he stood with Koch, who was in his shirtsleeves, as is his custom, and remained close beside his visitor at the podium, as is also his custom.

The City Hall podium is a heavy polished-wood object three and a half feet wide and about four and a half feet high. The rim of its sloping top is fitted with padded blue velvet. Although not many of today's City Hall regulars are aware of it, the constant presence of a podium at mayoral events is not a local tradition. John Lindsay, who was mayor for eight years, beginning in 1966, didn't use one, and Abraham Beame, Koch's predecessor, did so rarely. From early in his first term, however, Koch's relationship with his podium, which is equipped with two microphones, and is bulletproof, has been close. Not only is it on hand for everything that happens in the Blue Room but, though it weighs well over a hundred pounds, it is often trucked ahead of him to ceremonies he attends around the city and to town-hall meetings he holds in the five boroughs. That means that he rarely has to put up with unfamiliar communications systems, and that other officials at such events enjoy its convenient (and protective) powers as a mayoral indulgence. It thus serves, in a day when communication is all, as a bulky, electronic version of the royal sceptre—a symbol of dominion. In view of his proprietary feeling, it is not surprising that when City Hall visitors—United States senators, commissioners, Presidential candidates, schoolchildren accepting municipal awards—stand at his podium the Mayor remains right beside them. As a result, there are very few news photos of Blue Room visitors in which the Mayor isn't also a smiling presence. As he stands beside the podium with a guest, he often leans against it, assertively, almost lovingly, one elbow first poised on the velvet rim and then gradually moving closer to the speaker. One reporter, taking notes, keeps a red pencil at the ready to mark the moment when the mayoral elbow reaches halfway across the podium. On January 4th, after Koch had introduced the new chancellor but had not yet begun to lean, Green said to him politely, to the startlement of watching reporters, "Why don't you be seated?" Koch, also looking startled, sat down. At a later point, as Green fielded questions, the Mayor got to his feet again, but the new addition to the city's roster of principal players waved him down. "GREEN TAKES CHARGE" was the *Daily News* headline the next day. "GREEN SHOWS WHO'S BOSS" said *Newsday*. "I WON'T BE ANYBODY'S BOY" was the version in Harlem's *Amsterdam News*.

JANUARY 6TH, the day the Board of Education took its formal vote on Green, coincided with a kind of—perhaps temporary—armistice, and a quieting down of the yelling that had characterized the previous two and a half weeks in the city. After the preliminary board decision on Green, some black leaders had vowed that for the final vote there would be large demonstrations in front of the board's headquarters, on Livingston Street, in Brooklyn. Two hundred city policemen, many of them wearing riot gear, were assigned to the headquarters on January 6th. Not a single protester appeared. The board vote this time was unanimous: all hands had clearly decided that Green would be given a chance to show what he could do. December 20th, two and a half weeks earlier, had been the first anniversary of the racial attack in Howard Beach, Queens, a case whose details—how three black men, their car having broken down in the Queens community, which is ninety-nine per cent white, were beaten by a gang of teenage whites, causing one of the blacks, Michael Griffith, to flee onto a highway, where he was killed by a passing car—are probably as famous, worldwide, as those concerning Bernhard Goetz and the four young blacks on a Manhattan subway in another bloody local Christmas-season encounter, in 1984.

On the anniversary of Griffith's death, blacks marched through Brooklyn streets to a memorial service in his honor. The same day, there was a large march in Manhattan protesting what the participants saw as a Koch-administration policy of encouraging the construction of tall buildings—such as the proposed replacement for the Coliseum—"which result in the displacement of the poor." Mayor Koch was burned in effigy. Koch did not have the ready response that was available to John Lindsay years back when he received similar treatment outside City Hall. Lindsay, who had a twin brother, David, called his brother and said, "I don't know what's going on, Dave, but somebody's being burned in effigy outside my window and it looks like you." In the late afternoon on December 21st, a thousand cops were called out to deal with a black demonstration commemorating what its leaders called a Day of Outrage for Black New Yorkers, the avowed purpose of which was to shut down the subways. Some of the demonstrators waved signs identifying the Mayor as "Bull Koch"—an allusion to Birmingham's Bull Connor, the scourge of the civil-rights movement



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in the nineteen-sixties—but the signs seen most often said "No Justice, No Peace." That evening, the jury in the trial of four of the Howard Beach attackers was getting ready to bring in its verdict. Some of the Day of Outrage demonstrators were clearly braced for across-the-board acquittals, which they had said would prove to them the absence of justice for blacks in the local criminal-justice system. Instead, just one of the four defendants was acquitted; the three others were convicted of manslaughter and assault, which meant that each might serve as much as thirty years. Although some blacks insisted that the verdict should have been murder, Griffith's mother said that she was satisfied and grateful. Laura Blackburne, counsel for this state's branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who had praised the Day of Outrage protest as giving blacks here "momentum," said, "Black New Yorkers can expect to have equal justice under the law, based on this verdict."

For some reason, the Mayor had chosen the afternoon when the verdict was imminent to stir things up by telling reporters that he doubted the accuracy of his own Police Department's numbers on racially motivated attacks. In 1987, through November, according to the department's Bias Unit, there had been a hundred and sixty-two verified racially motivated attacks by whites on blacks and eighty by blacks on whites. No matter what the figures showed, the Mayor said, whites were in fact more often the victims of racist attacks than blacks were. "When a black is a victim, it's racial," he said, "and when a white is a victim it's robbery." The city's police commissioner, Benjamin Ward, who is black, has often helped Koch explain away similarly divisive pronouncements. This time, his comment was "This sounds like a great one for me to say, 'I leave it to the Mayor.' " The day after the Howard Beach verdict, Koch's mind was still on the Day of Outrage demonstration. It had been nonviolent, but seventy-three protesters, including Vernon Mason and Brooklyn Assemblyman Roger Green, the head of the State Legislature's Black and Puerto Rican Caucus, had been arrested for disorderly conduct or "obstruction of government administration." Koch urged the judge to "throw the book at them." Three days later, he said that he was writing a strong letter to the judge who was considering the sentences for those convicted in the Howard Beach case—a letter urging him to "throw the book at them," too.

Out on the streets, the yelling hadn't stopped. On January 2nd, about four hundred and fifty black demonstrators marched through the largely white Bath Beach section of Brooklyn to protest an attack by white youths on two blacks on Christmas Night. Again, nearly a thousand cops were on the scene—on the streets and on rooftops—for the demonstration. The blacks shouted "Freedom or death!" and "Happy New Year, Ed Koch!" Several hundred whites who fell in behind them during the march waved Confederate flags and Italian flags (some of the Howard Beach defendants are Italian-American) and shouted "Go back to Africa!" and, in one case, "Bring back slavery!" while from both sides came shouts of "Howard Beach!" "Howard Beach!" "Howard Beach!"

IN spite of the noise and the big headlines, it is not at all certain that events in the stormy period that began early in Christmas Week added up to true momentum for blacks in the city. The Day of Outrage did inconvenience some subway passengers, particularly those travelling to and from Brooklyn, but underground travellers here are so used to breakdowns in service that many of them responded only with shrugs or expressions of generalized fury, not necessarily related to any group's political agenda. The city's schools will soon have a black chancellor—in the season of the Howard Beach trial, any other selection would surely have led to even more demonstrations, accompanied by chants of "No justice, no peace!" However, he will not be a New Yorker, as black leaders here had demanded. The fact that Gifford made it to the finals represented an impressive display of strength not by local blacks but by the teachers' union. In order to insure enough Board of Education votes for a victory for Richard Green, Wagner had to call up Sandra Feldman, the U.F.T. president, and threaten to resign—a move that would have thrown the local school situation into truly dramatic chaos. When she then accommodated him with a statement that she would be satisfied with either Gifford or Green, one of the board members with close ties to the U.F.T. was released to cast the deciding vote for Green. Although the result was what the Mayor had wanted, there had been a rather alarming show of independence on the part of the usually malleable borough presidents, several of whom Koch had been calling some rather bad names. The present seven-member board is made up of an appointee of each of the five borough presidents and two appointees of the Mayor, including Wagner. Koch has been lobbying heavily for a bill in the State Legislature which would enlarge the board to eleven members, all mayoral appointees. Impolite remarks can get a public official in trouble, but saying nice things doesn't always turn out well, either—that is, if the official brags about them. Last month, when Koch was interviewed by reporters and editors of the Staten Island *Advance*, he explained how he had won the support of President Feldman for his restructured board. "I told her she has the most gorgeous legs in America, and it worked," he told them, chortling. An *Advance* reporter, Ed Barbini, then asked him if he would have lobbied Miss Feldman's predecessor as U.F.T. president, Albert Shanker, by saying that Shanker had the most gorgeous legs in America. The Mayor said, "I would have told him he had the most gorgeous *brains* in America." A few days later, Miss Feldman told reporters that in fact the U.F.T. had taken no position on the Mayor's plan.

Extended television coverage of the black demonstrations apparently did not persuade New Yorkers that the leaders of the protests were significant political figures. A *Daily News*–Eyewitness News poll, published on January 8th, asked local residents, "Who is the most important black leader in New York City today?" First in the poll, by a wide margin, was the Reverend Jesse Jackson, whose home base is Chicago, and who said last fall that he could never live in New York, because it's a place where "people steal." Twenty-seven per cent of the blacks and nine per cent of the whites in the poll identified him as the city's most important black. David Dinkins, the only black member of the Board of Estimate, was tied for second place, having been named by eight per cent of the blacks and thirteen per cent of the whites, but the tally wasn't much comfort to Dinkins, because the person he was tied with was Richard Green, a resident of Minneapolis who has spent only a few days here in his life. Following them in the poll was Benjamin

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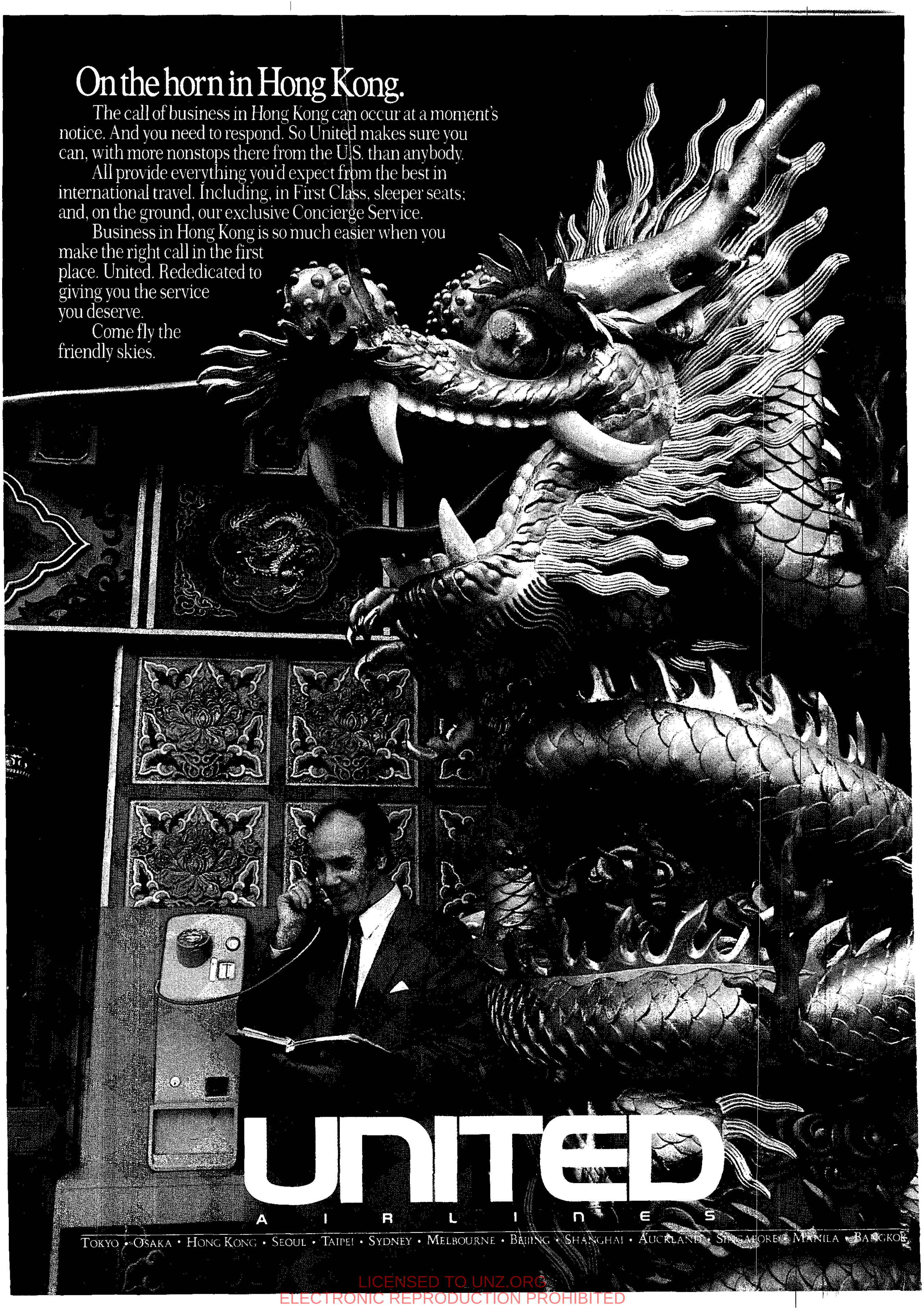

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Ward, who is usually thought of as the police commissioner rather than as a "black leader" in the political sense. Eleven per cent of the whites named him, but only five per cent of the blacks did—possibly because he is so often seen side by side with Koch on the evening news. Blacks prominent in the recent demonstrations hardly made the charts at all. The highest percentage—three per cent of the blacks, one per cent of the whites—went to Mason.

In the corridors of the Board of Education headquarters in 1983, when Koch successfully blocked the naming of a black chancellor, black demonstrators frequently chanted "Nineteen eighty-five! Nineteen eighty-five! Nineteen eighty-five!" They were referring to the year of the next mayoral election, which they hoped would be won by a black candidate: after all, many of America's large cities already had black mayors. In 1985, however, the move to elect a black mayor here was so mismanaged—and, some believe, so manipulated by Koch forces —that only thirteen per cent of the vote in the Democratic primary went to the black candidate, Herman (Denny) Farrell, a Manhattan assemblyman, whose name was not mentioned by a single person polled this month by the *Daily News* and Eyewitness News. During the recent Board of Education deliberations over a schools chancellor, there were no chants of "Nineteen eighty-nine! Nineteen eighty-nine! Nineteen eighty-nine!," although Koch has often said of Mason and other leaders of the black demonstrations, "They want my job." Floyd Flake, a black member of Congress from Queens, whose district includes Howard Beach, and who has said he believes that the Mayor polarizes the races here in order to attract white votes, predicted this month that black activists like Mason would not be able to put together a coalition that could beat the Mayor. He added, however, that "they'll be able to keep enough pressure on to make race an issue." The answers to the recent *Newsday*-poll question about whether New Yorkers thought Koch should run again—forty-five per cent said yes, forty-four per cent said no—were well short of a huge vote of confidence, but nothing in the *Daily News*–Eyewitness News poll suggested that any of those currently on the scene would be able to stop him from remaining mayor "forever," as he often says he intends to do.

Although the yelling here subsided a bit as the month wore on, the issue of racism has hardly gone away. On January 11th, when, in an effort to mend fences with the blacks, the Mayor charged at a City Hall press conference that drivers of medallion cabs regularly decline to pick up blacks, and called the situation "an outrage," the president of a taxi-drivers' association, who was present, said, "This is a racial week. I know that." Meanwhile, the Mayor's black police commissioner had set off an outcry among some white policemen—and probably some black policemen as well—by agreeing with many black leaders that there had been far too many instances when a disturbed black person, unarmed or carrying only a knife, was dealt with by bands of cops who had seen no alternative but to shoot the person dead. The most recent instance had involved a Queens man carrying a knife, who had been shot eleven times. Three years ago, after members of Commissioner Ward's force killed a disturbed black woman, Eleanor Bumpurs, in the course of an eviction proceeding (her name was frequently mentioned during the recent demonstrations), Ward had said that in their place he "would have gone out for a cup of coffee" until the situation calmed down. Similarly, he now said of such confrontations, "Stepping back is probably the prudent thing to do. . . . The policy of this department has always been to preserve life." The macho quality of American males, he said, was "part of the problem." When he was told in a television interview that members of his department were calling him ugly names for saying that stepping back was the prudent thing to do, he said that it demonstrated that better-educated cops were needed on the force. And when he was reminded that at one point Mason had called him Uncle Tom, Ward, an other-cheek-turner, at least at that moment, replied, "If he said that, I've forgotten it."

ERNEST HOLLINGS, the tall, white-haired senator from South Carolina, has paid at least one visit to New York's City Hall; that one was in 1984, when he was briefly a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Three years earlier, his name had been in the papers here when he found the hearings of the Senate Budget Committee so turbulent that he recited to his fellow committee members what he said was a childhood taunt: "When in danger, when in doubt, run in circles, scream and shout!"—lines that would not have been inappropriate for some recent New York events, in and out of City Hall. Hollings' 1984 Presidential foray here won him little notice from local politicians, including the Mayor, but he had their attention in a big way after it was revealed last month that he had quietly added to the federal-budget bill a rider forbidding the Federal Communications Commission to extend waivers of the 1975 congressional statute that prohibited anyone from owning a newspaper and a television station in the same city. The only person who currently benefits from such waivers is Rupert Murdoch, the Australian-born owner of both the New York *Post* and the local station WNYW-TV, and also, in Boston, of the *Herald* and WFXT-TV. Murdoch has said that if he has to make a choice here he will sell the *Post*, which is losing about a million dollars a month. Hollings conceded that he had not mentioned the rider to either of the senators from New York, Alfonse D'Amato and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, although he had discussed it with the Massachusetts senators, John Kerry and Edward Kennedy. The general belief was that Kennedy, who has been the target of harsh attacks in both the Boston and the New York Murdoch papers, had put him up to the maneuver.

When the rider—being referred to here as "Teddy's revenge"—was discovered, local politicians got busy trying to outyell each other in denouncing Kennedy. In the vanguard were Moynihan, who is running for reëlection this year and could use a *Post* endorsement, and Koch, whose administration has been covered more devoutly in the *Post* than in any other

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daily. During a January 7th hearing conducted here by Moynihan, and during an appearance at the National Press Club, in Washington, the same week, the Mayor said that Kennedy had subverted his liberal principles "in the name of hidden self-interest" and had launched "a noxious assault on the First Amendment," and that it was "as if a Fascist gang broke into the *Post* and burned the building to the ground." It seemed that a news story might finally have come along which had major local implications but no racial aspects. However, one of the witnesses at the Moynihan hearing was Wilbert Tatum, the chairman of the board of the *Amsterdam News*. For a hundred weeks now, his paper has been running front-page editorials calling for Koch's removal from office, on the ground that his continued presence at City Hall is perilous to the health and well-being of local blacks. Of Kennedy's move against Murdoch, Tatum said, "No one has been lynched at midnight," and he testified that if Murdoch was truly interested in selling the *Post*, which, Tatum said, "belongs to Mr. Koch," the *Amsterdam News* chairman would be interested in buying it. If such a purchase were to go through, it would mean a drastic change in personnel policy. Of all the local papers, the *Post* under Murdoch has had the smallest number of black employees—although there have been a few. For several years, Murdoch had a black assistant in his office. He was not, however, an American black but—so other *Post* employees were informed—a prince from a very small African country governed by rulers who served as kings in rotation. One year when it was the prince's father's turn to be crowned, a member of Murdoch's staff suggested to the prince that the paper might send someone to cover the coronation, and he asked whether white people would be—well—safe there.

"Oh, yes," the prince assured him, keeping a straight face. "We love white people. We think they're delicious."

—Andy Logan

•

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BOOKS

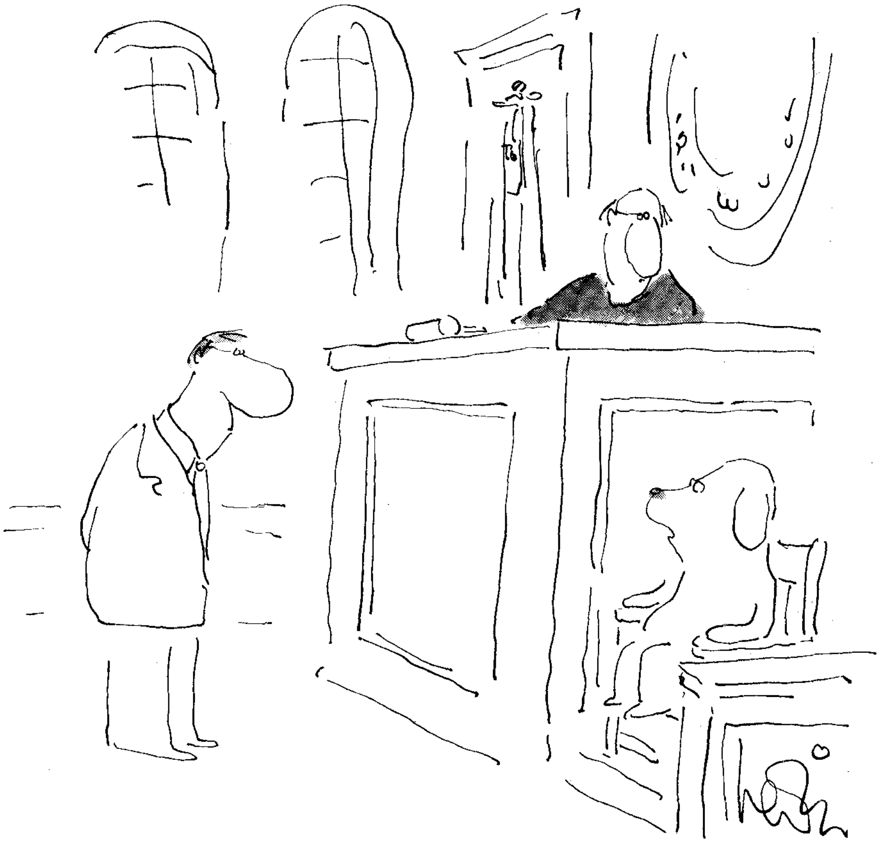
Growing Up

ABOUT two-thirds of the way through Michael Ondaatje's new novel, "In the Skin of a Lion" (Knopf; $16.95), Ondaatje, in the skin of his narrator-hero, Patrick Lewis, writes, "The first sentence of every novel should be: 'Trust me, this will take time but there is order here, very faint, very human.' Meander if you want to get to town." And meander Ondaatje does, through a four-hour drive from Toronto to Marmora, in which Lewis tells the story we are reading to Hana, the sixteen-year-old daughter of his great love, Alice Gull. Ondaatje has already shown us, in his novel "Coming Through Slaughter" and in his eloquent memoir "Running in the Family," that he likes to write in curves, in time lapses, in underwater gestures. He has also shown us that his narratives never falter. At the center of each meander is a precise, stark, lyrical episode that gathers in the slack and shoots the book forward.

Consider the first two episodes in his new novel. Patrick grows up on a farm in the wilds northwest of Toronto. His father, a six-foot-six-inch giant who hires out as a handyman to neighboring farmers, allows a cow to get loose, and it falls through the ice. (Ondaatje's character painting is wasteless and incisive: "Hazen Lewis was an abashed man, withdrawn from the world around him, uninterested in the habits of civilisation outside his own focus. He would step up to his horse and assume it, as if it were a train, as if flesh and blood did not exist.") Father and son slither across the ice and, plunging into the water, work two ropes under the cow and, with the help of a couple of horses, pull it to safety. The second episode takes place in Toronto a few years later—in 1917, during the building of the Bloor Street Viaduct. Nicholas Temelcoff, a Balkan immigrant, is the bridge's gadfly: he swings out into the air and falls, held only by a harness and a rope, to check plates and beams and joints and scaffolds. He is a daredevil, moving all over the unfinished bridge, insuring its gradually emerging perfection. He is so skilled in his nameless art that he is paid a dollar an hour. One windy night, a group of nuns wander onto the unfinished bridge, and one is blown over the edge. Temelcoff, suspended just below, catches her with one arm. His other arm, locked around a pipe, is pulled out of its socket. Temelcoff and the nun, stunned by pain and shock, swing themselves onto a catwalk, and make their way unseen off the bridge to a restaurant Temelcoff frequents. It is closed, but the owner, a friend of Temelcoff's, lets them in. Temelcoff kills his pain with brandy and falls asleep, and the nun, without her veil and with her habit altered, waits for help and then disappears. The nun's body is never found, of course, and she becomes, by way of the novelist's license, an actress (and anarchist) named Alice Gull.

We learn that Patrick Lewis is a decent man—hardworking, kind, loving. He is also difficult to handle, as most virtuous characters in fiction are. Lewis is a cipher, an axle around which the book turns. We are told that he was "born to be a younger brother," that he had "always been alien, the third person in the picture," that he was "a watcher, a corrector." It is the women in the book—Alice Gull and her friend Clara Dickens, a radio actress—who offer the strongest images. Patrick reflects them: they head him this way and that. They love him, and bamboozle him, and nearly destroy him. Near the end of the book, fired by the left-wing dreams of Alice Gull, he comes to life—but in a disastrous, foolish way. He burns down a resort hotel and goes to jail (another galvanizing episode). Then he decides to blow up the palatial Toronto waterworks. He had been a sandhog in its feeder tunnel under Lake Ontario, and he swims through the tunnel and breaks into the waterworks. There he confronts its builder, Commissioner Harris, also the builder of the Bloor Street Viaduct. Harris, a far more effective dreamer than Patrick, calms him, and Patrick, badly hurt while breaking in, and exhausted, falls asleep in Harris's office, his blasting box at his side. (The scene sounds absurd, but Ondaatje, who is fearless, carries it off.)

It is not always clear what Ondaatje is saying in "In the Skin of a Lion." The book is, to a point, a political novel about the mistreatment of the immigrants who settled in Canada early in this century. Like all of Ondaatje's recent books, it is about the past, but it never seems to be *in* the past. Either Ondaatje is so skilled he



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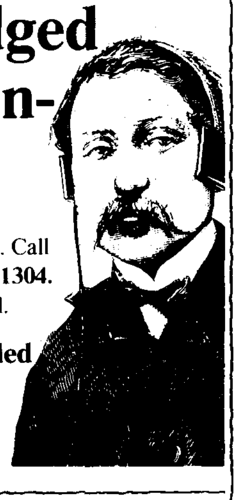

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makes the past present or, despite his efforts at sliding backward in time, he is unable to make his way out of the present. And I'm not sure that the ancient and honorable practice of a fictional narrator telling a tale to a reader works here. There are no gas stops or coffee breaks in Lewis and Hana's trip—indeed, no sense of a trip at all. But we read Ondaatje for his technical daring and for his prose. He is, of course, a poet, and sometimes he slips innocently past his lyrical center and into the soup, as in "The wind moved like something ancient against them." What works is a mention of "the fast evaporation of darkness" at dawn, or this marvellous paragraph:

> The event that will light the way for immigration in North America is the talking picture. The silent film brings nothing but entertainment—a pie in the face, a fop being dragged by a bear out of a department store—all events governed by fate and timing, not language and argument. The tramp never changes the opinion of the policeman. The truncheon swings, the tramp scuttles through a corner window and disturbs the fat lady's ablutions. These comedies are nightmares. The audience emits horrified laughter as Chaplin, blindfolded, rollerskates near the edge of the unbalconied mezzanine. No one shouts to warn him. He cannot talk or listen. North America is still without language, gestures and work and bloodlines are the only currency.

CHAIM BERMANT'S new novel, "Titch" (St. Martin's; $13.95), is the kind of quiet, spare, old-fashioned novel that in this country tends to fall through the cracks. Its packaging is little help. The dust jacket is dowdy and amateurish, the title draws a blank, and we are told almost nothing about Bermant. The book has a dull, diffident look. Then we find that it is still another novel about growing up—in this case, a portrait of the mathematician as a young Jew. But by the third page our resistance disappears. The hero, Samuel Hoch, born in Poland in 1921 and brought to Manchester, England, in 1925, attempts to talk with his overbearing father:

> I was a precocious child and even at six realized that certain facts, no matter how unwelcome, were irreversible. I was not all that happy about being Jewish, but at least it had its compensations, whereas being Polish only seemed to carry handicaps; but if I was a Pole I felt I had the right to know more about Poland.
>
> "Why this sudden interest?" said father. "Are you doing it in geography or something? It's not even in the British Empire."
>
> "I want to know."
>
> "There's better things to learn about."
>
> "Why did you leave Poland?"
>
> "Why don't you tell him?" said mother.
>
> "Because of you, if you must know," said father.
>
> "But why me?"
>
> "Because there was no future for you there, and there is here," he roared.
>
> "What are you shouting for?" asked mother. "He's asking a perfectly reasonable question. Why don't you begin at the beginning?"

Bermant, it is soon plain, is a writer in the Isaac Bashevis Singer mold; that is, he is styleless and transparent, and not a sentence is spotted or wrinkled. Like Singer, he has an unfailing comedic sense. Everything Bermant chronicles—the Jewish world of tailors and cobblers that Hoch grows up in in Manchester; his winning of a scholarship, which puts him on a pedestal; his friendship with the ingenious and rascally realist Holtzhacker; his various love affairs; his days in the Army—is lit by humor. At times, Bermant comes close to one-liners, or to the brilliant, encyclopedic stream of gags of Jackie Mason. Thus:

> "His brains have gone to his head," [my father] said to mother in an anguished voice.

> It was now nearly Christmas and I was afraid I might be given home leave, and to forestall any such possibility, I told the padre that as a Jew I would be perfectly content to remain in camp over the festival so that others could go.
>
> "That's jolly Christian of you," he said.

Hoch's father speaks:

> That's one thing you've got to say for the Americans, teeth like pianos, even the privates.

But there are also portraits of souls who never quite get themselves together; they sit around in your head a long time. At the end of the book, the Second World War is winding down, and Sammy is thinking about civilian life again. He narrowly escapes marrying an attractive, well-to-do goy and, on the last page, is caught by a comely, soon-to-be-divorced Jew with a small, bratty child. The dust jacket tells us that Bermant lives in England and that "Titch" is the first volume of a trilogy about Sammy Hoch. May Bermant's American publisher give the next volume a manicure and perm.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CITY BENEATH THE SKIN, by Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy (Hamish Hamilton/David & Charles; $18.95). "*Woof*-bang, *woof*-bang"

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—the din of a pneumatic drill outside a hung-over Londoner's flat—is echoed in the ramshackle streets of Ercolano, built on the lava-covered ruins of Herculaneum. This tense and graceful parable about greed features a needy youngish man (the hung-over Londoner), a generous younger woman, and an old-fashioned art historian. At the heart of the story is the fact that whole houses, furnished to suit Herculaneum's Hellenophile élite, survived Mt. Vesuvius's eruption in A.D. 79 and the earthquake nineteen hundred and one years later. There is enough noise in Ercolano to mask some unauthorized exploratory drilling; meanwhile, Mt. Vesuvius gears up for some "*woof*-bang" of its own. Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy's writing is precise and suggestive: the turn-of-the-millennium holocaust began with "a writhing pillar of pumice and fire," and the *grappa* that fuels Ercolano's modern work force tastes like "distilled steel."

A BOAT OFF THE COAST, by Stephen Dobyns (Viking; $16.95). Tucker Morgan, in his mid-thirties, and separated from his wife and two-year-old son, lives in an unfinished house in the woods near the Maine lobster port of Belfast. He was a high-school football star, did a tour in Vietnam, taught school for a year, and now does odd jobs and clatters around town with his dog in a pickup truck—the cab knee-deep in beer cans, old coffee containers, and candy wrappers—looking for excitement and dreaming of living in an Old West ghost town. It is obvious that Mr. Dobyns is setting this difficult and hardly sympathetic near-sociopath up for deep trouble. And, sure enough, it comes, and Morgan brings down with him a number of more or less innocent folk. The result is a novel beautifully composed, with a thoroughly realized cast, but sad and brutal.

GENERAL

CHINESE LIVES: AN ORAL HISTORY OF CONTEMPORARY CHINA, by Zhang Xinxin and Sang Ye, edited by W. J. F. Jenner and Delia Davin, and translated by the editors and Cheng Lingfang, Gladys Yang, Judy Burrows, Jeffrey C. Kinkley, Carole Murray, and Geremie Barmé, with a preface by Studs Terkel (Pantheon; $18.95). In 1984, two young Chinese reporters

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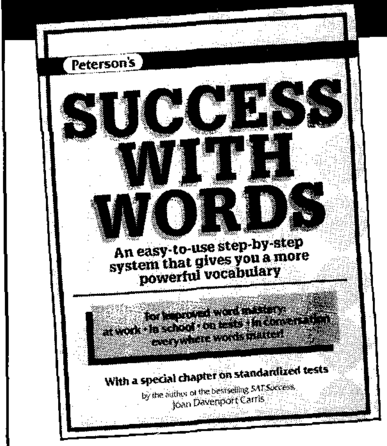
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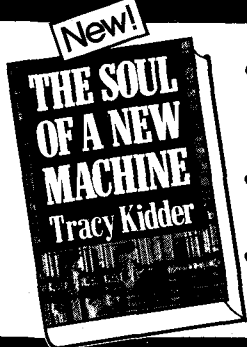

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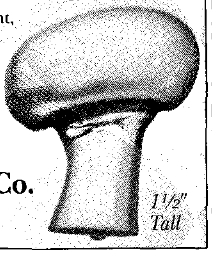

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travelled around China interviewing their compatriots. Though the people are a diverse assortment—they include prisoners and wardens, a successful builder, a respected physician, a science teacher, a cabaret singer, a hairdresser, and unemployed young people—the shared past of violent disruption haunts them all. Some have reacted with cynicism, others with ambition, and a few retain an innocent faith in the future. Their family lives suggest a culture remote from our own, although occasional characters are familiar—a newly rich peasant, a socially aspiring young woman proud of marrying up. All are as aware of the government as of the weather, but few reflect on politics.

A TIME TO DANCE, NO TIME TO WEEP, by Rumer Godden (Beech Tree/Morrow; $16.95). Between 1907 and 1946, the years covered by this first volume of her autobiography, Rumer Godden made some twelve sea voyages between England and India, where her father was a river agent for a British steamer company. In an epigrammatic prefatory note she says that life should be told in stories—"that is the way it falls." And she offers here, supplemented with photographs and bits of letters, a series of lovingly worked stories: of dancing schools and Pekinese and sisters and unfortunate marriages, and, especially, of an uprooted but insular colonial life. Readers of Miss Godden's other books will recognize her way with prized places and possessions, her way of coming around to the small, handleable detail. In wartime Kashmir with her young daughters, she was continually comforted in difficulty by what she called "a quality here in the beauty that steals you." She tells of the terraced Mogul garden of Nishat, where her children tobogganed in the winter, and where water ran in summer "down slants of fretted marble cunningly carved to make the water-music that so soothed the Emperors' nerves."

MIAMI, by Joan Didion (Simon & Schuster; $17.95). This indictment of American foreign policy starts as superb travel—or maybe anti-travel—writing, evoking Miami as a conurbation of washed-up subtropical glitz torn by racial and ethnic resentments. Focussing on the Cuban-émigré community, Ms. Didion tells us that although Cuban émigrés vote here, they do not accept our political norms, and that, obsessed by their passion to overthrow Castro, they harbor and encourage terrorists, and she notes the links between anti-Castro Cubans and pro-Contra Nicaraguans. The Cubans believe, she finds, that every American Administration, from Kennedy to Reagan, has manipulated them—raised and dashed their hopes, made promises only to break them, taught the émigrés dirty tricks and then prosecuted those who played them.

DARKNESS AT NIGHT, by Edward Harrison (Harvard; $25). Professor Harrison, of the University of Massachusetts, does a rare thing here: he manages to combine history and real science. The problem he addresses is an old one; namely, why is the night sky dark? At first, this may seem a bizarre question, since there is obviously no sunlight, but its significance emerges when one imagines an infinite universe filled with sunlike stars. Such a universe would blaze as bright as day. The author observes that every generation of cosmologists has found new ways of looking at the problem and has attempted to solve it. Oddly, the basic outline of what most people now consider the correct solution—that beyond the visible universe are stars whose light has not yet reached us—was stated, in a general way, for the first time by Edgar Allan Poe: a remarkable fact, and a remarkable book.

NOTE: "Secrets of the Temple," William Greider's report on the Federal Reserve, has been published by Simon & Schuster ($24.95). Some of the contents originally ran in *The New Yorker*. . . . "The Wind Blows Away Our Words," Doris Lessing's first-person account of the Afghan Resistance, has been published by Vintage ($5.95). Some of the contents first appeared in these pages. . . . "Chile: Death in the South," by Jacobo Timerman, has been published by Knopf ($15.95). Some of the contents originally appeared here.

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Peekskill* (*N.Y.*) *Community Current*]

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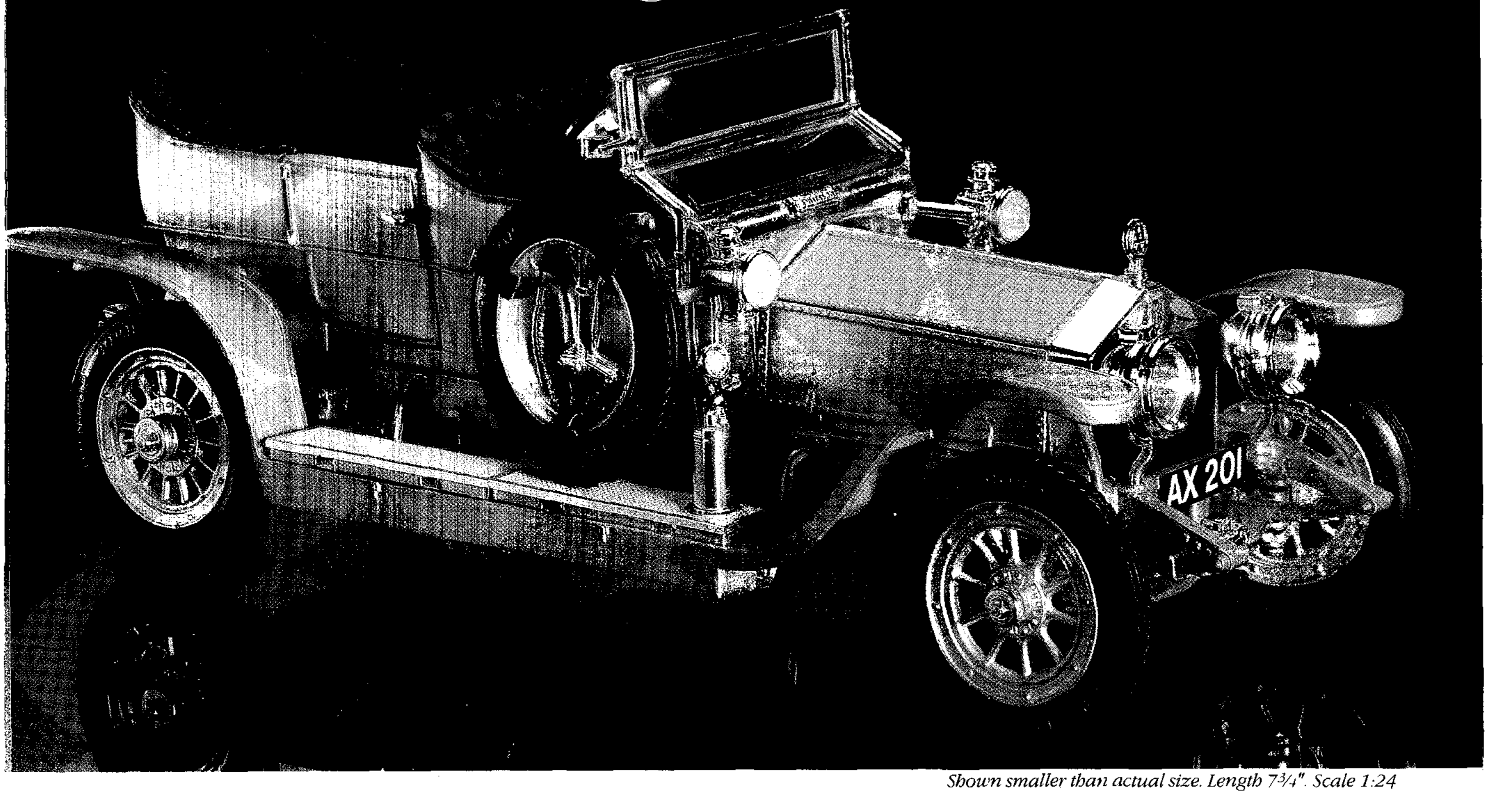

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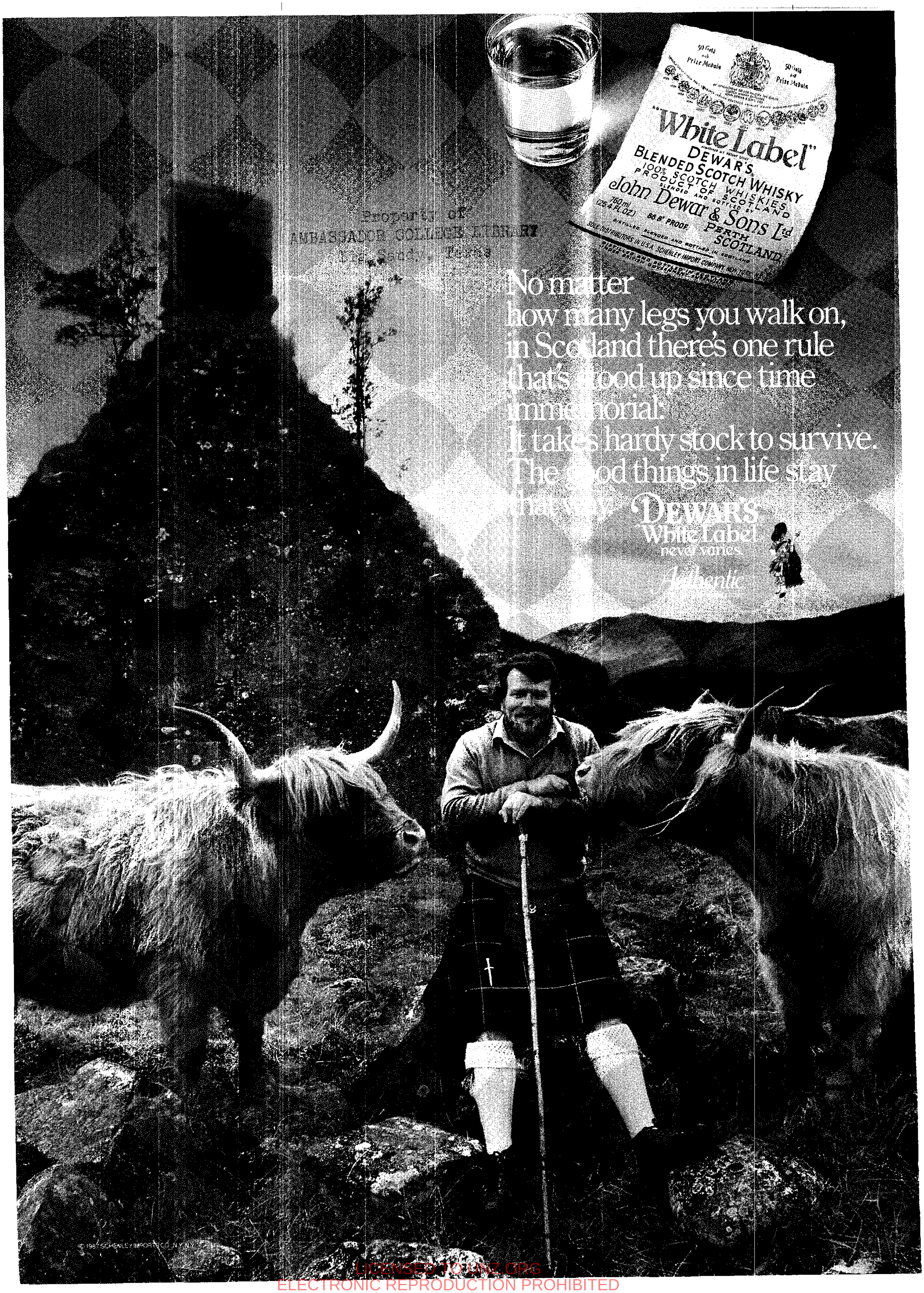
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